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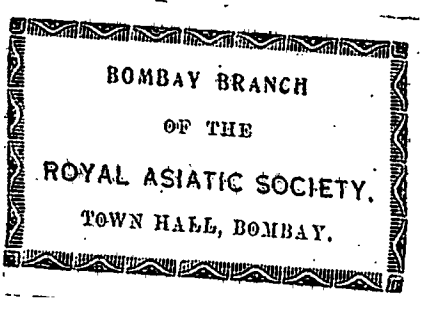

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THE LIFE

OF

DAVID GARRICK

Eva H. Gamble

THE LIFE

OF

DAVID GARRICK;

FROM ORIGINAL FAMILY PAPERS, AND NUMEROUS PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED SOURCES.

BY

PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF STERNE," "THE DEAR GIRL," ETC.

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'An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man."—*Retaliation.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LIFE OF DAVID GARRICK.

BOOK THE FOURTH—(*Continued*).

THE MANAGER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "ROSCIAD"—DR. BOWER.

1761—1762.

A GREAT critic—one whose strokes were those of an exquisitely trained boxer, as compared with the feeble buffeting of women and children—was now to step out of the crowd, and command the attention of the whole ring. Beside this masterly effort, the flutter of weak pamphlets and impotent libels, came down like a cloud of feathers. Here were real swinging knocks, planted with marvellous scientific skill, aimed at the sorest and tenderest places, making every one reel and stagger; and the satire, the splendid rhyme, the fine close English, "the wit, the strong and easy verse, the grasp of character, and the rude free daring of the Rosciad," were now to burst upon the town, and teach mere scribblers with what deadly point and personality true genius can strike and kill.

In this wonderful onslaught was found room and

time for all. Nervous and impetuous as was its swing, it could be leisurely and measured in its stroke. No one was too high, nor no one too low: though each was dealt with according to his degree, and those whom he disdained to level with a blow of his muscular arm, he could degrade with a passing and contemptuous kick. The whole world of stage players was aghast. They ran about like a flock of frightened sheep. "The Rosciad" had fallen on the playhouses like a shell; and the crowd of pasteboard kings and queens, the heroes and heroines, and the comic men and women, who had loftily given the town laws, were now coolly and deliberately sat in judgment upon, and dissected with the finest and most pitiless strokes. They little dreamed, that, for the past two months, a careful and laborious observer had been coming to the theatre, almost regularly every night. Perhaps the moneytakers, or officials, may have noticed a burly figure always finding its way to one special place—the front row of the pit, nearest to the orchestra "spikes." But they could not have dreamed what a deadly missive was being manufactured all that time. This steady tenant of the front row was the Rev. Charles Churchill, taking careful notes of every actor, from Garrick down to Packer.

The author of this wonderful piece—a big burly man—in "a black coat and a black scratch wig,"* had been seen about town; and only a few weeks before, had got rid of both his causes of complaint—"the wife he was tired of, and the gown he was displeased with;" and as he said in the strange, and

* O'Keefe. Taylor saw him at Vauxhall in a blue coat, edged with gold lace, black silk small clothes, and white stockings.

little known letter, he wrote to a friend, "I feel myself in the situation of a man that has carried a d—d heavy load for a long time, and then sets it down. So much for my wife and gown."* In this temper he was not likely to deal gently with anything he set himself to criticise.

In March, '61, just before the theatre closed, the satire appeared. The players writhed under it. Their profession was described for them, in terms more degrading than Vagrant Act ever used. They were formed contemptuously into a procession, in which their theatrical accessories were only made to add to their degradation:

> "Then came *drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute,*
> Next *snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute.*
> Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
> Fools hand-in-hand with fools, go two by two.
> Next came the treasurer of either house,
> One with full purse, t'other without a sous."†

They were to choose a judge; but how were the arts of ordinary election to be carried out in so beggarly a field?

> "What can an actor give? in every age,
> Cash hath been rudely banished from the stage.
> Wine! they would bribe you with the world as soon,
> *And, of roast beef they only know the tune.*"

Then as the actors go by, he criticises them with delightful, and most easy touch. There was "poor Billy Havard," whose obscurity might have saved him, yet whose—

> "Easy, vacant face proclaimed a heart
> Which could not feel emotions, nor impart"

—with Davies, the actor-bookseller. Never was there

* This extraordinary letter is given in Peake's Colman, vol. i. p. 129.

† From this singular rhyme we can see he was not very skilled in French.

such contemptuous praise—nor such a criticism, compressed into four lines:

"With him came mighty Davies—on my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife!
Statesman all over! in plots famous grown,
He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone."*

Holland was a mere imitation—"I hate e'en Garrick thus at second hand:" and King was a shameless exhibition that "shines in Brass." Yates could be dismissed very briefly:—

"Lo, Yates! without the least finesse of art,
He gets applause. *I wish he'd get his part.*
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely 'Hark'e,' 'Hark'e,' grates the ear."†

Woodward was put very low indeed, a mere—

"Squeaking harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures every limb."

A humbler Jackson was happily ridiculed—

"One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other."

And Ackman and Packer, obscure nobodies, were ironically complimented as unrivalled in "humour" and "sprightly ease." Sparks was to be found at a glass "elaborately dividing frown from smile;" while

"Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith *was just gone to school to say his part.*'

Ross, a handsome man, of good breeding, would grow

* Mr. Isaac Taylor saw Davies play, long after "The Rosciad" had appeared, and noticed the "hollow rumbling" of his voice. He had also seen the very pretty wife sitting in the shop, neat, modest, and with an air of meek dejection, and a look as of better days. Friends, this gentleman heard, had to pay the expense of Davies's interment, and the "pretty wife" died in a workhouse.

† Yates's memory improved in afterlife; but he was in the habit of repeating sentences several times, like this, "Harkee, Polly Honeycomb," to give himself time to think. He was very indignant at his wife being dragged into "The Rosciad," and summoned Churchill to meet him at a tavern. George Garrick hurried after them, and succeeded in reconciling satirist and actor over a bottle of wine.

indifferent and languid as he acted. He was roused with a couplet:—

> "Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
> Was fast asleep at his Statira's feet." *

Moody, and Moody's country, received a fine compliment; and the vulgar stage Irishman, who has had not a little to do in forming the English judgment of that country, was thus branded:—

> "Long from a nation, ever hardly used,
> At random censured, wantonly abused,
> Have *Britons* drawn their sport with partial view,
> Form'd general notions from the rascal few;
> Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
> Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
> Taught by thee, MOODY, we now learn to raise
> Mirth from their foibles—from their virtues praise."

Austin glistened in French silks. Foote was not spared. He was dismissed as a mere mimic, and not even a good one:—

> "His strokes of humour and his bursts of sport
> Are all contained in this one word *distort*."

Macklin was coldly, but not cruelly, disapproved of; but the whole venom of the satire may be said to be concentrated in the portrait of Murphy. Colman and Lloyd, Churchill's friends and companions, had written down the luckless Murphy, and now Churchill came to niche him into his "Rosciad." This dreadful carving, and the portrait of Fitzpatrick added later, are certainly the finest bits in the whole. Murphy came:—

> "What though the sons of nonsense hail him SIRE,
> AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, AND SQUIRE;
> His restless soul's ambition stopped not there,
> To make his triumphs perfect dub him PLAYER."

---

* He was asked who the Statira was, and said it was Miss Bellamy. Taylor recollects his being also quickened by an angry audience.

He will admit he had a good figure—

"When motionless he stands we all approve,
What pity 'tis the THING was made to move.
When he attempts in some one favourite part
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.
Can none remember, yes, I know all must,
When in the MOOR he ground his teeth to dust.
With various reading stored his empty skull,
Learned without sense and venerably dull."

Why did he not take to city pursuits and trade? He might have done well. Perhaps,

"PRUDENT DULNESS marked him for a MAYOR."

Better than all was the hint at the beginning of the satire. When there was a debate about choosing a judge:—

"For Murphy some few *pilfering* wits declar'd,
While Folly clapp'd her hands and Wisdom star'd.
* * * * *
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reason, e'en to thee, have shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live UNKNOWN?
Yet let not vanity like thine despair;
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care."

In those days, when every gentleman carried a sword, it argues little for Murphy's courage, that he could have put up with this outrageous affront, and not have attempted to call to account, or chastise the man, who had described him in such scandalous terms. When we think how he could bluster, and hector the tolerant Garrick, with the most intemperate language, this suspicion is scarcely without warrant.*

* The only notice he took was a poor retort, called "The Fleet Ditch," which, as compared to Churchill's poem, was as that dull and stagnant nuisance itself, to a fine and flowing river. In it he talks of the "foul-mouth'd" Rosciad, and of Churchill bowing his "brutal form." Colman, with equally refined satire, he called "the *low-born* Colman."

The portraits of Mossop and Barry are too well known to be quoted. These were more elaborate than the rest, and more amusing. Mossop, was so "attached to military plan," and kept his eyes fixed on his right-hand man. Barry was unfairly dismissed with the fine climax, "conned his passions, as he conned his part." The veteran Quin found his traditional reputation rudely questioned and examined, and was thrust back with the following *congé*:—

> "Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
> And in six months my dog shall howl by note."

So with Sheridan's "stages" and methodised tactics:

> "Why must impatience fall three paces back?
> Why paces three return to the attack?
> Why is the right leg too forbid to stir
> Unless in motion semicircular?
> Why must the hero with the nailor vie,
> And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye.
> In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
> I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
> Inhuman tyrant, was it not a shame
> To fright a king so harmless and so tame?"

To Barry he was cruel, and it is surprising that a man with Churchill's nature could have been so unjust. His choosing the "well-applauded tenderness" in "Lear," and praising a character in which the actor was inferior, was an artful shape of depreciation. He affected to see in him nothing but artifice, or art; and yet it was notorious, that there was no such passionate "lover" on the stage.

With the women he was more lenient and gentle. Cibber and Pritchard received high and elegant praise. So did Clive and Pope. In Yates a certain tameness and sameness, with a want of nature, were discovered; but on a more obscure Miss Bride, he lavished far warmer praise. It is indeed so charming, and at

the same time so extravagant, a portrait, that we may suspect the satirist had some partiality for this favoured lady. Yet at the present day, Bride is a name about the least known to those, who take interest in the stage.

The whole is delightful reading. The sound of these terse close couplets, as full of meaning as of good English, is like the stroke of a good sword on armour. It was read and read again; edition after edition was called for. The common mode in which satire is received by the world, is for every one to discover an application in any direction but their own. But, as Mr. Forster acutely remarks, the reception of "The Rosciad" was on a reverse principle, for every actor had to own his likeness, and was led by a morbid excitement to dwell upon his own disgrace.

Roscius was extravagantly lauded. The depreciation of the others, was made subservient to *his* exaltation. For here was the point of the panegyric, —awarding the palm to Garrick. The praise itself cannot be styled extravagant. It seemed to be called forth by the snarling of critics, who with Sterne's stop-watch in their hand, found hypercritical fault with the "unnatural start" and "affected pause." He admits that "the best things carried to excess are wrong. The start may be too frequent, pause too long." Actors, just as monkeys mimic man, may by their absurd and overdone imitation, spoil the scenes they mean to adorn. But this should not affect the true thing:—

> "When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
> And the whole state of man is up in arms,
> What but a critic could condemn the play'r,
> For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?

Whilst working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst in each sound I hear the very man,
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

* * * * *

Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And pleas'd with Nature, *must be pleas'd with thee.*"

And at the finale, bringing forward Shakspeare, who has seen the histrionic troupe go by, he makes him present Roscius with the palm, in words burning and genuine, and which most happily describe Garrick's gifts and special charm:—

"If manly sense; if nature linked with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If powers of acting, vast and unconfined;
If fervent faults with greatest beauties joined;
If strong expression and strange pow'rs which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face so well as *his* can show,
Deserve the preference—Garrick, take the chair—
Nor quit it till thou place an equal there!"

Words surely which should have their place upon the monument in the Abbey, instead of a Mr. Pratt's feeble praise, and fustian compliment.

At this time Garrick actually did not know the author, though he might have noticed the unpleasing form over the "spikes" of his pit—that rude figure for which Churchill himself found a place in his bitter pasquinade:

"Even I, whom nature casts in hideous mould,
Whom having made, she trembled to behold."

It was given out that the players would revenge themselves, by chastising the author; but the bold satirist avowed himself at once, and walked publicly in the Covent Garden Piazza, past the coffee-houses, to give them an opportunity. They never seized it.

Yet Garrick's situation, though his vanity must have been unusually gratified by this powerful and public testimonial, was not a little awkward. Sympathy with his fellows, and *esprit de corps* required not merely that he should take no pleasure in the tribute, but that he should affect a little dissatisfaction. He even was so foolish as to say, that he believed it was a bid for the freedom of his theatre. This may have been a mere green-room whisper; for that freedom was cheap enough, and enjoyed by very small creatures indeed. Indifference of this sort is a favourite and complacent affectation of flattered humanity. But the news of so ungracious a welcome was soon borne to Churchill, who, inflamed by the attacks of reviews and the hostile cries of the actors, had his bludgeon in the air again, and in a very short time produced "The Apology,"—a sequel to the former work, but in a far more savage key. He was infuriated with all, and fell on both critics and players in bitter verse, not waiting this time for polish or antithesis. Hence have we now, the fine Hogarth picture of the "Strolling Players," which Mr. Forster, so justly, puts immeasurably above Crabbe's *pendant* on the same subject. It touched Garrick indirectly. For he came to the great actor himself, and though he spared him the humiliation of naming him, there was a savage roughness in the "shaking" he gave him—a hint there was no mistaking, and most significant for the future:—

> "Let the vain tyrant sit amid his guards,
> His young green-room wits and venal bards,
> Who meanly tremble at a puppet's frown,
> *And, for a playhouse freedom, lose their own;*
> In spite of new-made laws and new-made kings,
> The free-born muse with lib'ral spirit sings."

It thus seems as if some one had carried Garrick's

remark about the freedom of the playhouse to Churchill, and this was a savage hint that he knew what had been so indiscreetly said of him.

Roscius was now confounded. The mortification was in exact proportion to his previous exaltation. He first thought of writing a letter of expostulation to the satirist, but was wisely dissuaded. Garrick, in fact, thought everything could be done by a "good letter." There were plenty to enjoy his situation. He had been indeed warned by Lloyd, that Churchill was displeased with him, but he could not have reckoned on such punishment. Lloyd—who had himself written a poem which furnished a hint to Churchill—wrote in great distress to Garrick: for it might be supposed, he said, that he could have checked the satirist. But Garrick, in a letter, in which he honestly confessed how much he suffered, bade him set his mind at rest. He knew enough, he said, of Churchill's spirit and writings, to see that he would not tolerate any interference with his purposes. Wisely, therefore, thinking of the future more than of the past, he humbly told his friend, meaning of course that what he said should reach other ears, that if there was real resentment at the bottom of the attack, he was sure there were no grounds for it; but if it was done because he was "the Punch of the puppet show," and could not be well left out, the matter was of necessity. Mr. Churchill was heartily welcome. Yet for all this he was very "sore." In "The Rosciad," he added, he was raised too high, but in "The Apology" he may have been sunk too low, Churchill "making an idol of a calf, like the Israelites, and then dwindling an idol into a calf again." However, he would bear it all pleasantly. He was Mr. Churchill's great admirer,

but still not quite pleased with Lloyd; for he thought when the latter found that Churchill was angry, he should have vindicated his absent friend, if he conceived him not in the wrong; or if he thought Garrick was in fault, he should have come straight to him and given warning. This was, indeed, a wise way of accepting correction, and quite characteristic. Both found their account in it. The satirist had not gone too far, but had only given a hint of what he could do and would do; and Garrick's manner of receiving it was highly flattering. The result was an intimacy; but Garrick scarcely met him with the warmth of his other friendships. His allusions to him in letters are tranquil; and he received the news of his death very calmly indeed.

When Mr. Churchill chose to visit the playhouse *now*, all eyes watched him; and only a few months later, about the first night of the season, when Garrick was in his great part of *Richard*, the terrible critic showed, by unmistakable and unconcealed signs, that he was weary and "sick" of what had now ceased to be a novelty. Yet Garrick, with a restraint worthy of an ascetic, sent his regards, and a gentle message that he was sorry to see that he had been bored. Before long Churchill was applying for money and obtaining it. Garrick, though pinched by a purchase he had been making, supplied what he wanted. When Hogarth published his dreadful picture of "The Satirist," Garrick, in sincere distress for an artist he loved, used the obligation to beg for indulgence. "I must entreat," he wrote, "by the regard you profess to me, that you do not talk of my friend Hogarth before you see me. You cannot, sure, be

angry at his print. There is, surely, very harmless, though very entertaining, stuff in it. He is a great and original genius. I would not, for all the politics and politicians in the universe, that you two should have the least cause of ill-will to each other. I am very unhappy at the thoughts of it. Pray, make me quiet as soon as possible." But Churchill's genius, as Garrick had, with great penetration, divined, disdained any direction. He had his way, and sent out this "most bloody performance." Garrick was deeply hurt by it. It seemed to him shocking and barbarous. But the wretched man, for all his genius, sinking deeply every day, was to receive many more favours from the same hand. There is no more dreadful letter, for its length, in the annals of debauchery, than the following appeal:—

"My Dear Mr. Garrick,—*Half drunk, half mad,* and quite stripped of all my money, I should be much obliged *if you would enclose, and send by the bearer five pieces*, by way of adding to favours already received by yours, sincerely,

"Charles Churchill."

A miserable death at Boulogne—and what are said to have been his last words, "What a fool I have been"—was not long in following. The satire remains a model for attacks of that class; and some fifty years later, when a Dublin wit, in far less nervous lines, brought out "Familiar Epistles on the Irish Stage," the success was not less decided, and the sensation on and off the stage, not less tumultuous. If the experiment were repeated now, there would be no such result; such an attack would be received

with indifference. The men and women of the stage then held a position which they had earned and worked up to, by labour and education. Now the carpenter, the artist, and the dressmaker, the pretty ankle, the *décolleté* neck, the slang song, the *pièce à femmes*, are becoming the cheap glories of the English stage. The poet who would waste his time and talent, on satirizing the smaller fry of our London theatres would be partly unintelligible, from dealing with names and creatures that no one knew of or cared for; the petty indignation behind the scenes would be unnoticed; and the thing itself would, perhaps, be unread.

When the season ended, Garrick had begun to think of setting about some important alterations in the arrangements of his house. Foote and Murphy, however, had entered into a strange partnership, and came to him with a proposal for taking the theatre during the "slack" summer months. Foote had been anticipated at the Haymarket by some "dancing dogs," and had no place to exhibit his mimicry. Garrick goodnaturedly agreed to help his two friends, and let them have the theatre at a very moderate rent. Yet in their opening prologue, Foote sneered at Roscius, who had locked up all the daggers and bowls of tragedy, and presently showed excellent taste in bringing a pantomime of Bentley's called "The Wishes," which Garrick, though pressed exceedingly, declined, in the most positive manner, to bring out. For this he was attacked by the author's friends in the usual strain. A pamphlet was published, in which his judgment and taste were held up to infinite ridicule for rejecting a piece of so much wit

and ingenuity.* This was only the old story. With Foote, also, it was presently to be the old story.

Lord Melcombe, who was the patron of this performance, had a private performance at his villa, where Foote was received and entertained hospitably. The "wit" improved the occasion by taking careful notes of his host's peculiarities, and on the first opportunity brought out a finished portrait on the stage, which everybody knew!

The next season was unmarked by anything worthy of note. He celebrated the crowning of the new king by an absurd pageant, one of his favourite processions, which he was acute enough to see that the town was fond of. He now indulged the popular folly in these matters to the fullest bent. And it must be said, that he had done his best to please in the more legitimate course; but was bound to do so no further. There can be no doubt, but that a little pamphlet, entitled "The Muses' address to D. Garrick, Esq., with Harlequin's answer," was written or prompted by Garrick himself. It is a protest from Thalia and Melpomene, and the preface is suspiciously like the manager's hand, or at least his tactics. "As our theatrical monarch's partiality in favour of Harlequin, notwithstanding his intention to the contrary at the beginning of his reign, has been often made the topic of conversation, it was thought the publication," &c., and it was hoped that the reader would not too readily join in the accusation "that though such misconduct might, in others, proceed from an error

* Harlequin was hanged in sight of the audience, and even the author himself when he saw his own catastrophe, whispered a friend, "If they do not damn this they deserve to be damned themselves."

of judgment, in Mr. Garrick it must be considered an error of will."

Then it addresses him as "the favourite of Apollo and the Muses," tells him, that he is to fix the glorious era of Shakspeare and the Muses. Harlequin is made to plead that the people of position prefer *him* to all his rivals, and during the performance of Shakspeare, Otway and other writers, are seen talking to each other, and "rivalling the actors in noise."

There was a rival procession at the other house, got up with infinite magnificence. But Garrick with due thrift utilized all the old dresses of his establishment. To add to the effect, the back of the stage was thrown open, and showed the audience a *real bonfire* blazing, the fumes from which suffocated the actors, while the draughts gave them colds. Windows looking into the Lane were let at good prices. The show "ran" for forty nights. This was the last effort of Rich, who died this year, successful to the end. He had certainly carried on the contest with spirit, and gave up the ghost in a blaze of glory, with pageants and processions, and gorgeous transformation scenes still before his dim eyes. Yet Garrick's behaviour to him had always been marked by an honourable rivalry, he forgot some unhandsome attempts to injure him, and, shortly before the old harlequin's death, was taking counsel with some private friends as to how they should get the King to divert a little of the royal patronage from Drury Lane to Covent Garden. This wonderful man could be above even his own interests.*

* Warburton remonstrated against this act. "Were the King's using your house intended as matter of mere favour to you, your modesty and generosity would be well employed to serve your neighbour. But since the King

His domestic peace was now to be disturbed by a little matter, which to one so sensitive became a serious annoyance. A Doctor Bower had been attracting public attention, as a "distinguished convert from Rome," with stories about his treatment by the Inquisition, &c. He was a man of some learning, and much industry, and when he was selected for one of the booksellers' speculations then fashionable, a bulky "History of the Popes," in quarto volumes, his subscription list showed how fashionable he had become. Among other houses, he was made welcome at that of one of his warmest patrons, Lord Lyttleton, Garrick's friend. But his account of his "conversion" was felt to be so curious and inconsistent, that suspicions were aroused: some of his supporters began to look coldly on him, and he found himself excluded from houses, where before he had been very welcome. One of these was Mr. Garrick's, where he had been received by Mrs. Garrick, "Catholic though she was," and where Garrick himself "was witness to the contradictions, prevarications, and falsehoods, which he endeavoured to impose upon her." Unfortunately, too, Doctor Douglas, later to be Bishop of Salisbury, had sent out a most damaging pamphlet, written in the good old "bludgeon" style of controversy, in which there was plenty of rough language, and pitiless conclusions drawn. The exposure was nearly fatal; and a story of a money transaction, into which he was said to have entered with "his old friends the Jesuits," injured him still more. Stung by these suspicions, he

in this only consults the gratification of his own amusement, which your acting is necessary to, modesty and generosity would seem to be misplaced in hinting anything in behalf of the other house."—*Warburton to Garrick*, Feb. 1761.

added to one of his bulky volumes, a defence of himself, as rough and violent as had been the attack, and in which he replied to an unfortunate expression of Douglas's, who had said that he dared not show his face at various houses, and "had not ventured of late to visit the lady and gentleman mentioned,"—adding that "the lady's principles, and religion are well known." Bower did not let this pass. "Now that foreigners," he said, "may not think that I dare not show my face at the house of any *real gentleman* or *real* lady, I beg to inform them who this gentleman and lady are. The *gentleman*, then, is *Mr. Garrick*, an actor who now *acts* upon the stage. The *lady* is his wife, *Mrs. Garrick*, alias *Violetti*, who within these few years *danced* upon the stage. To do them justice, they are both eminent in their way. The *lady* (though no *Roscius*) is as "*well-known and admired*" for her *dancing* as the gentleman is for his *acting*, and they are, in that sense, *par nobile*. That I dare not show my face in that house is true; nor dare I show it in any other house, the mistress whereof is a Papist (*whose religion and principles are well-known*), and consequently bound, if in the least acquainted with me, to contribute her *quota* to the common stock of scandal, and not only to betray, but misrepresent, if required, private conversation."* This was certainly unchivalrous, and the sex, at least, of one of the parties might have shielded her from such treatment. It touched Garrick to the quick, always sensitive on the score of his social position; but proved to be a fatal, as well as an ungallant proceeding, for Doctor Bower.

* Bower, vol. v., Appendix, p. 168.

Lyttleton had held by him firmly, and when some letters of his, opening negotiations with the Jesuits, were produced, joined with Walpole in pronouncing them forgeries. But on the publication of this attack, Lyttleton's first step was to send word to Garrick, repudiating all protection or encouragement, of its author. Garrick had felt the attack acutely, and wrote back gratefully. His Lordship's delicacy, he was sure, must have been shocked to have seen the illiberal way in which Mrs. Garrick was mentioned. She had very innocently told the conversation she had had with Bower, without the least intention of having it published, or of adding to his shame. "Nor would she, though *a Papist* (as he calls her) vary a tittle from that or any other truth, though commanded by the Pope and his whole conclave of cardinals. . . . He calls out for *Protestant* testimony, and he shall have it; and I flatter myself that it will have its weight, though it comes from *a player*. The world must determine which is most to be credited: he who, though upon the stage, has retained a sense of honour, veracity, and religion; or he who, though bred to one Church and converted to another, seems to have lost them all in his passage between both." But Mr. Garrick's next idea was not so dignified. He proposed to revenge himself, by bringing his enemy upon the stage. He had always thought him even a richer character than Molière's *Tartuffe*. This would be the *retort pleasant*, he thought. Such a weakness may be justified by his indignation at the attack on his unoffending wife, for he himself was tolerably accustomed to such onslaughts. Still the retaliation he meditated was more in Foote's fashion, and it certainly would not

have served him with his friends, or with the public. Happily, Lyttleton took this view, and warmly dissuaded him from so unbecoming a step.*

Thus it would seem, that no one's life was so checquered, or to know such a wholesome discipline, in the way of correction. If he was exalted, there was not long afterwards an unpleasant chastisement. Yet under such alternations, he preserved a mind surprisingly "even;"—never lost his head a moment, from praise, flattery, or success; and never sank into depression. He was presently to be more sorely tried.

* Mr. Garrick showed Davies, Lyttleton's reply, "comprised in very polite and condescending terms." Davies at the same time insinuates as the motive for abandoning this step, "that it might be attended with some little uneasiness to himself."

CHAPTER VIII.

STAGE REFORM.

1762.

"THE Two Gentlemen of Verona" was the new revival for the new season; and, indeed, the theatre was already suffering from the superior attraction at the other house. English opera, and the charming voice of Miss Brent, had been thinning the boxes and benches of Drury Lane, and *Young Meadows* and *Rosetta* were more followed than *Hamlet* or *Estifania.* Then were heard, for the first time, the cheerful, pastoral, simple melodies, "We all love a pretty girl under the rose," "When I have my dog and my gun:" and English opera was a distinct school, not a mere "*rechauffé*" of Italian and French models. In vain Garrick made attempts in the same direction, engaging a "Master Norris," with other pupils of his friend Arne. The receipts began to fall off, and his own attraction to fail mysteriously. And from that time he began to think seriously of an important step, —either of complete retirement, while he could do so without loss, or, at least, of a temporary withdrawal from the vexations which were gathering thick about him. For this was the most fretted period of his life.

During the recess Garrick and his partner determined to carry out some new theatrical arrangements which they had long meditated. No one could

prove that there was "stinginess" in anything that concerned their management: the performers were paid liberally, and the scenery and dresses were always handsome. It was, of course, the fashion to hold him up as niggardly and "shabby" in what concerned his theatre, as well as in his private life. Only a few years before, he had decorated and rearranged the house, yet he was now busy with fresh alterations, which amounted to an entire remodelling of the theatre. Under liberal management the number of performers had increased to one hundred, and the charges of the night "before the curtain rose" had mounted up from sixty to ninety pounds a night. This was a serious deduction from the profits; and though prices had been increased, as we have seen, on particular occasions, still the margin was not a little precarious.

He was also determined to seize the opportunity to strike boldly at another abuse—the practice of crowding the stage on benefit nights, when actors had their "building on the stage,"—an amphitheatre crowded with select friends, and with those who could not find room in the boxes. The absurdities this very familiar custom gave rise to, may be conceived; its worst result was, that it kept the door open for admission behind the scenes, on other nights, and brought about irregularities, which made it hopeless to keep strict discipline on the stage. But there were enormous difficulties in the way of reform. Sheridan, indeed, succeeded in Dublin, but at the fatal cost of riot, of the utter sack of the theatre, and of his own ruin. There were yet greater dangers in the way at Drury Lane. The young bloods and men of the first fashion would resent being driven from the *coulisses*,

which they considered their proper *parterre*, and the young clerks, and persons of lower degree, were glad to get a seat on the stage, to see the actors and actresses closely. These classes did not care for illusion. The thing was carried to an absurdity on the benefit nights of the actors, which came very often, when there was that "building" on the stage, the great circus, that rose in tiers to the stage clouds, while the floor in front was covered with spectators sitting or lying down. At the top fluttered dirty pieces of canvas; the wings were all blocked up with crowds of loungers who could not get seats, and who sometimes prevented the actor coming on. In front, the stage boxes, which had taken the place of the good old stage doors, were "built out," with two or three rows of seats, which prevented those behind from seeing. Sometimes the *Ranger* or *Archer*, or conventional gallant of the piece, had to "escape" from a balcony, or to scale one; and it was in the regular course of things for him to intrude himself into the side box, with many apologies, to the great disturbance of the tenants. These ridiculous shifts, contemptuously accepted by the audience, were not likely to increase the respect for the players. It was even more absurd on Mrs. Cibber's benefit, to see that charming actress, in the centre of a crowded ring, with scarcely room to turn, prostrate on the tomb of the Capulets, which was an old couch covered with black cloth. More absurdly still, when Mr. Holland came on as *Hamlet*, through a similar crowd, and according to the strict tradition, made his hat fall, as though lifted off by his hair, in terror at the ghost, one of his admirers, a woman in a red cloak, got up and

replaced it. This, however, caused a universal roar. Such familiarities were fatal to all respect, and to all illusion.

When reform came, came also, as a matter of course, rich dresses and better scenery. Then the Cibbers, and Bellamys, and Barrys, revelled in, and extorted from reluctant managers, those rich, gorgeous, and elaborate robes, in which they looked like true "tragedy queens." They were "inhabitants," as Steele would say, of the most sumptuous structures, stiff, spreading, encrusted with trimmings and furbelows as stiff. Their heads towered with strange and nodding edifices, built and entwined with rows of pearls and other jewels. To turn over the old stage pictures, and come upon *Statira* and *Roxana*, the rival queens, fronting each other, one Cibber, the other Bellamy, and call up the sweet and melodious chanting, and the lofty and pretentious language—poetry sometimes—the sad and tender complainings, the fierce but measured rage and despair, it must be admitted that, in such an *ensemble*, there was something grand, and even magnificent. With such accessories, and recollections of the majestic demi-chanting which even now obtains on the French stage, we might almost accept this rococo school, as a type of something grand and elevating. These stage royal ladies were usually attended by pages, even in their most intimate and domestic scenes, who never let down the sumptuous trains of their mistresses. There could be none, therefore, of that "crossing" and recrossing which make up the bustle and movement of modern drama. Nor was this style of decoration made subservient to the interests of the play. Mrs. Cibber played her *Juliet* in white

satin, hoops, and furbelows; so that Don Ferolo's heroine was right in becoming "distraught" in white satin. Clive or Woffington, when doing the "pert" part of a waiting-maid, or the more *gauche* one of a farmer's rustic daughter, presented themselves in white satin shoes, and with their hair dressed according to the gorgeous canons of the London fashions. These contradictions were not noticed; and it must be said, that there was a certain standard of dress accepted for each part, like the conventional lions of old architecture, which, perhaps, really conduced to idealize the drama, much more than the present minute and "realistic" production of the commonest and most earthly objects in life.

The modern taste for this fatal "realism" is utterly antagonistic to stage effect. This may seem a paradox: but even in the days of Garrick—when the limelight was undreamed of, and scenery very rude—there was a better air of delusion. Because the more perfect and vivid, the more like real life, effects become, the more the spectator is inclined to be on his guard, and to challenge what is presented to him. There is a point beyond which stage imitation should not go; and there should be certain conventional shapes of scenery, which should more indicate than represent. The Greeks, with their heroic pattern of mask—one for comedy, one for tragedy—and their unchangeable scene of a temple or street, understood this principle. The truth was, acting, mental action, and witty and humorous dialogue, were considered the proper business of the stage, and were what people went to see and hear. And the smallest reflection will show that this is the entire foundation of the pleasure that

brings us to the theatre. The excitement is from the play of mind on mind, not in the vulgar accessories of "fires," coal mines, imitation water, "bending trees," and the like. These poor devices are usurping the place of what they are intended to set off.

It was time indeed that some reform should be made in the "ordering" of the house. The effect of Garrick's alterations and improvements, when he took Drury Lane, was only to give it a patched air. Theatrical buildings then scarcely fell within the province of the architect; and the theory of sound, or of convenient approaches and issues, were not dreamed of. At Drury Lane, the galleries to the upper boxes were so contracted, that people trembled to think what would happen in case of a fire. If the box-door was opened, it would be impossible for any one of the tenants to squeeze by. In the pit, the "fast men" were accustomed to gather at the entrances, and prevent the decent citizens from seeing or hearing. Sometimes they talked and laughed, to show their contempt, and were saluted with showers of sucked oranges, skins, and half-eaten pippins from the galleries. At Covent Garden the scenery was of the rudest, oldest, and shabbiest sort. There was an old faded Spanish interior, which had done duty for thirty or forty years, and even in the year 1747, its familiar "wings" and rickety folding-doors, would wheel on "regularly in the 'The Fop's Fortune.'" The old dresses, too, cast off by noblemen and ladies of quality, were used again and again. There was no fitness of character attempted; all that was required was that they should be "fine," or as fine as stripes of tawdry tinsel could make them. This all came of the contempt in which

actors were held. The audience thought such decorations quite good enough.

The look of the interior of Drury Lane was more that of a Music Hall, having deep galleries supported by pillars. It was almost square, not horse-shoe shaped. On grand nights, it was ostentatiously put in the bills, that "the house would be lit with wax;" but later, Garrick substituted for the chandeliers a great central one, which was considered a triumph of workmanship. We might wonder how the later dim "floats" could throw a sufficient light to show the workings and play of feature, but I have discovered that there was hanging over the stage in front of the curtain no less than six enormous chandeliers, each containing twelve candles, in brass sockets, with a great deal of iron "flourishing" at the bottom of each. This principle of lighting from above, and as from the sun, was far more philosophical than the present system of casting an unnatural glare from below, on the faces of the actors. When the piece was over, these chandeliers were let down, as a signal for the audience to depart. In Garrick's day foot-lights were unknown.

Yet with all Garrick's attention to scenery, and his unwearied efforts to secure the newest improvements, the absence of a light like gas must have hindered anything in the shape of real effect. A letter to the manager, about his scenery, shows that they felt this very difficulty. They had "a sun much such as they had at the opera, only larger. Gætano has about convinced me *that it is impossible to give a colour to fire.* He has tried coloured glass, and it does nothing. Spelter, he says, is very good; sulphur does not succeed;

Stars he makes now without thimbles."* This was so early as 1747. The secret of our grand stage conflagrations, where practicable houses seemed to be bewrapt in flames, actually lies in the use of this coloured glass, which "Gætano" found a failure, and of jets of gas. In mere mechanical effects and changes they were more forward. They had the little models, which every scene-painter now makes, and preserves. There was one grand "set piece" for a "Feerie" which he got over from Paris, the description of which is highly curious, as showing the "transformation-scene" of a hundred years ago. It was called the "Palace of Armida." The painted stones were put together, with handles at the back; these were drawn away from the bottom; thus the whole came down in ruins. Traps were opened "when the change of the fiery palace was commencing," down which the façade began to descend, the groups of Graces changing also at the same moment, while from above were thrown down what seemed to be heavy beams of timber, but which were frames of wicker, covered with painted canvas. The conflagration, however, was managed in a rather primitive fashion. Strings of tow were wound on long "perches" held at all sides, and were set on fire;† the car of *Medea* then crossed the stage, surrounded by little demons carrying torches, and firing the palace. There was then "a rain of fire" made of sulphuric firework composition. In short they had not yet learnt that the true secret of dramatic effect consists in deception, and that real objects seen on the

* Forster MSS.

† This rude and ineffective fashion obtained at our theatres until a few years ago.

stage are most unlike what is real.* The rest of the effect was worked out with red agate-coloured columns and "gilt beams," and a great deal of gilt moulding.†

Another matter, which really required ordering, was the regulations about taking seats. The custom was for ladies to send their footmen before the play began, dressed up in gaudy liveries, who sat in the best places, for two or three acts, and thus kept the places. This was an incongruous sight enough; as ladies of the first rank often found themselves seated, through a whole piece, beside a servant. But there was a worse abuse. The fine footmen often preferred the tavern to the play: and the "Sir Harry" or "My Lord Duke," whom Garrick had so happily ridiculed, often went away and left as his deputy a dirty, ill-dressed porter —a more unbecoming contrast still to his neighbours. It was suggested to Garrick that the simple practice of numbering the seats would remedy all this. But he does not seem to have adopted it. Mr. Varney, the box-keeper, was a very important personage with all persons of quality and condition. All these improvements were owing to Garrick's own unwearied attention and watchfulness. He kept his eye on the French stage; and it is surprising that, with the whole intellectual department of the establishment on his shoulders, he should have found time to busy himself with matters like these.

* Thus real fire, real water, real furniture are not nearly so good for effect as the imitative articles.

† Loutherbourg was his scene painter, and contrived some ingenious effects by placing screens, of various coloured silk and tiffany, in front of the side, and head lights. It was he who invented the "effect" of Harlequin in a fog, produced by hanging dark gauze between the figure and the audience.

CHAPTER IX.

FITZPATRICK.

1762—1763.

This clearing of the stage from the loungers was to be fraught with great difficulties, and even danger. Above all, the fiercest opposition would be raised by his own company, who on a benefit, would lose as much as a hundred pounds or more, by being curtailed of this privilege. Garrick, however, always on the side of propriety, was content to brave the first dangers; and the happy device of enlarging the house, and gaining in front, the accommodation that was sacrificed behind the curtain, took away all excuse for dissatisfaction among the actors. These alterations were done so judiciously, that the theatre gained, not only in size, but in beauty, and now held a receipt of £335 a-night.*

The opposition, and displeasure of the men about town, was more perilous still. They could not readily accept their dismission. Unfortunately, too, Garrick had been drawn into an open quarrel with their leader, "Thady" Fitzpatrick, the "fine gentleman" of the coterie, who affected a superior tone, from his West End connection. He would seem to have carried the extravagance of dandy dress and

* Murphy.

airs to its farthest limit—and the bitter satire which Garrick some years before had levelled at the fops of the town, was applied in a special degree to this arch-exquisite. It has been mentioned that he began by taking Mossop's side, in that actor's discussion with Garrick, as to a choice of parts, and artfully inflamed his irritation, by exaggerated praises and representations, that his abilities were kept down. He had now himself found a personal cause of quarrel with Garrick.

At the Bedford, one night, among a group of Shakspearean admirers, it was proposed that some testimonial of honour should be offered to their "idol." The shape was being discussed, when a gentleman interposed, and moved that the matter be postponed until Mr. Garrick should be present, who, as the poet's finest interpreter, was surely the best authority on such a point. This was reasonable. But Fitzpatrick, filled with sudden spite at this compliment to a person he so disliked, said absurdly that "he wondered how any one could think of putting off the business of the club, to suit the convenience of its most insignificant member." This public insult was reported to Garrick, who called on him for an explanation. Meetings and conferences took place, which only inflamed the matter: when Fitzpatrick, overflowing with venom, and knowing as all the world knew, the weak point of his adversary, took the usual course of assailing him with anonymous slanders in print. These were kept up unceasingly, and might well goad the manager to desperation. There was a yet more offensive mode of showing this enmity. Often, when the great actor was in the middle of one of his finest parts, his eye would fall on his enemy a little below him in the

pit, "attended by some noisy set." He would see the cold stare, and shrugs of contempt, and actually hear his remarks, and his loud laugh at some fine burst in *Lear*. When all the house was in fits at *Drugger*, Fitzpatrick's face and his companions', composed to a stony gravity, must have had a damping effect on the actor. This was a serious matter, for the critics of the pit were known and watched, and there were groundlings enough in the house to be influenced by such behaviour. As a matter of course, Fitzpatrick found coadjutors among Garrick's own treacherous dependants. There was a certain haberdasher in Cheapside, one of his green-room followers, who would come to sympathise with him, and consult as to what was to be done, and then repair straight to Fitzpatrick with fresh hints and information, for a new onslaught. Garrick soon found out this double dealing, and *chasséd* him promptly. The crowd presently began to discover that the person of the great Roscius was no longer sacred, and this never-flagging series of criticisms began to raise up at the coffee-houses and other places a train of little pretenders, who found an agreeable occupation, and some claim to consideration, in detecting his faults. The paper which was chosen for these attacks was "The Craftsman," in whose columns now appeared the most vindictive and malignant criticisms on Garrick's acting and manner. These were signed "X. Y. Z.," and soon attracted attention from their perseverance. Later these worthless criticisms were gathered up into a pamphlet, which was called "An Inquiry into the Merits of a Certain Popular Performer; with an introduction to David Garrick, Esq.," and was then known to be written by Fitzpatrick.

Nothing more offensive could be conceived. They dealt with his age, voice, figure, and manner. The abuse was carried so far as to say that "he never did, or never could, speak ten successive lines of Shakspeare with grammatical propriety." Copies of this production were sent round diligently, to all Garrick's friends.

Sensitive as the great actor always was to such discussion of his failings, he was never slow, when once roused, to meet an enemy with all arms. His rather incorrigible taste for facetious rhyming led him to think of a tempting retaliation. The result was "The Fribbleriad," a lively and personal description of his enemy, which was largely sold, and made the town laugh. Fitzpatrick offered tempting openings for ridicule. His face, pale and wan, spoke of an effeminacy almost ridiculous; he had the mincing air and gait of all the beaux of the town. And the frontispiece, an absurd caricature, meant for a portrait, of a bowing and posturing "maccaroni," as grotesque as one of Callot's figures, was significant of the entertainment within. The portrait was introduced with a motto—"*Vir*, *femina*, *neutrum*,"—the text which was to supply Churchill with the hint of his far more deadly satire. In his preface, too, the author quoted a little epigram from the "Ledger," but which has the mark of his own touch:—

"TO X. Y. Z.

"Indeed, most severely poor Garrick you handle,
No bigots damn more with bell, book, and candle;
Though you with the town about him disagree—
He joins with the town in the judgment of thee.
So dainty, so devilish, is all that you scribble,
Not a soul but can see 'tis the spite of a Fribble."

In the plot of the little poem is worked out a sort of discussion embodying the motto—

"The creature's male, say all we can—
It *must* be something like a man.
* * * *
What of that wriggling, fribbling race,
The curse of nature and disgrace,
Whose rancour knows nor bounds nor measure,
Feels every passion, tastes no pleasure?
So smiling, smirking, soft in feature,
You'd swear it was the gentlest creature.
But touch its pride, *the lady-fellow*
From sickly pale turns deadly yellow—
Male, female, vanish—fiends appear,
And all is malice, rage, and fear.
What in the heart breeds all this evil
Makes man on earth a very devil:
Corrupts the mind, and tortures sense,
Malignity with impotence.

This is something in the key of Churchill, and it does not seem improbable that it had been submitted to the satirist. There is a compliment to the open, courageous fashion in which *he* dealt his blows, as compared with the Fribbles, who pricked with their needles in the dark:—

"With colours flying, beat of drum—
Unlike to this, see Churchill come.
And now like Hercules he stands,
Unmasked his face, but armed his hands,
Alike prepared to write or drub—
This holds a pen and that a club.
'Mine is the Rosciad—mine,' he cries;
'Who says 'tis not, I say he lies.'"

But the great satirist was not merely to figure in this harmless shape; for in the preface was an alarming announcement, that the task of exhibiting Fribble in his proper colours was not to be completed there. "A *much abler hand*" was very soon "to expose and detect his designs." Not a few guessed that this heralded Churchill.

The poem described a sort of conventicle held

on Hampstead Hill, with Fitzgig in the chair, and attended by Lord Trip, Phil. Whiffle, Captain Pattipan, and Sir Cock-a-doodle, to devise means for annoying the great actor. The others propose various schemes; but Fitzgig's system of libels is adopted:—

> "Their malice wakes in X. Y. Z.
> And now bursts forth their treasured gall,
> Through *him*, Cock Fribble, of them all!"

There were some touches about "our stage hero," and praises of "Roscius," more implied than expressed, put in to divert suspicion, which later gave him some qualms. Yet these seemed almost unavoidable from the subject and treatment. "I never in my life," he wrote, a few years later, "praised myself knowingly, except a little matter in 'The Fribbleriad,' which always *pinched me*." Warburton was delighted with "The Fribbleriad." He thought it excellent in its fable, its sentiment, and wit. He had his own Fribbles to plague him, and could think of Pope, who had called the "Cock Fribble" of *his* day, a *gilded bug*.

This satirical personality affected Fitzpatrick keenly. He made no protest just then, but presently found an opportunity for revenge, and had the satisfaction of obtaining a public victory over his enemy in his enemy's own theatre. An opening soon came. There can be no doubt there was great dissatisfaction abroad at the late changes. To this feeling, in part, must be set down the attack that was made on the first novelty of the season, produced before Christmas —Mallet's "Elvira."*

* Murphy puts it after the riots of the next year, and in a diverting attempt to be exact, says: "As soon as the damages done to his theatre had been repaired, he brought it forward."

A pleasant story, at the expense of the manager, accounted for the acceptance of this extraordinary play. The author was supposed to be busy with an important life of the great Duke of Marlborough, for which the duchess had left a sum of a thousand pounds. On this retainer, very handsome in those days of hack-writing, Mallet for many years assumed airs of importance, gave out periodical reports of his progress, and excited a sort of expectation. Having a dull play by him, he laid an artful trap to secure its acceptance, and waited on Garrick to tell him, that he "had contrived a niche for him in his work."* The manager's eyes sparkled with pleasure. But how could he be appropriately brought into the history of the great duke. "*That's my business*, my dear friend," was the other's reply. "I tell you I have done it." "Well, faith, you have the art of surprising your friends, in the most unexpected and the politest manner; but why won't you now, who are so well qualified, write something for the stage. You should relax. *Interpone tuis*—ha! you know! for I am sure the theatre is a mere matter of diversion to you." The other at once took his tragedy from his pocket. It was a most absurd piece.† During one of the many

* The effrontery of this class of adventurer is amusing. Only a short time before his "Eurydice" had been brought out, and though well played by Garrick and Cibber—had been an utter failure. The author sat in the orchestra, and loudly "bestowed his execrations on the players," on whom he laid the blame of this *fiasco*.

† A very diverting criticism on this piece was published in a sixpenny pamphlet. Almost every scene, it said, was an interview and a *tête-à-tête*. "The king wants to see his son, the queen wants to see Elvira, Elvira wants to see the king—all the thoughts were poor and stolen. Dryden said that Ben Jonson was everywhere to be traced in the snow of the ancients; we may say that *Malloch* is everywhere to be traced in the puddle of the moderns. Instead of selecting beauties, he has everywhere picked out what is despicable; like a pickpocket who dives for handkerchiefs, not for gold, and

dreary pleadings and harangues before a court, a wag in the pit called out "*encore;*" and in the fourth act the piece had surely been damned, but for the admirable acting of Garrick, who, as a critic said, "like a second Æneas, carried the old doting and decrepit father on his back." It dragged on its nine nights, and the author had the profit of his three nights; "like the rascals who plundered Lisbon after the earthquake," said his pleasant critic again, "he will extract guineas out of rubbish."*

But a more suitable opportunity had now come round, which gave Mr. Fitzpatrick an opening for retaliation. One of the rules, said to be an innovation, had abolished the half-price during the run of a new play, but restored it, whenever the regular stock-pieces were played, where Garrick's strength and attraction lay. This had been the old custom, and was certainly not unreasonable; but it furnished the occasion that Fitzpatrick was looking for.

On the twenty-fifth of January, 1763, the coffee-house frequenters were attracted by placards, posted up everywhere, in which their attention was called to this grievance. It was represented as a great hardship, and one that should be resisted; but, it was added with an ostentatious moderation, without any violence, or

contents himself with what he finds in our great-coat pocket, without attempting our watch. He has introduced a rebellion unparalleled in any history. The Prince enters an apartment of the palace, with a drawn sword. *This forms a rebellion.* The king enters the same apartment, without a drawn sword. This quashes the rebellion. In the fourth act the whole board of Portugal's Privy Councillors are melted into tears. Indeed, it is to the lenity of the King of Portugal that we owe by far the greater part of this amazing play. The good man lets his rebellious subjects out of prison *to chat with him.* In the fifth act two young children were brought in whom the king embraced, the prince embraced, and Elvira embraced."

* Davies says this part of Don Pedro was the last new character attempted by Garrick. It will be seen he is wrong.

outrage on law and order.* They should assert their rights firmly.

A theatrical community is never slack to accept an invitation of such a kind. There is an excitement — with a security and immunity, not to be found so cheaply anywhere else. "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was being played, with some alterations by Victor, and had reached its tenth night, when it was to be performed for the benefit of the author. When the curtain rose, the uproar burst forth. The house was packed with the conspirators, and the notoriously wan face of Mr. Fitzpatrick was seen in the boxes. In a moment he was haranguing them. Beside him was his aide-de-camp, the Cheapside haberdasher. With fierce and excited language he told them, it was now *their* time to fix the price, and exhorted them not to submit to the imposition. The confusion brought out the manager, who was received with yells and uproar. They would not give him a hearing. Yet he was prepared with a reasonable case. He would have shown them how the expenses had mounted from sixty to ninety pounds a-night, though this was hardly the point involved.† But in truth he was wrong, or had

* The tone of this document is very insolent, and it must have come from Fitzpatrick. "Permit me to rouse your indignation," it said, "by reminding you that formerly we could see, for *four shillings*, a *play* performed by *Booth*, *Wilks*, *Dogget*, *Norris*, *Johnson*, *Oldfield*, and *Porter*, and are now obliged to pay five shillings for *half a play*, performed by *Garrick*, *Holland*, *O'Brien*, *Packer*, &c. Perhaps our lord and master will require opera prices." It then invited all to attend the playhouse, and demand an explanation. The reason, it added, for addressing the town in this manner was, that all communication with the public, through the channel of the newspapers, was cut off *through the influence of one of the theatrical managers.*

† I have discovered in an old magazine a copy of the "pay list" of Drury Lane, of only two years later. There were a hundred performers on the books, and the total amounted to within a few shillings of the sum Garrick had named. The salaries are good for those days. Garrick had 2*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* a night; Yates and wife, 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Palmer and wife, 2*l.*; King, 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*;

raised a wrong issue. For "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" had been played before, with its alterations, and was not, in that sense, a new piece. He was just allowed to say, that all should be explained in the newspapers of the following day, and was summarily driven off,—then the rioters proceeded to the next regular step, in theatrical dissatisfaction. They fell on the theatre and its fittings, broke up the lustres and girandoles, and Moody, the popular actor of Irishmen, snatched a light from a ruffian who was in the act of firing the theatre. After this destruction of property, the curtain was let down, the money actually returned to the rioters, and the house cleared.

The following morning, in the journal he was supposed to influence, appeared a short notice, promising an answer—stating that he believed what they had done was no innovation. This temperate appeal had no effect. That night the house was crammed to the ceiling. At the "third music," the audience furiously interrupted,—demanded "Britons Strike Home," and "The Roast Beef of Old England." They were gratified with these tunes. Then Holland came out to speak the prologue, but was hissed off. This looked ominous, when suddenly Garrick himself appeared, and confronted that hostile audience, literally packed with his enemies. The uproar that greeted him could not be described. It was noted that the fine face betrayed mortification, anger, and humiliation. Some voices roared, "*Hear him!*" others, "Hear

Parsons, 6*s.* 8*d.*; Mrs. Cibber, 2*l.* 10*s.*; Mrs. Pritchard, 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Mrs. Clive, 1*l.* 15*s.*; Miss Pope, 12*s.* 4*d.*; the Italian dancers, 1*l.*, and 1*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*; the "Fund," 1*l.* 15*s.*; and the nightly charity, 3*s.* 8*d.* There is rather a "bill of costs'" air about these charges.

the pit!" Suddenly the pale-faced Fitzpatrick, his henchman, Burke, by his side, stood up, and there was silence. He called out; "Will you, or will you not, charge half-price for every piece, except a pantomime?" The humiliated manager wished to explain, but his enemy called on him to say yes or no. He again attempted to make a statement, but was drowned in fresh yells. Then, in a tone of agony and impatience, he called out "Yes!" * This submission was against his own judgment, but he was persuaded by the cautious Lacy. The house was taken by surprise; but a victim they were determined to have. Ackman, a humble player, who had displeased them the night before, was ordered to come out and beg pardon. He did so. Then Moody was called for, and required to beg pardon on his knees, for what he had done the previous night. This strange demand he met in burlesque way, by saying, in the tone of one of his stage Irishmen, "that he was very sorry he had offended them, by saving their lives." This trifling only infuriated them, and the cry was "Down on your knees!" Moody boldly said, "By God, I will not," and walked off the stage. Though Garrick embraced him and applauded his spirit, still, to save his theatre, he had to engage that Moody should not play any more, until they gave permission; but he assured Moody in private, that his salary should go on. Flushed with their triumph, they repaired to Covent Garden, where they pursued exactly the same course; but Beard, one of the patentees, with more spirit,

* This is from a curious newspaper cutting.—*Bullock Col.*

declined to agree to their demands. His theatre was accordingly sacked; but he was able to secure some of the rioters, and bring them before the Chief Justice.

Meanwhile Moody, with good spirit, presented himself at Fitzpatrick's chambers, and demanded satisfaction for these injuries. The natural pusillanimity of the beau was said to have shown itself; he shuffled, turned pale, proposed an *amende*, and actually agreed to bring about a reconciliation between the actor and the public. He was said also to have written an abject apology to the manager. There was to be a greater humiliation: when the rioters were brought to Lord Mansfield's house, he was obliged to attend also.* His unnaturally pale cheek was seen to turn yet paler, as the Chief Justice administered to him a stern rebuke, saying that if a life had chanced to have been lost in the fray, he would have been held responsible. With judicious wisdom he allowed the matter to be accommodated, and after a wholesome warning allowed all to go; but he told Fitzpatrick that he was astonished to see one, who looked like a gentleman, mixed up in such an affair. The history of theatrical riots would make a curious narrative, and not the least curious feature would be the almost invariable leadership of persons of condition.

From Garrick, too, came one more stroke at the unlucky Fribble. The manager found another opening for his incorrigible taste for comic rhymes, a turn that was the result of his "fussiness" and belief, that the town was engrossed with everything that concerned him. This, too, led him into the questionable step of

* Murphy says that he was brought there as one of the rioters; Davies's account is, that he merely attended.

puffing himself a little, as it were to carry out the fiction that the piece was by another hand. There now appeared a ludicrous parody on Dryden's famous Ode, a favourite shape of humour; hardly so now, as, it is to be feared, there is no such popular familiarity with the Ode, as would make a burlesque of it intelligible. It was called "Fitzgig's Triumph, or the Power of Riot."

"'Twas at the rabble rout, when Mima won,
Through Fitzgig, Fitzgig's son!
Below, in awkward state,
The blustering ruffian sate
On his audacious throne.
His noisy peers were placed around,
No footpads in the dark are found,
The blarneying Burky by his side."

Then was described Garrick's appeal. "He runs with rapid skill through elocution's bounds." Shakspeare had, indeed, here stamped an image of himself—a Garrick *for the world*—

"The sons of taste admire the lofty sound,
A present Shakspeare, hark, they shout around."

Then the riot begins—

"Revenge, revenge! then Burky cries.
So the plunderers rise.
See the sconces they tear;
How they clash in the air.
Behold a dirty band,
Each a club in his hand.
* * * * *
Behold how they toss up the benches on high;
How they break the orchestral abodes,
And his instruments shatter by loads.
The ruffians applaud with a furious joy,
And a buck seized a candle, with zeal, to destroy.
Burky led the way,
To guide them to their prey.
* * * * *
Let judgment, then, resign the prize,
And mourn her mangled crown;
She raised a Shakspeare to the skies,
He threw a Garrick down.
The plunderers rend the roof with loud applause;
So merit lost, and riot won the cause."

By this trifling, Garrick seemed almost to condone the outrageous treatment he had received. But he had an ally more terrible, who, at once, took the task of chastisement into his own hands. This was Churchill.

"The Rosciad" had run through some seven editions; and now came out the eighth, in which was inserted that tremendous portrait which has been so justly called "one of the masterpieces of English satire." This friendly service may be taken as an *amende* for the little tartness of "The Apology," and supports the view of Churchill's having a hand in Garrick's Fribbleriad; for if he did not suggest, he certainly worked out elaborately, the same idea. Every one knows the lines—

> "A motley figure of the Fribble tribe,
> Which heart can scarce conceive or pen describe,
> Came simpering on, to ascertain whose sex
> Twelve sage impannelled matrons 'twould perplex.
> Nor male nor female—neither, and yet both,
> Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth.
> A six-foot suckling, mincing in his gait,
> Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
> Fearful *it* seemed, though of athletic make,
> Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
> *Its* tender form, and savage motion spread
> O'er its pale cheeks *the horrid manly red.*"

It must be said that in spite of all this imputed effeminacy, Fitzpatrick had not been afraid at the proper time to take a bold and conspicuous part, and lead on the theatrical riots with a conspicuousness scarcely in keeping with this Eastern portrait. But this blow crushed him, and we hear of him no more.

Within a few days he had to appear in a new piece, whose perfect and legitimate success may have consoled him. Sheridan was not reconciled to him, but Sheridan's wife had written a comedy, which had been

put into his hands. Indifferent to enmities and injuries, he now engaged Sheridan to take a leading part, set off the comedy to the best advantage, and went himself to the trouble of studying *Sir Anthony Branville,* which proved to be the last new character he was to appear in. It is a gay, bright piece, and reads pleasantly, to this hour.* It was greatly relished, and was played some seventeen nights—then a prodigious run. Garrick's picture of an old beau, formal and precise, was inexpressibly mirthful; and it was something new, and not less diverting, to see that wonderful face producing effect, even when become solemn, and discharged of all expression. Not content with this warm support of the wife, he liberally gave the husband a second night for his benefit, though he was not engaged at the theatre. We may wonder how the Fitzpatricks, and others of his professional slanderers, accounted for such behaviour.

Still the rude shock he had received, had sunk deep into his mind. The mortification of that defeat, that public insult on his own boards, had gone home. The respect, the popularity of "the great Garrick" and "Roscius" seemed to have decayed. These numerous attacks—Fitzpatrick's, Churchill's—were wounding and disgusting him. It was scarcely wonderful that he should recal

* This sprightly lady had sent him a comedy—very likely this one—so far back as 1743, which he had strongly condemned. There was no fable—no humour—no connection—no interest. The lady defended her piece, in one of the pleasantest letters. She believed Mr. Garrick had read it too "hastily," and not "finding himself pleased on the whole, would not allow himself time to separate the good from the bad," and in the warmth of his disappointment, had passed upon it a sentence like Victor's description of Rantavan, "where he found neither meat, drink, washing, nor clothing." This gay woman's letter is given in the Gar. Corr. vol. i. p. 16.

Sterne's picture of the eagerness of French friends to welcome the great actor. He was actually thinking of final retirement, as he had done after the Festival Riot. His eyes were turning towards the continent, and to quiet. Peace between France and England was now established. The Duke de Nivernois, the newly-arrived ambassador, had been most courteous, gave him a splendid entertainment, and, no doubt, promised introductions. Mrs. Garrick's health, too, was failing, and he himself wanted change and repose. A tour seemed inviting.

The unpleasant season closed at the end of May. It brought not only mortification, but loss. Even in the present century, there were still living those who recalled the waning attraction of the great actor—the thin pit and empty boxes of Drury Lane Theatre. Sir Waller Pepys often described to Mr. Rogers this humiliating show, and it was even said that Garrick and Mrs. Cibber had sometimes played to a house of twenty pounds, and once actually to one of five. This, however, was the single "bad house" of his life. It was not surprising he should begin to think of escaping from such mortifications.

Now came a very warm letter from Chatsworth, pressing him to come and meet Quin, and see the Ascot Races. It shows us Quin in a very agreeable light, driving out "in his one-horse chaise to get his nag in wind," and receiving the present of an umbrella to defend himself from the sun and rain. Garrick wrote a hearty and delighted letter to Quin, written in that vein of gaiety which always sat so well on him: "if they had but a tithe of the pleasure they had in their last meeting, it will be well made." They were to

exchange pictures—Garrick sitting to Hudson, Quin to Gainsborough. Garrick looked forward with great delight to their meeting; the only drawback was, he told him, pleasantly, "that Mrs. Garrick took more pleasure in hearing of it, than was quite agreeable to the temper of a prudent husband. The news, indeed, was told her a little abruptly, and she broke out into a kind of transport. My good friend, as you are stout, be merciful."* The Duke was eager to welcome his two friends. "Remember to come by Derby and Matlock. If you lie at Derby you may, with great ease, be with me by dinner; it is all good road. Remember to come over Rowesley bridge, so up my grounds, which shall be open." They had the most charming time, "all mirth, bagatelle, liberty, and a little drinking at times." Garrick, one of whose charms was to try and have some little *bonne bouche* for his friends, or in some way make them sharers in his present happiness, took care to let Colman know that their host was often speaking of him, and had the greatest desire to know him personally. At this house he saw Churchill's attack on his friend Hogarth, which disturbed him much. He thought the description of Hogarth's age and infirmities "surely too shocking and barbarous." Soon the Duke of Cumberland was expected, and they had to leave.

* Quin's taste for turtle and venison was a standing joke. Even his friend could be merry on it.

"Let me embalm this flesh of mine
With turtle fat and Bordeaux wine,
And spoil th' Egyptian trade.
Than Humphry's Duke, more happy I,
Embalm'd alive, old Quin shall die
A mummy ready made."

They seem to have stayed about a week at Chatsworth, and met good company there. Mr. Garrick turned some pleasant verses on some ladies—the Duchess of Rutland, and two others, who were always inseparable.* After this pleasant excursion they came up to town, and began to prepare for the "Grand Tour," which, as then made, was one of the most agreeable incidents in the noble or wealthy Englishman's life. As this little defeat, and the subsequent temporary retirement, forms a sort of epoch in his life, we shall pause here for a short time, and enter on another department of his history.

* See this odd ballad—quite in the taste of the day—in the "New Foundling Hospital for Wit," vol. ii. p. 164. Davies makes Garrick's and Quin's reconciliation take place at this visit, and is circumstantial about "Quin's kind inquiry, after dinner," about Mrs. Garrick, which was the cause. But they had been reconciled before.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ACTOR AND TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER I.

A ROUND OF CHARACTERS.

1763.

This stage of the actor's career will, perhaps, be found the most convenient opportunity for taking a view, in detail, of those wonderful gifts, which made so deep an impression on the audiences of his day. Beyond the mere general notion, that he took Nature as his model, we, of the present time, know little of the characteristics of his acting. This is the unhappy fate incident to great musical, and dramatic, reputations. As compared with the more enduring glories of the painter, and the writer, they have a more splendid audience,—a grander and more dazzling reception; but their life is but for the life of the men and women of their time. Their career is bounded by the few generations of their own course. Description can only give a faint idea of a great actor's gifts —his expressions, his motions, his eye. Still it cannot but be interesting to have something beyond the mere tradition that David Garrick was one of the greatest players the world has seen, and with this view I have diligently searched for, and collected all contemporary

accounts—the later recollections and traditions, and from these materials can furnish a tolerably complete series of sketches, exhibiting him in nearly all his leading characters. This will be entertaining to the theatrical reader, and perhaps useful to the professional.

Nothing, too, is so difficult as to find some common standard of comparison between players and singers of a past generation, and those of the present. The judgment of the old, who may have heard both, is disturbed by the prejudices of the aged, and coloured by the old and golden light of youth and enjoyment, now gone for ever. The favourite comparison of the old men of Garrick's day, was to put him beside Booth, and Betterton—to whom, of course, they made him inferior. It is hard to make out exactly what Betterton's style was—for the well-known description, in *The Tatler*, dwells on his natural acting, his pathos and passion, and, in parts, might be accepted as a description of Garrick. But he *must* have belonged to what has been considered the Old School of acting. He might have been "natural" and easy, compared with his contemporaries, but still bound by the conventional rules then popular. The best test is, that Quin had not only studied with Betterton and Booth, but admired them, and was considered to be grounded on their style; and what Quin's style was has been shown. Quin himself, speaking to Selwyn of Garrick's early days, owned that Betterton would not go down *then*. Old Cibber, too, had come from the same school, and every one knew what *his* style was; even allowing both in his, and Quin's case, for the mannerism and exaggeration that comes on with age and repetition. It has been mentioned how the testimony of the Duke

of Argyle and of Lord Cobham, who had seen both players, was for Garrick. Leigh Hunt, in his pleasant gossip over the list of players, has suggested that though Shakspeare made a protest against the vices of mannerism in players, he may not have objected to the elevated and artificial style, as imparting a certain state and grandeur. Genius will pierce through all such heavy folds; and it may be, that Betterton made his splendid gifts apparent in company with such disabilities. Garrick himself had opportunities of judging. He had met Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Oldfield, and even Mrs. Bracegirdle, the heroine of Lord Mohun's tavern brawl. This was going back far enough. Yet he used to tell, how he had heard her once, in company, repeat some lines of Shakspeare in a way that *convinced* him, she could *never* have deserved her reputation. What Mrs. Porter thought of Garrick we have seen; and she seems to have approved what was opposed to all her experience, and traditions. The conclusion, therefore, we should draw is, that Garrick must have been a true reformer, and his style almost superior to all that had gone before.

Few men had such natural advantages to lead them to the stage. The popular notion that he was "little" was one of the vulgar topics of depreciation insisted on, to wound his nature, well known to be sensitive to such attacks. He had great and expressive play of feature. He was "neatly" and elegantly made; handsome, with a French grace, yet combined with perfect manliness. His frame had a surprising flexibility, and even elasticity, which put all his limbs under the most perfect control; there was an elegant

freedom in every motion, regulated by the nicest propriety, answering every turn of his mind, as a ship might her helm. He was a gentleman by birth, and training—a useful accident for an actor. His features were wonderfully marked: the eye-brows well arched, ascending and descending, with rapid play; the mouth expressive and bold; and the wonderful eyes bright, intelligent, and darting fire. To these features, intellect and practice had given the same flexibility as to his figure. His mind travelled so quickly, that his look seemed in advance of his words, and the spectator read in his face the very sentiment he was about to utter.* His voice was harmonious and pleasing, always distinct, and clear, though naturally weak. He was an elegant, fervent, elaborate, and overwhelming lover, though he wanted the sweet and pleading tenderness of Barry, and the "profusion of softness" for which that actor was famed. But in the mixture, and whirl of passions, lay his real strength; when rage, terror, grief, and even madness followed each other, in gusts as it were, he was unapproachable. His fault, perhaps, was a certain restlessness; on the stage he could never stand still. His enemy, Macklin, insisted that he never could act the gentleman's part, nor even dress with propriety.

"The part of crook'd-backed Richard," as it was called in the bill, was to be like a picture, which he touched and retouched. Friends remarked that every night he mended. Reference has been made to the extraordinary effect produced on the audience by so simple an action as his flinging away his

* Cumberland.

prayer-book, after the Lord Mayor had retired.* The idea seemed to be, as Mr. Taylor thought, that from that moment the old stagy manner was doomed. It was a miracle of acting. What struck all present was, that he seemed to be so thoroughly identified, not only with the general type, but with the changing shades of hypocrisy, malice, venom, rage, fury, and hatred. Before there had been but the one broad, conventional delineation of "the wicked tyrant," who was savage and furious, and nothing more, merely raging like a maniac. Even at his opening speech, something new and characteristic was presented; for instead of "chuckling" over his own deformity, and taking a pleasure in being so odious to his fellow-creatures, he showed himself pained and uneasy when he dwelt on these defects. That reflection seemed to be only a fresh incentive to avenge himself on those who were more blessed by nature. He himself, in *Richard*, struck on a good emphasis:

> "Have you seen Anne my wife?"
> "My lord, she is exceeding ill."
> "*Rich.* Has MY physician seen her? She'll mend shortly."

In his love-making to *Lady Anne*, his ardour was so earnest and passionate that the audience for the moment forgot it was mere hypocrisy. Here again, what a contrast to the mouthing, scornful advances of the older school, which ought to have made audiences wonder how a lady could receive, even with

* "It was accompanied," says the pompous biographer Davies, "with the loudest gratulations of applause." It was noted as an odd feature in the comedies of the time that ladies and gentlemen reading in their garden, and interrupted by a visitor, would throw away their book into the scenic ditch, or pond, or grove.

a show of favour, so unpleasing a suitor. The famous tent scene, which was much talked of, and which Hogarth painted, seems to have deserved all this admiration. When he started from his sleep, his face, attitude, everything was a picture of horror and terrors. He called out boldly, as if in the battle: "Give me another horse!" then paused—and with dismay in his face, came forward, crying out in misery, "Bind up my wounds!" then dropping on his knee, prayed in the most piteously tender accent:

"Have mercy, heaven!"

When *Catesby* came in, his terror and relief, and his gradual restoration to confidence and bravado, were again points all new to the audience. All this had been lost in the monotonous plain chaunt of the existing declamation. There were some little defects, however, but they were merely on the surface. A friend remarked that as soon as he had laid down, he started up almost at once, without giving a proper time to fall asleep and dream. When he said, too, in answer to *Lady Anne's* question, "What have I done?"

"To me the worst of crimes—*outlived my liking!*"

it was thought he should have changed his voice at the last words, into an angry burst. But his reading was far more judicious—a slight pause—then speaking the words in the same key, but a little louder. This suppressed calm and concentrated spite, was infinitely more effective.

In the battle scenes he was as loud, fierce, and furious as could be imagined. When the news of

Buckingham's being taken was brought in, he uttered Cibber's—not Shakspeare's—famous,

"Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!"

with such enjoyment and heartfelt delight, that the audience burst into perfect shouts of applause. Yet it was noticed that, in some of these early performances he was often almost hoarse and "run out," by the end of the play, from this fierce shouting and declamation. This was an honest ardour which made him reckless in the expenditure of his powers.* Later he learned to husband his lungs and strength, with a judicious economy. The death scene, too, was made a terrible spectacle.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan said "he thought his *Richard* was 'fine,' but not terrible enough." "God bless me," said the great actress, Siddons, "what could be more terrible!" She then told how at rehearsal, he had bade her, as he drew *Lady Anne* from the sofa, follow him step by step, so that he should keep his face to the audience; as he acted much with his eyes. During the performance, she was so overcome by the fearful expression of his face, that she forgot her instructions, but was recalled to herself by a look of reproof, which she said, she could never think of without terror.

Garrick's *Lear* was, perhaps, the finest that has ever been seen on the stage. Sheridan, the actor's son, thought it the best of his whole round of characters. From the pictures by Wilson and Houston, there

* This was noticed in one of the pamphlets of the day—not merely in his "Richard," but in "Venice Preserved"—so that when he came to the grand upbraiding of the Senate, he was quite inaudible.

would seem a little too much of the conventional old man, in his dress and "make-up," his hair being too white and woolly. The "curse" was the most tremendous bit in the play; and Foote, in his pamphlet on "The Suspicious Husband," gives us a picture of how this was done: "You fall precipitately on your knees, extend your arms, clench your hands, set your teeth, and with a savage distraction in your look, trembling in all your limbs, and your eyes pointed to heaven (the whole expressing a fulness of rage and revenge), you begin—

'Hear, Nature, dear Goddess,'

with a broken, eager, inward utterance, and from thence rising in every line in loudness and rapidity of voice, till you come to—

'And feel
How sharper than serpent's tooth,' &c.

Then you are struck, at once, with your daughters' ingratitude; and bursting into tears, with a most sorrowful tone of voice you say,—

'Go—go, my people!'"

O'Keefe, when a young man, saw him in this fine part, and was infinitely touched by his exquisite pathos, his putting his finger to *Cordelia's* cheek,—

"Be these tears wet?—Yes, faith;"

and then looking at his finger. His saying bitterly—

"I will do such things—
What they are I know not,"

went to every heart, from the sudden and piteous exhibition of helplessness. It was natural he should make so remarkable an effect in this play, as he long

after told Mr. Cradock, he considered it "the finest tragedy."

On another occasion, one of the soldiers, whom it was the privilege of the house to have on the stage, was so affected at the distresses of the old king that he could not restrain his tears. It used to be told as a "good thing" against the actor, that his vanity was so tickled, that he sent for the man to his room after the play was over, and gave him half-a-crown. To others the story would seem to have a different complexion—a most natural gratification at seeing his talents produce such an effect on a man of that class, with a wish to encourage him.*

That curse was so terrible, the audience seemed to shrink away, and cower from it, as from a blast of lightning—and the preparations—his throwing away his crutch, clasping his hands, and turning his eyes to heaven, inspired a strange forecast of terror. But it was in the transitions of fury to grief and hopeless wretchedness, for which this play afforded such openings, that he produced such a magical effect. Some critics thought he was too slow and measured, in his delivery of the imprecation; and it was recollected that Booth hurried it over more impetuously. When he said—

"Old fond eyes
Lament this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,"

his tenderness and piteous agony made every eye in the theatre fill with tears. "I never see him," said an admirer, "coming down from one corner of the stage,

* It is astonishing how in this matter all gossipers must follow the same cue. "Rainy-day" Smith, who tells this story, puts it, "Garrick, who was as fond of a *compliment as most men.*"

with his old gray hair standing, as it were, erect upon his head, his face filled with horror and attention, his hands expanded, and his whole frame actuated by a dreary solemnity, but I am astounded, and share in all his distresses. Methinks I share in his calamities; I feel the dark drifting rain, and the sharp tempest, with his

'Blow, winds, till you have burst your cheeks.'

It is here that the power of his eye, corresponding with an attitude peculiar to his own judgment and proper to the situation, is of force sufficient to thrill through the veins." It was of course played in the shape to which the profane mangling of Tate had reduced it, in which *Edgar* is made to be in love with *Cordelia*, and the whole to end happily. Yet these alterations were done with a certain stage tact; and Tate's scene between the lovers never ended without vociferous applause, and was one of the "strong" places of the play.

Another dramatic "alteration," *Lear's* battle with the assassins, furnished Garrick with some acting which was long recollected by the playgoers. His leaning against the side of the scene, his panting and exhaustion, and his sudden recollections of what he had done, and reply to the fellow who said that the old king had slain two of them, "Did I, fellow?" was wonderfully done. And when he called out in rapture, still in Tate's language,

"Old Lear shall be a king again!"

the enthusiasm and delight of the audience knew no bounds. And at the close a special compliment was often paid to this play, of the audience renewing their

plaudits again and again, after the curtain was down, as a testimony of how their feelings and sympathies had been worked on.

Some cavillers objected to his playing with straws, and to his weeping so much. Foote defended him by quoting *Cordelia's* speech—his taking "a straw for a sceptre," and another passage where he says "I will weep." But in the fourth act, Foote thought he should have changed his dress, for *Cordelia* asks, "Is he arrayed?" and he thought it a mistake saying, "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old," in real seriousness, for it was meant to be ironical. The progress, too, of returning reason, was wonderfully effective; though, indeed this grand play is so furnished with dramatic life and changes, that it all but acts itself; and when, after kneeling to his daughter, and not recognizing her, a glimpse of light begins to steal on him, he said:—

——— "Do not laugh at me,
For as I am a man I think that lady
To be my child Cordelia,"

the audience, who had been in a tumult of suspense and pity, now broke out into loud lamentations.* He adopted Macklin's view of declaiming "Kill! kill!" with intense fury and vindictiveness. We have the testimony of another enemy also as to this marvellous performance. Clive was seen one night standing at the wing, abusing him, and weeping by turns, until angry with herself for being so wrought

* Later, Mrs. Cibber became his *Cordelia*, which she performed, as she did all such characters, with true sweetness and tenderness. He thought at one time of having Woodward in the *Fool*, and that actor promised to be discreet, and restrained in his humour; but Garrick grew afraid, and hesitated to trust him.

on, she turned away impatiently with a "D—n him, he could act *a gridiron!*" Once, when he was down at the front of the stage, in one of his tempests of agony, he unconsciously pulled the white wig to one side, and exposed his own black hair underneath. With any other actor, this would have been fatal, but the working of his face and the light of the wonderful eyes held the audience spell-bound.*

When later Garrick and Barry were playing *Lear* against each other, the latter, with all the advantages of his fine figure and bearing, could not approach him. Garrick's conception of *Lear* can be best shown by a comparison with this actor, which was not nearly so delicate. In the pathetic passages, the latter's passion and feeling told well; but, in the mad scenes he took long strides, stared about him, in short gave the conventional stage notion of unsettled wits. Garrick became a weak old man, still retaining his air of royalty; his size, too, fell in with this notion. In the mad scenes, there were no starts, no striving or violence, his gestures were slow and feeble, hopeless misery was in his face; *he moved his head in the most deliberate manner:* his eyes were fixed: or if they turned to any one, he made a pause, and fixed his look on the person, *after a little delay;* his face at the same time telling what he was going to say before he had uttered a word. Through the whole character he was an impersonation of woe and misery, and a total alienation from any idea but that of his unkind daughters.†

* "Gentleman's Magazine," v. 93, p. 63. It appears to be given on Mrs. Garrick's authority.

† This is the result of Murphy's observation, who saw him often in the character. Its justness and nicety redeems some of Murphy's many shortcomings. "Such violent starts of amazement, of horror, of indignation, of

The *Hamlet* of Garrick when he was a graceful "sprightly" young man, must have come upon the audiences of his day with infinite surprise. At that time the muscles of his face were free, and the wonderful eyes possessed their fullest lustre. We can see him almost as he then appeared,* in a dress of the most conventional type—the decent black suit which clergymen wore, the waistcoat with flaps, the black breeches and stockings. He seems to have worn his own hair; and we can understand what an impression his "reading" made. It was remarked that he improved almost nightly. As he grew older he altered and modified his conception of various passages. Critics sitting in the pit both of London and Dublin theatres, watched him narrowly, and sent him, anonymously, some really acute and useful hints, which the sensible young actor was most thankful for, and adopted with gratitude.

At his first few representations, there was a certain exaggerated warmth and "testiness," a tendency to railing, which he afterwards toned down into a calmer and more meditative humour. It was thought this gave a sort of meanness and earthiness to the character. There was also noticed a kind of irregularity in his pauses, which seriously interfered with the sense.

paternal rage; such a perceptible yet rapid gradation from these dreadful feelings to the deepest frenzy . . . . . with such an exact attention to propriety, it is still the passion and the madness of a king. These possessed by turns all your frame, and appeared successively in every nerve, and yet more in every gesture, but most of all in every look and feature. Even a French lady, who had been used to all the polite frigidity of the French drama, was moved and melted in the most terrible way." So wrote Dr. Fordyce to him. He had seen him with rapture and astonishment. He could imagine nothing higher. Murphy, too, could not get over the impression for days. *King Lear* would seem to have been his most striking and varied performance.

* Later he wore black velvet.

Thus he would stop, and suspend his voice at the end of a line like—

"As if increase of appetite had grown—"

instead of hurrying on with the next line—

"By what it fed on."

So in the well-known passage—

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer—
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"

it was objected that he lowered his voice at the end of the first line, and made a long rest. Yet it may be questioned if such be an injury to the sense; as the object is to produce a sort of surprise, and pique the audience into a little impatience. But the practice shows what novelty there was in Garrick's reading, and how he thus employed every art to break up the old established, monotonous, "plain chaunt," which he found in possession of the stage. Another little art of his, at this time, was the hurrying on to the close of a sentence and then letting the voice fall; and where a number of substantives were to be spoken together, they were huddled, as it were, one on the other, in an impetuous torrent. This was heresy for the old declaimers, who spoke in the most measured way of "truth — justice — honour," &c. On the other hand, where there were long words of several syllables, he was inclined to break them up, like—

"Ye hur-ri-canoes, spout!"

Garrick was not a mere revolutionist, but showed sound discretion in keeping up such traditions as seemed to be really good. When the *Ghost* appeared, his face expressed all the workings of horror and

terror, and he addressed him with a trembling, awe-struck voice. Thus, as was acutely remarked, he acted *for* the *Ghost* also, and made it as terrible to the audience as it was to him. This was Betterton's way, and was said to be a tradition of Shakspeare's own teaching.* Macklin and others practised a bold, defiant style of address, as if they had succeeded in subduing their fears. But everything in *Hamlet* is so delicate and so finely modulated, that the first reading seems infinitely more in keeping with the reverence, as well as with the tender nature, of the Prince. After he had said—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

he fell into such a pause of silent stupefaction, that, at Dublin, many thought he had forgotten his part. It is amusing to think that the ear of the audience had become so attuned to the sonorous declamation, that even an undue pause should have been a surprise. At the beginning he seems to have adhered to a rather absurd custom, which was almost *de rigueur* with every actor, namely, that of drawing his sword, when *Horatio* wished to detain *Hamlet* from following the *Ghost;* but on the latter saying,—

"I am thy father's spirit,"

he, with a respectful bow, put up his weapon. Which seemed to have the comic effect of conveying that if the ghost had not turned out to be one on whom he

* Some of these old traditions were truly absurd, and more worthy of a Richardson's Show than of a Royal Theatre. The "first murderer's" face was always chalked, and contrasted with a heavy black wig and black whiskers to make him ghastly.

could depend, he would *not* have sheathed his sword. So, too, when he said—

"Methinks I see my father's spirit!"

and he gave a sharp sudden start of surprise, it was objected, that his action expressed too pointedly that the spirit *was* before him, whereas it was only present to his "mind's eye, *Horatio*." It was suggested that the true conception was more a tender respect, with a languid and affectionate tone of voice—a view that he entirely adopted. Indeed, this feature was remarked all through the performance. He conveyed an idea of deep filial piety and reverence, which was surprising in those days of Shakspearean ignorance, and shows what a delicate instinct he possessed.

When the *Ghost* entered, he was held by his two friends, and made violent struggles to set himself free—a piece of the "business" which his great taste soon tempered down, as it was much more natural that he should remain awe-struck and motionless.

When he played it in Dublin, he followed the established unmeaning precedent of leaving out the speech to the players. When he came to London, he restored it; but he always gave it a little too pedantically, and like a pedagogue teaching, instead of a philosophic prince, carelessly speaking to his inferiors. Here was the weak side of Garrick, as it has been of so many other great actors, namely, in giving the very common character of a gentleman. In this, to the end of his life, he never quite succeeded. When the player spoke his speech, Garrick illustrated it by gestures, and as it were acted with him, which seemed a little mean in the son of a king. In his scene with *Ophelia* he was a

little too rough and violent, and forgot that he was the lover of *Ophelia*. Indeed, when he first acted it, there was found to be a want of softness and interest, and he seemed to be "a hot, testy fellow, for ever flying into a passion," even where there was no provocation in the world. Thus, when *Polonius* came to tell him the actors were arrived, and he stops his mouth hastily, it was done too roughly and impatiently, for a generous, kindly nature such as *Hamlet's* was. Again, when *Polonius* speaks of using the actors according to their deserts, there was the same pettish and excited way of contradicting him.

The panegyric on man :—

"How noble in reason !"

was delivered with a fine enthusiasm and energy. His self-upbraidings of cowardice and pusillanimity in the soliloquy, where he plans testing his uncle to the quick—the mixture of contempt and derision—were beyond measure effective. The deliberation, and sudden change in his voice and look, when he said :—

"I have heard
"That guilty creatures sitting at a play"—

were so marked as to hold the audience breathless, while he unfolded the plan. He rested on the words, "kindless villain !" with a pathetic softness and regret that went to every heart.

In the famous soliloquy—

"To be or not to be,"

his play of expression, the variety and change of voice, yet all not exceeding the bounds of a simple meditation, was one of the most remarkable features of

the performance. He seemed to make all stages of the train of thought quite clear and distinct. The Irish critics were delighted with his scene with *Ophelia*, and that with his mother. One said it was all "played so inimitably well, and with such strict justice, he never saw anything to equal it in his life." The same judge suggested his leaving out the "abominable" soliloquy, when *Hamlet* puts off killing the *King* at his prayers, for fear he should go to Heaven. Garrick at once adopted the advice, and from that day it has never been restored. It was a pity he did not break through the stale old tradition of *Hamlet's* pulling out the two miniatures, instead of the finer notion suggested by Davies, of having them on the tapestry—or the better idea still, of seeing them with his mind's eye only. Nothing could be finer than his playing in this scene. His reproofs to her were stern, yet tinged with a filial respect, and regret for a mother so misled. This was varied by his address to the *Ghost*, full of awe, and yet of grief and tenderness. His eyes followed the spirit as it passed by, and expressed all these passions. Then came a change to sternness, as if he had awakened from a dream. When he said "some must laugh, while some must weep," &c., he was fond of a bit of questionable stage business; namely, walking backwards and forwards, and twirling a white handkerchief all the time. With the *Grave-diggers* he was, at first, too sententious, and had too much the manner of a lecturer. This was pointed out to him, and he became much more *dégagé* and natural. When he was told the grave was for *Ophelia*, he at first took an odd view, and said, with seeming unconcern and surprise,—

"How, the fair Ophelia?"

whereas it was shown to him, that he should give a sort of frantic burst; or at least utter it, in a faint, low, agonised tone, which was most likely what he adopted. Instead of aiming at the rather sepulchral character of aspect which is the conventional type, he came on, with colour in his cheeks, and omitted the pompous music, to which the prince used to make his entry. All these little points show a happy instinct, and a hostility to the strained, unnatural, and buckram stage traditions which he inherited.

Some of his pronunciation, too, was a little uncertain. It was objected to him in Dublin that he did not give the letter *a* its full open sound (as in *cat*), but that he said *maytron* instead of *mattron*, *Isrel* instead of *Israel*, *villin* instead of *villain*, *wind* instead of *wīnd;* and, above all, that he sounded *appal* as if it were the word *appeal.* From this oddity, it seemed he had not yet shaken himself free of the old school pronunciation, which had once exposed Quin to a droll mistake; who, at rehearsal one day, gave orders to his Roman Guards that they should "lower their faces,"—and this word being pronounced in his theatrical fashion, like "fasces"—every symbol was bent. At his first performing, too, he talked of *trōpically;* but on its being shown to him that the *o* was the short Greek ο (not ω), he at once amended it.

It may be well conceived that Garrick never found an *Ophelia* like Mrs. Cibber. The character was almost unintelligible until she took it up, and tenderness, with a mixture of melancholy and madness, was never so rendered before. Indeed, it may be doubted if any modern actress ever approached her in these

gifts. He was not so fortunate in Mrs. Clive, with whom he once played it, which was an ill-judged and undignified selection.*

Towards the close of Garrick's career, an intelligent German, named Lichtenberg, with excellent powers of observation and description, came to England on his travels, and made a perfect study of the great actor, in most of his leading parts.† What struck him was the perfect ease, the free play, and grace of every limb and muscle, which he had seen only in Frenchmen who had lived about Courts. When Garrick came on the stage, without having to speak, or express by his face or action any particular emotion, even then, he drew away attention, by his air of life, and animation, and interest. He was still part of "the action" that was going on. The other actors beside him, seemed puppets. The acute German noticed, too, the harmonious character of all his motions, as illustrating what he said; they were so easy, natural, and nicely graduated—the shrug of his shoulders, his folding his arms, or moving his hat, now bringing it down, now cocking it with a touch, to show his forehead. There was nothing in excess, and all was done, as if from the suggestion of that moment. His nimbleness and activity on the stage, were very remarkable. And this testimony shows that those who were struck by the decay of his from, or who ill-naturedly called attention to the stiffness of age and bulkiness of figure, were only comparing him with his former sprightly and vivacious self. The new observer, putting him beside

* Doctor Monsey said it was a most ludicrous performance, and likened her to a shrimp.

† Mr. Tom Taylor called attention to these remarkable sketches in the early numbers of the "Victoria Magazine."

what he had seen, was struck, even at that late stage, by his infinite superiority.

"*Hamlet* appears in a suit of black. *Horatio* and *Marcellus* are with him, and wear uniform; they are expecting the ghost. *Hamlet* has folded his arms high upon his breast, his hat o'ershadows his eyes. The theatre is dark; the whole audience of some thousands is hushed, and every face as fixed as if it were painted on the wall. The fall of a pin might be heard throughout the house. All at once, just as *Hamlet* walks down the stage, somewhat far back and to the left, with his face from the audience, *Horatio* starts and exclaims: 'Look, my lord, it comes!' and he points to the right, where the ghost stands motionless, before any one had become aware of it. At these words *Hamlet* turns suddenly round, at the same moment flinging himself two or three steps backwards. His knees give way under him; his hat falls to the ground; the two arms, particularly the left, are thrust forward, the hand as high as the head: the right arm is more bent, and the hand is lower, the fingers are apart, the mouth is open. Thus he stands, in a graceful yet fixed attitude, as if petrified, supported by his friends, who, more acquainted with the apparition, fear he will fall. In his whole mien there is so much terror and amazement, that even before he spoke, a feeling of awe repeatedly came over me. The almost fearful stillness of the house probably contributed not a little to this state of mind. At length he says, with tremulous voice and expiring breath, 'Angels and ministers of grace, defend us;' words which crown a scene, the grandest and most terrible of which the stage is capable. The ghost beckons him. You should see how he works himself free of his friends, who warn and restrain him from following, his eye always fixed upon the apparition, even while speaking to his companions: at length, impatient of their interference, he tears himself violently from them; and, with a rapidity which makes one shudder, draws his sword against them, exclaiming, 'By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!" This is enough for them; and he now turns the point of his sword towards the ghost, uttering the words: 'Go on, I'll follow thee.' The ghost goes off the stage. *Hamlet* remains a few moments still, with his sword out-stretched, to increase the distance between them. At last, when the ghost is no longer visible, he begins slowly to follow it, pausing now and then, his sword still held out before him, his eyes fixed upon the ghost, breathless, his hair dishevelled; and thus he too disappears behind the scenes. You may imagine the burst of applause which accompanies this exit. It begins with the disappearance of the ghost, and lasts till *Hamlet* quits the stage. . . . ."

The reader will think of *Partridge* at the play. When he came to say—

"Break, my heart, for I must hold my——tongue,"

his arm fell violently, as if to give force to the word "tongue;" but tears came, and he could hardly pronounce it. Thus there was a pause for a second, before it was heard. This was art indeed.

In the early part of the play, he was in the ordinary "French" dress of the day, and in mourning. With the first stage of madness, he appeared with his hair disordered, part of it on one shoulder; one of his black stockings fallen down, showing a white under stocking, and a red garter, with a bow, down also on the calf. With one arm supporting his elbow, and his eyes on the ground, he spoke—"To be, or not to be," in a low voice; yet every word was perfectly distinct.

His *Macbeth* was a no less astonishing performance, and evidently new to the town. It was remarked that he threw a certain and dejected air over the whole, instead of the daring and intrepidity, and perhaps cant and bluster, of the older conception. It was full of long pauses, "heart heavings," piteous looks, with "a slack carriage of body." This shows how *delicate* and refined, was his colouring of a part. Thus—

"Prithee, peace;
I dare do all that may become a man,"

was spoken in the same dejected key.

More admirable was his marking the shades of progress from eager ambition, kindled in him by the witches, to his gradual yielding to his wife's persuasions. But he was supported by the incomparable Pritchard, and their united exertion long made the play the most wonderful exhibition of dramatic power.

Pritchard and Cibber he almost trained in his own principles, and they caught a great deal of his manner. He took enormous pains to make Mrs. Pritchard read the letter *naturally* in *Lady Macbeth*. One little green-room anecdote is a proof of the wonderful effect he produced, even if we accept it with the more

than ordinary large grain of salt necessary in the reception of theatrical anecdotes. He was one night playing it, and when he said to the murderer in the banquet scene,—

"There is blood upon thy face,'

the other, as he acknowledged himself, was so thrown off his guard by the intensity of the look and earnestness of the manner, that he put his hand up, with a start, and said, "Is there, by G—d?" thinking he had broken a blood-vessel.

Long after, when Garrick was at a little Italian court, and the Duke asked for a specimen of his powers, he threw himself into the attitude of *Macbeth* looking at the visionary dagger. The horror and vivid sense of real *seeing*, marked in his wonderful face, perfectly conveyed the meaning of the whole situation to the foreign company who were present.* In the scene after the murder, his acting could not be surpassed. Even the description causes a thrill. His distraction and agonising horrors were set off by his wife's calmness and confidence. The beginning of the scene, after the murder, was conducted in terrifying whispers. Their looks and actions supplied the place of words. The poet here only gives an outline to the consummate actor:—

"I have done the deed, ...
Did'st thou not hear a noise?"
"When? did not you speak?' . . . .

The dark colouring given to these abrupt speeches, makes the scene awful and tremendous to the auditors.

* Quin's almost ludicrous way of performing this famous scene, has been mentioned—a series of violent "clutches," one after the other, in various directions, as though he were catching a blue-bottle fly.

The expression of despair and agony and horror, as Garrick looked at his bloody hands, was long remembered. His face seemed to grow whiter every instant. So, too, when the sudden knocking at the door came, his disorder and confusion and hopeless grief, and his reply—

"'Tis a rough night,'

was in a tone of affected unconcern, under which could be discovered fear and misery. These were exquisite strokes, altogether new to the audience.

The famous Ghost scene was a triumph for Mrs. Pritchard. Her by-play, her efforts to distract the attention of the company from her husband's extravagances, her assumed gaiety and courtesies—were not mere "points" worked out by an ingenious and clever player, but true flashes of genius, and intended by the poet. Great actresses have since won applause by a heightening and repetition of these "points," but it was Pritchard who led the way. The whole play was thought by the players, to give but a feeble opening for any acting. Garrick, when they were discussing the matter, said he should have very poor gifts indeed if he was not able to keep up the audience's attention "to the very last syllable of so *animated* a character." In his behaviour to the ghost, he was, on the first nights, too subdued and faint when he said—

"Avaunt, and quit my sight!"

—still carrying out his idea of *Macbeth* being utterly oppressed, and overcome by the sense of his guilt. But an anonymous critic pointed out to him that *Macbeth* was not a coward; and with that good sense

and modesty which always distinguished him, he adopted the advice.

It is curious to think that even twenty years later, another anonymous critic wrote to him, to object to this amended view, and said that *Macbeth should* show signs of terror. But Garrick recollected his old critic's argument, and reproduced it in answer to his new one. "My notion," he says, "as well as execution, of the line are, I fear, opposite to your opinion. Should *Macbeth* sink into pusillanimity, I imagine that it would hurt the character, and be contrary to the intentions of Shakspeare. The first appearance of the spirit overpowers him more than the second; but even before it vanishes at first, *Macbeth* gains strength—

'If thou canst nod, speak too,'

must be spoke with horror, but with a recovering mind; and in the next speech with him, he cannot pronounce

'Avaunt, and quit my sight!'

without a *stronger exertion* of his powers. I certainly, as you say, recollect a degree of resolution, *but I never advance an inch;* for, notwithstanding my agitation, my feet are immovable." This admirable analysis shows how thoroughly the great actor had studied the character.

"Out, brief candle!"

was given, accompanied by two starts, and a strong action of the hand. A "prodigious" emphasis was laid on the "was" in the line—

"And such an instrument I *was* to use;"

the propriety of which he defended in the same happy

way. The vision represents what *was* to be done, "not what is doing, or what had been done; but in many passages like this, all will depend upon the manner of the actor." And in the gorgeous passage where he thought how

> "this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red,"

he at first gave it as it was actually fashionable to "point" it—

> "Making the green one, red;"

but afterwards adopted the true reading—

> "Making the green—ONE RED."

In this play he was fond of suspensions, which the coarse ears of the audience, not attuned to delicate modulations of voice or emphasis, would at times take for full stops. Thus, in "Hamlet," they insisted that he made a full stop in one line—

> "I think it was to see—my mother's wedding."

So, too, in "Macbeth," at the line—

> "Plead like angels—trumpet-tongued."

The critics objected that by this pause the epithet "trumpet-tongued" was transferred to the "virtues" that came before. But Garrick could defend himself: —"I really think the force of these four exquisite lines and a half, would be shortly lost for want of an aspiration at *angels*. The epithet may agree with either, but I think it more elegant to give it to the virtues, and the sense is the same." It was objected to him also that he put a pause improperly in the lines—

> "My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
> Shakes so my single—state of man."

"If I do so," said Mr. Garrick, "it is a glaring fault; for the sense is imperfect. But my idea is this: *Macbeth* is absorbed in thought, and struck with horror of the murder, though but in idea; and it naturally gives him a slow, tremulous undertone of voice. And though it might appear that I stopped at every word in the line, more than usual, my intention was but to paint the horror of *Macbeth's* mind, and keep the voice suspended a little." This is reasonable and original, and shows a nicety in Garrick's conception. He was always partial to this "trick" of suspension.

In preparing to play for the stage he left out a scene or two, and pruned others, but with great judiciousness and tenderness. This was very different from the vulgar "mauling" of Davenant or Cibber. But at the end, with less taste, he put in a speech for himself. He knew that the convulsive actions and gasps of the dying man afforded him one of his most effective openings, and he could not resist the temptation. Indeed, he almost "overdid" these spasms; and Foote, in his "Tea," used maliciously to "take off" the great actor's long-drawn-out convulsions, as in *Lothario*—

"Adorns my fall,
And chea-chea-chea-chea-chears my heart in dy-dy-ing!"*

The wits—always in ambuscade for the successful man—exercised their pens on these changes. Garrick did not relish this reception, and, a little alarmed, began a rather absurd series of tactics to which for many years he adhered, in the belief that by such coquetting, he could deprecate the hostility of his enemies, and the ridicule of the indifferent. His

* Cumberland's portrait of him in the "Fair Penitent" has been already given.

device was to anticipate criticism by an overdone attack upon himself, in which the exaggeration was to be his defence and his protection. This was but a foolish and doubtful policy; for there are but too many of the dull public who will accept as strict truth the finest distortions of irony. But for many years his sensitive and harmless vanity made him take fondly to these childish shifts.

With this view a pamphlet was sent out, with the following title: "An Essay on Acting: in which will be considered the behaviour of a certain faulty and fashionable actor;" and it was introduced with this motto, from "Tom Thumb":—

> "So have I seen a pigmy strut,
> Mouth and rant in a giant's robe."
> "O, Macbeth has murdered G——k."

The *soi-disant* fault-finder then objects to some trifling blemishes of costume. *Macbeth* and *Banquo* should change dresses; for *Macbeth* should have scarlet and gold lace, and not silver lace—not "a tye-wig" but a "major," and a showier hat. When he comes in, in his night-gown, it should not be a "flowered" one. The *Ghost*, too, should not wear "a tye-wig," for thus the address, "Why dost thou shake thy *gory locks?*" became a little absurd. The ghost was altogether played badly, and was ludicrously slow in stalking off the stage; and it was suggested that Garrick should follow him off step by step—a hint which he later adopted in playing *Richard* with Mrs. Siddons. It was Garrick who first introduced all that garnishing of his plays with little incidents and accidents, which gave so much more the air of life. When the *Ghost* came back again, he dropped his wine-glass on the

ground. But the stage-banquet was of the most meagre sort, and the board of a great noble would hardly be set out with only a few apples and oranges. In this brochure he dwells on the unsuitableness of his own height, calling himself "our puppet hero," and adding that the idea of *Macbeth* required a figure six feet high, and "an Irish leg." This was an artful shape of dispraise; for it was a mere physical imperfection, which it was only the greater credit for his surpassing gifts to triumph over. He was always a little sensitive about this matter of height, and thought that by perpetually himself alluding to "our little hero," and "little David," to draw off and disarm ridicule. There can be no doubt that it was by his "inspiration" there was written a letter some four years later—1746—on this particular point of size, in which he is described as being of "elegant figure." Reference is made to the picture of *Richard*, and which presents him "big as the life," and of the average size of men. If we come to comparisons, it said—"Mr. Garrick is of a taller proportion than Mr. Quin," as being much slighter in figure. And then a rather ludicrous "scale" is given, with a back view of both Quin and Garrick. And it is shown that though both are the same height, Quin's broad shoulders and thick legs make him appear shorter in reality. Garrick's figure does certainly appear slight, graceful, and elegant by comparison. It certainly was notorious that everybody spoke of "little Garrick;" and yet no one ever said "little Hogarth," though the artist was half a head shorter. But this notion may have been forced on the public mind from the actor's always appearing on the stage with tall men

— like Barry, Woodward, John Palmer, William Smith, and others. Hogarth always maintained, for the reasons just given, that Garrick was relatively as tall as Quin, and certainly in the scene from "Abel Drugger," which Zoffany painted, he only looks small by the exceeding height of the other actors.

During the scene with *Banquo* before the murder, his playing showed a wonderful delicacy. "You dissembled indeed, but dissembled with difficulty. Upon the first entrance, the eye glanced at the door: the gaiety was forced, and at intervals the eye gave a momentary look towards the door and turned away in a moment. This was but a fair contrast to the enacted cheerfulness, with which this disconcerted behaviour was intermixed. After saying, 'Good repose, the while;' the eye fixed on the door, then, after a pause, in a broken tone, 'Go, bid thy mistress,' &c. Pray observe that as you assume a freedom and gaiety here, it will be also a contrast to the fine distinction of mind, and behaviour, in the night scene." This was Murphy's "well-painted picture" in a letter to Garrick himself. He said, however, that "Doctor, the Thanes fly from me," should be spoken in a burst of melancholy. But let us see how excellently the actor knew his subject. "Macbeth is greatly heated and agitated with the news of the English force coming upon him: his mind runs from one thing to another, all in hurry and confusion: would not his speaking in a melancholy tone be too calm? 'Come, put my armour on.' 'Give me my staff.' 'Seyton, send out.' 'Doctor, the Thanes fly from me.' 'Come, sir, despatch.' 'Pluck it off.'" This was far on in his life—not long before his retirement, yet

he could write modestly, "I shall profit by your criticisms this evening, if I am in order." Then added, almost with wit, "I am an old hunter, touched a little in the wind, and somewhat foundered; but stroke me, and clap me on the back, as you have kindly done, and I can make a shift to gallop over the course."

This great actor and Mrs. Siddons were often so affected by the emotions of their parts, as to weep and sob. No one, indeed, was so filled with the true and correct instincts of playing. Here was a golden principle which every actor should lay to heart:—"I pronounce that the greatest *strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself*, till circumstances, and the warmth of the scene have sprung the mine, as it were, as much to his own surprise as that of the audience." This is the true way to combine variety with frequent performance, and avoid sameness.

Another of his characters was the *King* in the Second Part of "Henry the Fourth." As his fine eyes were turned up to heaven, at the exclamation—

"How I came by the Crown, O God, forgive me!"

the anguish and terror in his face, went to the hearts of all. *Hotspur* in the First Part did not at all suit him. He wanted the *physique*, and always failed in parts where soldierly bluntness was required. To improve it, he restored a scene in the third act that had always been cut out, but found it ineffectual. When the tedious but time-honoured "business" of *Falstaff's* getting *Hotspur* on his shoulders, was being carried on, Garrick seemed like a pigmy near

Quin.* His voice was too flexible for the rant and defiance required by the part. His dress was truly absurd, a laced frock and Ramillies tye-wig.†

Garrick had played two parts in "King John." The *King* and *Faulconbridge*. Barry had attempted the *Bastard*, but made a strange failure. It was remarked that, with all his fine person, and melodious voice, he was out of his line. There was no humour, no ease, no grace, no gallantry. At one point he faltered, could not get on, and had to leave the stage. It was said that, for manly boldness, a strong muscular figure, a gallant fearless bearing, and a rough but tempered humour, no one had approached "Tom Walker," the original hero of the "Beggar's Opera." Yet it may be reasonably suspected that anything of the *Macheath* school would be a little too coarse for the Shakspearean character. But here again Garrick found himself overweighted by the part, to which there was the same objections as to *Hotspur*—its military frankness and fearlessness—where Garrick was always deficient.

To make up for his personal defects of height and general bearing, Garrick had recourse to a little artifice which may seem trifling, but which, in one of his nervous temperament, as to all that concerned the scene, became excusable. He selected for his *Robert Faulconbridge*, a poor miserable Scotchman out of his troupe, called Simpson, whose shrunk and pitiful appearance became an excellent foil. These little shifts were pardonable, but scarcely dignified.

* On the other hand, it was ludicrous to see Quin tugging and struggling with the tall figure of Barry.

† The public found fault with this costume, *not* because it was inappropriate, but because it was too "insignificant."

It was remarked that in *Faulconbridge's* defiance to *Salisbury*,—

> "You had better gall the devil, Salisbury,
> If thou but frown at me," &c.

which was one of Walker's best "points," whose air of challenge, knitting his bushy brows, and fearless laying his hand upon his sword, brought down a tumult of applause, Garrick produced no effect at all. He was weak and poor. At the same time these "soldier-like" parts are most difficult. As the *King* he was far more effective. Nothing could be finer than the gloomy and despairing air he threw over the later scenes; especially in the interview with *Hubert*, where the *King*, by indirect looks and hints, solicits *Hubert* to murder *Arthur*. Sheridan was considered to surpass the other three actors who had played his part. Quin's solemn and mysterious whisperings — yet perfectly distinct — sent a thrill through the audience: yet he somehow fell short. Mossop's lusty declamation was superior. Sheridan's passion and powerful declamation gave him an advantage which is quite intelligible. But in the pathetic part, when *Hubert* came in, with news of *Arthur's* death, and showed the *King* his own authority for what he had done, Garrick asserted himself before all competitors. The air of being utterly overwhelmed; his speechless actions; his hands crushing up the fatal warrant; his grand eyes turned to heaven, and filled with despair, and agony, and terror, made a splendid picture. So, too, in his dying scene. The agonies of a man expiring were marked in his face, and every word of *Faulconbridge's* story seemed to give him a fresh stab of agony. The whole struck terror, and

horror, into the hearts of the spectators. Such success and mastery, in so grand a part, should surely dispose of the charge that he forced it on Sheridan, to secure *Falconbridge* for himself.

In that most pathetic play, which is all tears and tenderness and passion, clothed in the richest and most melodious poetry—Otway's touching "Venice Preserved"—it is curious to note, that he did not at first choose the greater and more varied part of *Jaffier;* and many of his friends, even in the first few months, pointed out to him this mistake. But as soon as he sat down in the manager's chair at Drury Lane, he perhaps recollected his friends' remonstrance, and took up *Jaffier*. Not wholly for the reason given by Davies, because Barry was so much taller. "I will not bully the monument," Roscius said, though such "trifles light as air" had often a serious effect on Garrick's sensitiveness. The truth was, Barry's character had always been *Pierre*. Any one who wished to see the passions purged by grief and terror, according to the Greek definition, would have a true feast in this most melodious, tender, and enchanting play, every chord of which thrills to the mournfullest, yet sweetest, melody.

> "I've now not fifty ducats in the world;
> Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
> Oh, Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife!
> And we will bear our wayward fate together,
> And never know comfort more."

When he delivered this despairing passage, and others like it, there was not a dry eye in the house. Indeed it was noted, that he called on that harmonious name, "Oh, *Belvidera!*" with a sort of wail that went to every heart. When, too, she was urging him to betray his fellows—and it was Cibber that so urged him—the

struggle in Garrick's heart was made so plain by his wonderful changes of expression, that even a deaf person among the audience could have almost understood what was going on. The effect of his phrenzy, when he saw his friend in imagination, suffering torture, sent a thrill of horror through the house, who fancied from his face, that they saw what *he* saw:

> "He groans:
> Hark, how he groans; his screams are in my ears
> Already! See they've fixed him on the wheel!
> And now they tear him! murder!
> Perjured senate! murder!"

Stage custom at this date required that the two ghosts of *Pierre* and *Jaffier* should appear, in tangible shape to *Belvidera*, and it is a pity it was not Garrick's taste—but Barry's long after—that had courage to abolish this apparition, and make them apparent only to the "mind's eye" of *Belvidera*. There were other absurdities which were later abolished. Indeed nothing can be conceived more ridiculous, or more inflexible, than these stage traditions. They are more absurd and more difficult to "scotch" than legal ones. It was a sacred custom that, when *Pierre* addressed the conspirators—

> "Or thou! with that lean, withered, wretched face!"

a ghastly shrunken object should come forward and excite the derision of the audience. So with the *Apothecary* in "Romeo," who now religiously "makes up" into a sort of pantomime caricature. To this hour we hear of "gags," and buffooning interpolations, actually written out-and-out, and handed down from one "comic countryman" to another.

In another play of Otway's, "The Orphan," and which is a good deal in the same impassioned key, he

took *Chamont*, a part that had hitherto been despised by previous actors. This was not so surprising when they could set down *Macbeth* as a poor acting character. Garrick's delicate sense saw what could be made of *Chamont*, whose character offered him fine openings for what was his strength—contrast, changes from rage to calmness, from roughness to tenderness, and from these passions again to jealousy. In his first season a friend wrote to him from New Bond Street on his performance in "The Orphan." He was sorry "that my sister had disturbed you." He had remarked a hoarseness, yet was charmed with "the sudden starts of passion," and quite in raptures at his fine recovery out of it. Then adds this correspondent, with a true critical instinct, "you were not made for tragedy only; but for the sock as much as for the buskin."*

Romeo, as we have seen, was one of the parts he resigned. It was one of his unequal characters, and a laboured success. It was curious that the point in which he was considered most effective was in the bit of "sham Shakspeare" at the end of the dying scene. Long after, when old Macklin was about giving lectures on the drama, he told Mr. Cooke how he would illustrate the question of the best *Romeo*. "I'll tell you, sir; in the garden scene, Barry comes in, great as a lord, swaggering about his love, and talking so loud, that by G—, sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulets almost dead with sleep, they must have come out and tossed the fellow in a blanket. But how does Garrick act this? Why, sir, sensible

* Forster MSS.

that the family are at enmity with him and his house, *he comes creeping* on his toes, whispering his love." "In the garden scene," wrote Potter to the actor, "when you find *Juliet* in the balcony, you express a glad surprise—'O Heaven, she speaks!' and on this you work up to the highest pitch of rapture. Still, there should be a little more variety, and she should not stand in one attitude to the end of the soliloquy." In the masque scene, the same critic thought his misery was too much that of a *rejected* lover.*

It might be thought, perhaps, that the grand tumult of tenderness and jealousy in "Othello" would have made that play a fine opening for his genius to work on; yet when we come to think of the negro, coal-black face, with which it was played then, and the short figure, no ability would be sufficient to get over such impediments to heroic conception. It is said he only attempted it two or three times, and was conscious of the failure, for he never repeated it. A gentleman who saw the performance, gave this opinion of it a day or two later, which was duly reported to Garrick, who always wished to hear criticisms on himself and profit by them. He was frankly told that it was only a fair performance. The elocution of the well-known speech to the senate was faultless, but it was accompanied by too many gestures, which were inconsistent with the natural modesty and dignity of the situation. In all the passages, too, where his jealousy was at work, the same fault was noticed, there being too many "little wincings and gesticulations of the body," which had a petty air.

Though Quin's smart and ill-natured critique was

* Forster MSS.

going round, and must from its severity have galled Garrick, yet he was not the man to yield to a smart thing, where his judgment was concerned. It is more likely that this true guide whispered that his strength, neither physical nor moral, lay in the part, and that it were wiser to resign it. Later, to aid Barry's benefit, he tried the part of *Iago.*

He played abundance of smaller characters—sketches rather than characters—perhaps for training. He did the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," we may suppose with the traditional "listen shoes" and tall plume which had come from Booth's habit; *Coster Pearmain* in "The Recruiting Officer," though he very soon took up *Captain Plume* in the same play; and *Fondlewife* in "The Old Bachelor." In this, it was said, he over-did the humorous business, "trotting about too much."

Lusignan was another of his favourite parts. An old play-goer, who remembered the great actor during his later years of acting, and who told his recollections* some five-and-thirty years ago, once described his first impressions. He was a young Irish student just come to London, and he was looking forward eagerly to see the famous player of whom he had heard so much. He noticed that for the first two acts, during which the hero does not appear, there was a general buzz and inattention, but the instant the old *Lusignan* came on there was the most rapt attention: a pin could have been heard to fall. The young spectator was astonished, and confounded by the excellence of what he saw. As he said, the idea in his mind all through was an utter

* Given in "Blackwood's Magazine."

unconsciousness of Garrick—it was the old King himself, with whose troubles he became identified. Every tone, look, gesture, was in harmony, and carried out the plot and character. He was struck also with the exquisite elocution, so varied, so changing, so expressive, and yet so unstudied and unconventional. Yet this was in the last days of the actor, when he was close on sixty years old. In comedy, too, the same spectator was equally struck. There was the most buoyant humour, yet not a particle of buffoonery. It was all *regulated*, and regulated by the most perfect propriety. The wonderful eye, and its strange power, had still the old charm; and its spell was so strong, that he seemed often to disconcert and "put out" the other actors, by fixing it on them. So buoyant, so racy and natural was his flow of comedy, that his fellows, by contrast, became quite awkward near him. One night he played *Ranger*, to the delight of the young Irishman, and by a mere chance, the same play was fixed at Covent Garden for the following night, with Lewis, a good comedian, also, in the same character. The youth went with a prejudice in favour of his own countryman, but owned that the whole was the most *insipid, flat* performance that could be conceived, after the glorious freedom of the other.

Dorilas was another character of his, in the dull "Merope," in which it was said, "he looked and played like an angel."

He never acted "Julius Cæsar," though he often talked of it, wishing to play *Cassius* himself; the parts were even said to have been got ready: but he was always cautious in experiments of this sort, the result of which might be critical. He had actually

transcribed the character from Plutarch. And this was the nice distinction he made. He readily took a part in one of Whitehead or Miller's dreary pieces, and would do his best for it,—its mediocre success or languid failure would make little matter: but with a play like "Julius Cæsar," and a character like *Cassius*, it was wholly different. It was a trial—a test of strength—and at the news of its being in rehearsal the critics would be sharpening their pens. For the "King and No King" of Beaumont and Fletcher, he had the same attraction and the same indecision. The parts were given out, and he was to have played *Arbaces*,—a fine part, alternating in perfect whirls of passion and repentance. It is characteristic of bookseller Davies' instinct, that the "point" of this character was too delicate for him to see; he thought it mean, "ridiculous," absurd, and what not. Woodward was to have the fine comedy part of *Bessus*. But with every fresh reading in the green-room, the manager liked it less and less. He seemed to think it was "ticklish," and might escape the intelligence of the audience, among whom there were many Davieses; and at last, it was given up. So was it with other plays: so was it with the fine part of *Lord Ogleby*, which the same hesitation prevented his taking. Never had the stage such a loss, and he bitterly regretted the sacrifice he had made.

All this was but one side of his genius. That portrait of Reynolds, where he was placed between Tragedy and Comedy (and which the French printsellers transformed into "*L'homme entre le Vice et la Vertu*"), was no empty compliment. Carefully reviewing the traditions, criticisms, descriptions of this

great man's acting, it is almost difficult to pronounce on which side lay his strength: for—great, new, and original as was his tragic force, which had taken London by storm, in *Richard*—the freshness, broad solid humour, and healthy comedy discovered in him later, was no less new, striking, and original. *Abel Drugger* and *King Lear* were separated from each other by a gulf; and no one man, it would seem, could dream of giving even a hint, that would be effective, of both: yet these were his masterpieces. *Abel* would have made him the greatest comedian of his day, as *Lear* had made him the greatest tragedian. It was unsurpassed. No actor before or since has ever been able to snatch up the comic, and throw down the tragic mask, alternately. There have been, indeed, within our time, players of a grotesque school, in a special class of parts, imported from France—which runs mainly upon the changes and turns of old men—semi-comic and semi-pathetic; but from France cannot, unhappily, be brought a genius like Frederick Lemaître, and with us, the whole becomes a mere trick of imitation. The true test would be to cast any of this school in an heroic part, like *Lear*, or *Richard*, or *Hamlet;* the result would be almost ludicrous.

What a round of comedy characters, and what a round of true comedies—what shades, too, degrees, and divisions in his genius; for here was *Drugger*, of the broad, rich, Munden order and humour; *Archer* and *Ranger*, dashing heroes of airy comedy—light, elegant, and full of a gaiety the stage knows not now; with *Sir John Brute*, the romping, boisterous, roystering, roaring rake; *Leon* and *Bayes*—this

latter a whole treasury of varied fun, humour, and satire.

Bayes—that capital bit of burlesque—was one of his freest, most natural, and spirited characters. There, his wonderful strength of comedy, which lay in variety and vivacity, had boundless play. Cibber, the son, was "in possession" of this part, and had brought in "hobby horses," and such additions; but spoiled the whole with grimaces and tumbling, and arrant buffoonery. Garrick took a very different view. He was quite in earnest, seemed to think the whole quite a serious matter, and to be rather taken aback at the merriment of the audience. This is one of the secrets of humour; but at that time it was a new revelation. Cibber dressed it as a coxcomb or extravagant "fine gentleman." At first Garrick took this view, and in a little water-colour* we can see him in a huge flowing exaggerated white wig, a scarlet coat turned up with black, and long gold peaks at the corners of his waistcoat; but he afterwards dressed himself with more absurdity, in a shabby coat that had once been very fine, a little hat, a large brown wig, high topped shoes with red heels, a mourning sword, and "cut-fingered gloves." For a time he had worn a large grotesque hat, which covered the fore-top of the wig; and, at first, he omitted the spectacles, in reading the inscription on the coffin. If he was the Whitfield of the stage, he could now seize the opportunity to spread his doctrines, and exercise the wholesome power of ridicule in the direction of reform. When his actors in the tragedy were rehearsing before him,

* In the British Museum.

Bayes checked and corrected them, and showed them how to deliver their speeches, in what he called the true theatrical manner. Thus he would retire to the top of the stage, and drawing his left arm across his breast and resting his right elbow on it, would raise his finger to his nose. Then nodding his head solemnly, and striding largely, would come slowly down with long stretches, declaiming as he did so—

> "So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
> Snuff up and smell it gathering in the sky.
> Boar beckons sow to trot in chestnut groves,
> And there consummate their unfinished loves.
> Pensive in mind, they wallow all alone,
> And snort and gruntle to each other's moan."

The declamation of these wonderful lines was so faithful, that the audience was never a second in recognising its grand stage hero, Delane. Presently he would change to a kind of soft languishing strain, but without the least relief or expression:

> "How strange a captive I am grown of late;
> Shall I my love accuse or blame my fate!"

And everybody knew Hale, the official lover of the stage.* Then came another change. He fell into a tremulous raven-like tone of speech, now shrill and sharp and now solemn:—

> "Your bed of love from dangers I will free,
> And most from love of any future bee.
> And when your heart-strings shall with pity crack,
> With empty arms I'll bear you on my back—
> A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack!"

This bombast was meant for Ryan, one of the veterans, who had played in Mr. Addison's "Cato." The whole

* Audiences used to show in a very marked way they knew who was intended. When Wilkinson gave his imitations in Dublin, gentlemen in the boxes would call out with delight, "Sparks—Sparks of London," &c., or other names, according to what each bit of mimicry was intended for.

was original, and an idea entirely his own; it was a rough way of reforming. It is infinitely to Garrick's honour, that when some time later the actors remonstrated with him on the injury he was doing them, he gave up his imitations, and never resumed them. Such an expostulation might have in vain been addressed to Foote. To the end of his life *he* jeered at and ridiculed every one; but how inferior even in this walk he was to Garrick may be conceived by comparing the *spirit* in which he attempted *his* mimicry of actors. It was truly delicate of him to select the infirmity of Delane for ridicule, who was said to have only one eye. He brought him on as a beggarman in St. Paul's Churchyard—"would you bestow your pity on a poor blind man?" Ryan had met with an accident in his mouth, which gave his utterance a peculiar discordance. This infirmity was also fair game; and he was held up as a razor-grinder, "Razors to grind, scissors to grind, penknives to grind." Woodward was a more difficult subject to ridicule; but he could say something bitter at his expense. He was brought on as *Sir Fopling*—"Wherever I go, they say, there goes a gentleman—upon my life a gentleman—and when you have said a gentleman—why—why——" here Foote assumed his own voice—"*you have said more than is true.*" This is characteristic, and it is fortunate, and most illustrative of each nature, that we can thus set them side by side in the same part.

Some of the touches in *Bayes* were capital; nothing was better than the "contempt for Mr. Smith's judgment," and his astonishment and distress at the players having gone away to dinner. Foote made his

piece a sort of peg to hang his personalities on. Garrick merely varied his, with an "occasional" allusion. But here again set the two players side by side. Foote dragged in wretched creatures, like Squires or Canning, or some more wretched still, like Mrs. Dodd. But Garrick finds that one of his company, Hurst, has lately set up in the spirit trade. "Sir," he said, extemporising as *Mr. Bayes*, "you are an actor, and I understand a brandy merchant; now let me advise you to put less spirit in your liquors, and more in your acting, and you will preserve the health of your friends, and be more relished by the public." This was a good-natured advertisement, and had success.

Sir John Brute was another metamorphosis; the audience had seen him, in nothing like it before. As soon as he entered, his very look bespoke the change. He contrived to turn the deep recesses of his eyes into rough caverns. He became the very personification of rudeness and coarseness. His very voice changed into hoarse sulky tones. Zoffany has handed him down to us in the scene with the watch, where the savage husband, disguised in woman's clothes, is busy "thrashing the watch"—a masterly picture—in which the likeness is admirably preserved, and yet there is a hint of its being the face of a coarse and dreadful woman.* There was always something *delicate*, that distinguished Garrick's acting from that of his rivals. Though Quin had a great reputation in the part, indeed he said Garrick would be only "Master Jacky Brute," not the manly Sir John,—it was noted that in the "raking" and drunken scenes, he

* This fine and spirited picture is in the possession of Mr. Hill, of Richmond.

lost all trace of the baronet, whereas Garrick still retained something of the gentleman, or man of condition.* In the bacchanalian orgie with *Lord Rake* and the others, it was a perfect triumph of roaring spirit and intoxication. It increased every instant. There was infinite variety in his rioting, which had an electric effect, and kept the house in a roar. His marked features—the eyebrows, and his eyes—never ceased to play. The corners of his mouth were drawn down, as the fit increased, throughout the whole play, which gave him a most drunken and debauched look. He never forgot himself a moment; and as the drunkenness increased, the mouth opened more and more; with more drunkenness, his wig came down more and more over his face, which became flushed, with a "greasy" air of affection. The scene in his wife's room was marvellous in its detail; his leaning heavily against the door, his swimming head, his tipsy efforts at pronunciation of hard words, "and the way in which he moves his lips, *so that one cannot tell whether he is chewing or tasting, smelling or speaking*" —all this detail in the representation were carefully noted by the acute Lichtenberg. The points of costume were not forgotten—the waistcoat open, garters loose, the shoes not paired, and a sort of a clodhopper "bill-hook," which was struck on the floor to emphasise every word.

He was not quite so good in the "closet scene" with *Constant* and *Heartfree*. But taking it all in all, it must have been his most characteristic and spirited part, and the one which must have delighted an audience

* This idea struck two different observers, Davies and the German critic and traveller.

most.* Lord Bath, however, thought Quin the best *Sir John*, and placed Garrick second, and Cibber the last and worst.

What a piece it must have been when played by Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Abington! Old play-goers looked back to it with a sort of wistful rapture. "O how perfectly," says Mr. Cradock, "was that comedy at that time performed!"

The picture, by Zoffany, of his *Abel Drugger*, clear, solid, rich, and firm, like the humour it represents, is one of the most characteristic of dramatic portraits. The short, dumpy figure, with the shock hair and bullet head, the round, red face, the oafish grin, the fancied slyness, and sense of conscious humour, are given with the delicacy of a photograph and the humour of a Hogarth. He seems almost about to speak, and is bursting with stupid enjoyment, as he fills his tobacco-pipe. Merely to look at this face gives us a hint of what playing was. The other figures, too, are full of gaiety; the gay, bright colours of their dresses add to the animation; and the whole has a free, unstudied air, rarely found in a theatrical picture. We can see him again looking from a window, with a spade under his arm; with the same absurd expression of boorish humour, and self-sufficient cunning; and again, with his coat off and a sort of stable-boy look, offering to fight. Like his *Hamlet*, he had prepared this character by diligent study, and many private

* It was during its performance when at this delicate passage of "falling asleep," that Cervetto, the leader of his orchestra (known to the gods as "Nosey") gave a loud yawn, which at once provoked the facile hilarity of the gallery, and spoiled the situation. Garrick sent for him to the green-room, and with infinite sweetness expostulated with him on thus destroying his best bit, and with perfect good-humour accepted the rather comic excuse, that the offender always yawned when he was particularly pleased.

rehearsals, before friends like Macklin. The most curious part was, that it was already a character familiar to the public, and in possession, as it were, of the younger Cibber; and yet, with wonderful inspiration, he struck out a new idea, and made it altogether a new character, and the *true* character. This was, indeed, what he was to do with every character. *Drugger* in Cibber's hands was a mere grimacing clown, that buffooned, and grinned, and "gagged," as it is called, at the galleries; it was all "squinting and winking," and mere tumbling of the most wretched sort. One of the critics of the time described very graphically Garrick's first entry—"his dread of offending the Doctor, his saying nothing, his gradual stealing in further and further, his impatience to be introduced, and his joy to see his friend *Face*." They thought the whole "ridiculous beyond conception." When he first opens his mouth, the features of his face seem, "as it were, to drop upon his tongue: it is all caution; timorous, stammering, and inexpressible. When he stands under the conjurer to have his features examined, his teeth, his beard, his little finger, his awkward simplicity, and his concern, mixed with hope, and fear, and joy, and avarice, and good-nature, are beyond painting." This is all expressed in Zoffany's painting. In the boxing-scene he seemed to run and skip, now poising himself on one leg, now on another. In *Abel Drugger*, Weston's "point" was a comic face of stupid awe and petrified astonishment, which excited universal mirth by its stolidity; but Garrick, by a *play* of face, expressed a whole tide of feelings and emotions, simplicity, exultation. Thus, when the astrologers made out the name *Abel Drugger* in the stars, his secret delight, his

chuckling simplicity and complacent absurdity, were all conveyed without a word.

One night he dropped the jar he was carrying, and his admirable presence of mind converted what was an accident into an admirable "point;" for he affected a stolid attitude of innocence and indifference, so marvellous and truthful, that on every future occasion the audience were offended with its absence, and the breaking of the jar has now become part of the established "business" of the piece. We can quite understand the story which Cooke had from Dr. Johnson, and the latter from Peter, David's brother, of the Lichfield grocer who came up to town with a letter to the great actor. The evening of his arrival he saw Garrick's name in the bills for *Abel Drugger*, and went to the two-shilling gallery to see him. For a time he could not believe his eyes or ears, until he was convinced by what the people about him were saying. He came home after transacting his business, without ever presenting the letter. He was pressed on his return by David's brother as to the reason of his strange conduct, and, after some hesitation, said, "Well, by G—, Mr. Garrick, though he be your brother, he is one of the shabbiest, meanest, most pitiful hounds I ever saw in the whole course of my life."

His *Lord Townly* was scarcely so free and spirited as his other characters. It was constrained—a constraint he always found in playing "a gentleman." What shall be said of his lighter characters?—of his *Ranger*, which Mrs. Siddons, who only saw him at the close of his life, said, with rapture, was "delightful?" Of his delightful and airy conception of *Benedick?*

The eager anxiety of his look, when listening to the conversation about himself, was real, and delicious comedy. So, too, was his grave reasoning himself into a resolution, to fall in love with *Beatrice*, and his smirking self-flattering air, caused by her speech to *him*. "If I don't pity her I'm a villain."* Then the variety; the change to his gay-spirited raillery against matrimony, so elegantly vivacious. By these little graces, too airy for the coarser grasp of preceding actors, he literally gave to every character he attempted, the air of being an entirely new one.

Don Felix, in "The Wonder," was dangerously like *Kitely*, for both are jealous characters. Yet it was marked, that this wonderful artist made both happily distinct, and conveyed the nice difference, between jealousy as it would affect the plain, sober mind of a merchant, or disturb that of a gayer Spanish nobleman. There is a philosophy and instinct here, above the "trade" of a mere actor. In "The Wonder" there was always a country dance, which he danced with infinite grace and agility to the end.

It was at Bath or Tunbridge, that he picked up the character of *Lord Chalkstone*—a type of the day—one of the debauched and vicious old noblemen—who, though wrung with gout, and a complication of disorders of all kinds, still went through his old round of pleasure with indomitable spirit. His manner of walking, acting, and speaking, was so full of detail and colour—so rich in touches all in keeping, that it is no wonder a clever critic said it was "the highest enter-

* A graphic description of great players in comedy, comes very near to comedy itself. I suspect that Bensley's *Benedick*, known to us from Lamb's fine description, must have been based on Garrick's.

tainment of the theatre" he ever enjoyed.* There is a sketch of this old nobleman, with a huge glass at his eye, "ogling" some one, and supposed to be saying—"Pshaw, d—n the gout!" †

All this applies more to the old early days of his playing. His buoyant spirit and genius then carried him forward; he had no restraint to check, or make him "stiff," but that of judgment and good sense. It must be the hardest thing in the world for the great actor to retain this fresh spontaneousness, in which enthusiasm and eagerness, gives a certain novelty to the details of each night's performance. But with years, comes the fatal upas of conventionalism; and the repetition, and monotony from repetition, brings on the destroying "staginess." It is easier and less fatiguing to have by heart the old tricks of voice and gesture, than to work up to an original enthusiasm. So it was to be with Garrick, but to an infinitely less degree than with others.

Grimm's own sentiments about Garrick, written to Diderot, are testimonies to his vast dramatic merit. He can hardly find words for his praise. The English, he said, were apt to exaggerate absurdly the merits of their heroes; but in this instance they had not in the least exceeded reality. He was struck by his wonderful face, and the marvellous powers of the eye. He, too, like other rational Frenchmen, was attracted by this new style of acting, which was no more than

* Wilkes, the same judicious observer, says justly:—"Future times will scarcely credit the *amazing contrast between his Lear* and *Schoolboy*, or his *Richard* and his *Fribble*. He gives us not resemblances, but realities.

† Yet some might reasonably say that there is a sort of ill luck attending the ridicule of human infirmities; and it is a little like retribution, that to his death he was to be harassed with gout, and tortured with that more dreadful malady, which the name of the old nobleman was made to hint at.

nature, as contrasted with the artificial chanting of their own school. It seemed to him, as to others, a great discovery, that "a person should try and *be* the thing he represented." Neither was there in Garrick's wonderful face, the grimaces and contortions, with which ordinary comedians altered their expression or imitated others. The Englishman, he remarked, could make for himself a new face; so, too, when he was doing the dagger scene in "Macbeth," and following the spectral dagger with his eyes, it struck the company what a *handsome* inspired expression came into his face, instead of the traditional disagreeable contortion, by which such an emotion would be expressed by others.

He could not do the mere unmeaning *rôles* of coarse fun. In "Rule a Wife" the old stage critics delighted in the *Copper Captain;* it was the test for every comedian. It could be worked on like a picture, and new readings given. Here it was admitted that Wilks was unrivalled. Garrick, when he revived the play, was much inclined to take up the *Copper Captain*, which he could have made a fine and varied part of; but he had to choose between it and *Leon*, "the Wittol;" and his excellent judgment, and consideration for the interest of the play, made him put aside this desire.

Woodward, to whom he gave it, was long to be associated with the *Copper Captain.* Garrick is said to have rehearsed it several times; but found a stumbling-block in a certain stage "laugh," given when the jewels are discovered to have been false. It was the conventional usage that there should be here a fit of unbounded merriment, in which Wood-

ward revelled; and this he could not do to his own satisfaction.* There was no appropriateness in it, a smile would have done as well, but Woodward tickled the "wittols" of the gallery, and the unmeaning merriment became the grand "point" of the part. Garrick found his reward in the fine piece of comedy he gave in *Leon*. His dulness and stupidity, mixed with a sly archness, were admirably assumed, and not in the least overdrawn; and his change to the gallant manly bearing of the true man and husband, his natural dignity and firmness, and humour, were a triumph of acting. "I think," says Davies, "I never saw him more universally captivate the eyes and ears of an applauding theatre. The warmth of his spirit," adds the same critic, who is sometimes very acute and happy in his remarks, "was so judiciously tempered; his action so correspondent to his utterance, and his whole deportment so significant and important." When the *Duke* said, at the end of the play,—"I pray you, sir, use your wife well——" Garrick's sheathing of his sword, and most expressive look and action, as he replied, with a mixture of high courtesy, delicate reproof, and self-respect—"My own humanity will teach me this,"—was a new revelation to the audiences of the day.

The exuberant part of *Archer* was another of his delightful comedy parts. All owned that "there never

* Yet there was "a laugh" for which he was famous—a sort of hollow, forced laugh—in *Kitely*, where *Dame Kitely* asks "if he was ever jealous."

"What? ha! never! never! ha, ha, ha!
She stabs me home! jealous of thee!
No, do not believe it—speak low, my love."

It will be remembered that all Garrick's "points" were of a refined sort, and very different from the traditional "points" of great actors that have been handed down to us, like the famous "Zaire, tu pleures."

had appeared so genteel a footman, or a complete gentleman; the one fit to triumph over the pert airs of an inn-keeper's fair daughter, the other inspired with that happy impudence, so timely corrected by a most profound respect, as not to be resisted by the finest woman in the world, languishing under the neglect of a cruel husband." Refinements and delicate *nuances* of this sort must read almost unintelligibly to our actors.

The German traveller's account of the scene in the "Beau's Stratagem," where Garrick was disguised as a "fine servant," and Weston the miserable waiter, at a miserable inn—is a perfect photograph. The description itself is like a bit of the comedy it describes :—

"Garrick wears a brilliant light blue and silver livery, a rich laced hat with a red feather. His shapely calves are resplendent in white silk stockings; his shoe buckles are in the height of the mode; he is altogether a fascinating fellow. Weston—poor devil—overloaded with his multifarious and dirty duties, presents a perfect contrast to Garrick. He wears a sorry wig, with the curl taken out of it by the rain, a green jacket, which perhaps thirty years ago, might have been cut for a wealthier paunch, red woollen stockings, and a green apron. Mingled astonishment, and respectful admiration overcome him, at the sight of this grand gentleman's gentleman. Garrick, bright, brisk, and knowing, his smart hat cocked airily a little on one side, and not in the least overshadowing the brilliant face, comes forward merrily, full of confidence in his calves and his new dress, with firmness and decision in every movement. He feels himself a head taller beside the melancholy *Scrub*. And *Scrub*, at all times short enough, seems to lose some of his few inches by *Archer's* side; his knees tremble with the terrible feeling of the threefold contrast between the poor drawer, and the triumphant valet. With fallen chin, in a kind of adoration, he follows every moment of Garrick with his eyes. *Archer*, who wants *Scrub* to aid him in his schemes, soon grows condescending. They sit down together.

"Anyone who wishes to study the irresistible power of contrast on the stage, should see this scene. With the easy grace peculiar to him, Garrick throws himself into a chair, rests his right arm upon the back of Weston's seat, and leans forward for a little confidential chat. The skirts of his splendid livery hang down gracefully, and in the folds of the coat and the person of the man, one line of beauty succeeds another. Weston sits on the middle of his chair, as beseems him, but somewhat far forward, a hand on either knee. He seems dumfoundered, and his cunning eyes are fixed on Garrick. If anything is expressed on his face, it is the affectation of dignity struggling with the paralysing sense of the horrible contrast between him, and his companion. I here remarked a bit of business by Weston which produce

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a capital effect. Whilst Garrick lolls easily in his chair, Weston, with stiffened back, tries by degrees to out-top him, partly from feelings of respect, but partly, too, that he may now and then steal a comparison, when Garrick is not looking him in the face. When *Archer*, at length, in his easy way, crosses his legs, *Scrub* attempts to do the same, and, at last, but not without some assistance from the hands, he happily accomplishes this feat. All this is done with eyes either fixed, or looking stealthy. At last, when *Archer* begins to stroke his splendid silk stockinged legs, Weston almost instinctively imitates the action over his miserable red worsted stockings, but immediately after collapses in his chair, and, with a feeling of humility that calls forth one's pity, quietly gathers his green apron over all. In this scene, Weston, with his natural expression of stupidity, his simple, restless looks (which gain not a little from the unaffected husky tone of his voice), almost has the advantage of Garrick, and that is saying a great deal."

These little pictures are so minute, that they have all the air of truth, and show us plainly that he might have fairly continued on the stage for many years more, without incurring the reproach of lingering there after decay had set in. Weston's playing was so exquisitely droll in this scene, that Garrick owned to friends, it was all he could do to keep his countenance. Indeed, he never would attempt *Scrub* again. When he played *Archer* first, it was of course not so full in colour and detail as it afterwards became.

In *Marplot*, in the "Busy Body," he was considered not so good as Woodward. The boy, Charles Fox, told his father that Garrick could not look foolish enough. Stockdale, the clergyman, came to him one morning, loud in his praises of Woodward's playing *Marplot*. There was a large company, and with a sad want of tact, he began to extol Woodward's *Marplot*, saying that he thought that part could not be performed with a *more masterly perfection*. He thought the reply "envious and ungenerous." Garrick gave him a grave and earnest look—"Your opinion of Woodward may be very just, but it was all beaten into him." Every one present knew that Gar-

rick had failed in the character, and the actor wished merely to assert for himself the merit of instruction. Another part of his was in Mrs. Sheridan's "Discovery." It was a delightful piece, and worthy of a Sheridan. It had the most perfect success, and gave great enjoyment to the audience. Young O'Keefe was there the first night, and long remembered Thomas Sheridan stalking in, as *Lord Medway*, in a suit of rich crimson velvet; but Garrick, in *Sir Anthony Branville*, left the deepest impression on his mind. His fantastic dress, and his speaking impassioned sentiments, with the calmest face and most placid voice, filled the house with delight and enjoyment. The grandmother of one of our leading novelists, herself a Sheridan, was taken as a child to see the play, and on her mind remained the impression of Garrick's charming acting as the old beau. It was the perfection of elaborate and deliberate courtliness, and she recalled his calm and leisured preparation for taking what he called "a chaste salute" from one of the young ladies of the comedy. The taking off his gloves, the arranging of his hair, the general preparation of the old beau, took many minutes, and filled the theatre with enjoyment and delight.*

In Crisp's dull play of "Virginia," he made one of those famous "points," which used to be classed with the "Zaire, tu pleures!" and which indeed are not of the highest class. When *Claudius* was claiming *Virginia*, Garrick, as her father, was standing on the opposite side, next to the stage-door, his arms folded, his eyes on the ground, apparently insensible to what

* Davies utterly condemns this character, which he turns into *Sir Antony Bramble*.

was going on. He was then asked what he had to say in reply, but still remained, his figure impassive, his face working with all manner of emotions. The audience was spell-bound. At last he slowly raised his head, paused, turned round slowly, but without turning his eyes away from *Claudius*, and finally, in a low deep, broken voice, that penetrated to every corner of the theatre, said, "THOU TRAITOR!" Again I say, this seems like speaking of a lost art. Such refinement does not fall within the province of the stage now; no actor would think that sort of "business" worth cultivating; the muscles of the untrained face could not convey those delicate ripples of expression, and the groundlings above would be eagerly expecting the sensation scene—the house in flames, or the real cab "rattling" across the stage.

To Garrick is due the introduction of all *legitimate* stage "business." No one knew better the valuable aid to be derived from such illustrations, and he did not allow it to take the place of what it is only meant to illustrate—the present vice of the stage. To him is owing most of the traditional Shakspearean "business." Though, indeed, that seemed a little over refining in "Hamlet," where the legs of the stage-chair were shortened and drawn under the seat, so as to fall over at a touch, to express the actor's surprise at the entry of the ghost. The "combing of the wig" in "Archer," the throwing away the stick in "Lear," and innumerable bits of by-play, have been all carefully handed down, and are considered drops, as it were, of the immortal man. But he also reformed innumerable extravagances of the same description. It was essential that every actor of an "heroic" part

should enter with an enormous plume of feathers, to import dignity. This practice, with others, he abolished. There can be no doubt, that to the very end there was but little decay in his gifts; for the simple reason, that his acting was not the result of a mere vulgar instinct, which may be corrupted and overlaid with vanity and meaner vices, but of genius, corrected by sound judgment, good sense, and study, which at sixty were flourishing. Ffarington, the painter, had never seen him until the last season, when he went to see "Hamlet," and found himself but a row or two from the stage. He was a little shocked at the oldish face, the bulky figure, the enormous heels made to give him height, and the almost grotesque air of decay. He expected a very lamentable exhibition of failing powers, but was surprised, delighted, and almost confounded at the spirit, truth, and power of the acting—presently had forgotten the paint and wrinkles, the high-heeled shoes, and the bulky figure, and saw nothing but Shakspeare's Prince.*

Still it should be mentioned, that an old Doctor Mudge told Northcote, that at the end of his career Garrick was not nearly so free and original, as he was at the beginning. Perhaps he meant, not so fresh; and the town had now begun to know him by heart.

It indeed almost seemed that at his death a sort of reaction had come, and that there was a return to the old rugged declamation of the Quin days; for certainly the traditions of the Kemble acting seem to be a dreary preaching, and a strange, dry, stilted pronunciation, coming from what Hazlitt so happily called

* Taylor.

"Kemble's foggy throat." It seems to have left its mark on our own day. We need only glance round our theatres—walk into a house of average reputation, to see tragedy declaimed, according to a weary, monotonous, strictly observed canon, which might be a hundred and fifty years old. But it is certainly a little curious, that one with such a reputation, and who had trained up a whole school of actors, on his own principles, should have left so little mark—more wonderful still, that the dreary Kemble elocution should be the established model for existing stage diction, and be always followed. The reason may be, that it is easier for the common, untrained mind, to "pick up" and copy that conventional system, than to study for itself, the bright and varied principles of nature and character. Quin was laughed at for his strange and affected pronunciation, sounding "face" like "farçe;" but this was not a whit more ludicrous than Kemble's "ferse" and "bird," for fierce and beard, his "aitches," and almost comic perversion of every sound in the language.

Macklin, in a malignant criticism found among his papers, but which at the same time gives us some traits of peculiarities in Garrick's acting, says that he restored "that shameful scene of the epilepsy in the fourth act of 'Othello,'" to give himself the opportunity of some "business." Another reason, he said, was that he knew Quin could not let his bulky figure fall without a ludicrous effect, whereas he was slight in person, and there would be no such danger. He speaks of his "strange manner of dying, and griping the carpet; his writhing, straining, and agonizing: all which he has introduced into the profession." In

other words, Garrick substituted for the solemn and monotonous singsong, and regulated gesture of the old school, a variety and liveliness of illustration. "His art in acting consisted in incessantly hauling and pawing the characters about, with whom he was concerned in the scene; and when he did not paw or haul the characters, he stalked between them and his audience, and that generally when they were speaking the most important and interesting passage in the scene—which demanded, in propriety, a strict attention. When he spoke himself, he pulled about the character *he spoke to, and squeezed his hat, hung forward*, and stood almost upon one foot, with no part of the other to the ground but the toe of it. His whole action when he made love, in tragedy or in comedy, when he was familiar with his friend, when he was in anger, sorrow, rage—consisted in squeezing his hat, thumping his breast, strutting up and down the stage, and pawing the characters that he acted with. . . . He introduced sleep into *Lear*—showed how the body dreamed in *Richard*. He also introduced sleep into his *Sir John Brute*, and for many minutes, to the extravagant satisfaction of the audience, cut the faces of an idiot, a lunatic, a stupid: so expert was he in all the tricks of the face, which the good people acknowledged as his imitation of a drunken man falling asleep." Through all this perverted view—and the private character that accompanies it is shocking from its malignancy—can be discerned the true characteristic of Garrick's acting, a lively vivacity. It was said, too, that he had not a good ear for emphasis, and often misplaced it. An instance has been already given as to his reading of one of the commandments.

A Colonel Pennington, who had seen him, acutely observed another mistake—"and will speak *daggers*, but use *none;*" instead of "*speak* daggers, but *use* none." Yet he may have been right in this, as the emotion and passion of the situation might require an exceptional force on the word *daggers*.

His *Hastings*, in "Jane Shore," was one of his most elaborated characters. An admirer, who attended one of his last performances, was careful to note, on a copy of the play, every turn and inflection of the part.* This curious "report" becomes valuable, and gives a minute and excellent idea of Garrick's manner of working up a situation.

In the first scene he entered gay and courtier-like. He describes *Alicia's* present condition, warms up gradually, and pleads for her fervently—

"Now sunk in grief,
. . . . . She never sees the sun."

When he sees *Alicia*, he puts on a cunning and cold air, speaking with a sort of deference—

. . . . . "None has a right more ample,
To task my power than you."

When she made a violent outburst, and attacked him, he walked up to her, met her eye, steadily, and poured out a number of bitter questions—

"Are you wise?
Have you the use of reason? Do you wake?"

With sudden anger—

"Why am I thus pursued from place to place?"

Then giving her friendly counsels, he gradually

* This copy has fortunately been preserved.

softened, took her hand, seemed to press it with his forefingers, and when he had finished gently threw it from him, and walked up the stage. As he begged ironically, to be preserved from her tongue, his tone was so dry, cold, and petrified, that a burst of applause came from the audience. When he said—

"Soft ye now!"

his voice became tender and agitated, he kindly taking her hand, and touching the ground with his knee. His voice altered again, when he asked—

"What means this peevish and fantastic change?"

as if piqued at the little success of his efforts, and gradually grew almost brutal, crossing the stage two or three times, as he said—

"'Tis wond'rous well, I see my saint-like dame!"

Then followed his two spirited speeches. And though *Gloucester* had a line interposed between, he caught him up and replied so smartly, that it seemed almost one speech. It worked gradually to a climax.

In the council scene in the fourth act, when he was condemned to the scaffold, the gloom and settled despair in his eye was very intense. He was full three minutes—says this true stop-watch critic—in saying no more than six lines. As he congratulated himself in not living on, to see the miseries of his country, he wept profusely. His speech to *Alicia*—

"Thy reason has grown wild,"

was spoken with a sort of absent distracted air. The last scene was a triumph of elaborate suffering. The adjuration—

"Now mark and tremble at Heaven's just award!"

was delivered quite calmly, and in a deep tone full of pathos. As he asked her forgiveness, he knelt and appealed to Heaven with energy and great firmness. His farewell—

"Good angels visit thee,"

was most affecting. He then moved very slowly to the wing, stood there a moment, said his last two sentences with a broken voice, and passed out to tremendous applause. Then returning with the guard, as *Alicia* said her last few words, he came up, took her hand most tenderly, and motioned back the soldiers, —led her off, as if to be still more in private, put up his prayer in a sort of whisper until he came to the line—

"O should he wrong her!"

when his voice swelled, but sank again, then left her, got slowly backwards to the wing, looked back, and said, "Remember!" with a tone that seemed to the audience like the last utterance of a dying man.

All this shows a surprising study, not of mere vulgar "points," but of judicious contrast and effects.

Walpole had a poor opinion of his acting; but, Walpole, as a judge of stage matters, is notoriously astray. He thought him "a very good and various player," but that Quin's *Falstaff* was quite as good as Garrick's *Lear*. Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil were far before him in tragic passion. He was inferior to Quin in *Brute* and *Macbeth*, and to Cibber in *Bayes*. His *Bayes* was indeed original, but not the true reading. Cibber made it the burlesque of a great poet; Garrick the picture of a mere garreteer. He was "a poor *Lothario*, a ridiculous *Othello*, a woeful *Lord*

Townly, and *Hastings.*" *Ranger* he thought suited him best, and though the town did not relish his *Hotspur*, *he* thought he succeeded in it *better than anything*. In this extraordinary opinion, he says he was supported by Sir C. H. Williams, and Lord Holland. It was the fashion to talk of Quin's *Falstaff*, but Reynolds, who had seen it, owned he was disappointed. Garrick often thought of taking up this part: and during the Jubilee gave a specimen, that delighted all who saw it. It would have suited him admirably, and have made a fine *pendant* to his *Sir John Brute*. But the physical creation would have been too much for him, and he would have been overpowered in the artificial corpulence of the character. It is hard to say what was his *cheval de bataille*. Not certainly his *Romeo*, not *Othello*, not *Falconbridge*, nor *Hotspur*. If we were strictly limited to the choice of two parts, we might name *Lear* and *Drugger;* and yet we should have liked *Kitely* or *Ranger*, *Brute* or *Archer*. *Macbeth*, *Richard*, or *Hamlet* we might not have cared so much for. Fox thought Barry's *Romeo* much finer; a judgment, however, that loses all value, when he could think the prodigy, "Master Betty," superior. Still he was an enthusiastic admirer, and in the boxes at Drury Lane, during Garrick's *Lear*, he was seen one night holding up his hands in wonder and delight. One morning Gibbon called on Reynolds, after seeing Garrick's *Richard*, and thought he was inconsistent; for in the first part he was too "mean and creeping," and even "vulgar," and in the last quite the contrary. Cumberland thought *Lear* his finest part.

The characteristics of his acting, outlined by his

enemy, David Williams, are very remarkable. "In tragic parts, your execution is masterly. It is much improved within the last few years. Your province lies principally where the passions are exhibited by the poet, as agitated or wrought up to a high degree; your perfection consists *in the extreme. In exaggerated gesture, and sudden bursts of passion, given in a suppressed and tender manner*, you are inimitable. In the struggles and conflicts of contradictory passions, *or in their mixture and combination, and when his effects are drawn by the author to a point of instant and momentary expression*, there you are often excellent."

His fine reputation is bound up with the literature of the country; and readers of Fielding, and Smollet, and Sterne, will see how delighted those great writers were to record, how they had been affected by the great actor. In short, in this wonderful man's case, compliment seems to have exhausted all its shapes.*

* Admirers of "Tom Jones" will recal Partridge at Drury Lane, during Garrick's *Hamlet*. "'Well, if that little man there, upon the stage, is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? God have mercy upon such foolhardiness! . . . Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. . . . O! here he is again! No further?! No, you have gone far enough already. Nay, sir, did you not yourself observe, when he found it was his own father's spirit, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow?'

"'He the best player!' said Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer. 'Why I could act as well as he, myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did.'"—*Tom Jones*, bk. 16, ch. v.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE GRAND TOUR.

SEPTEMBER, 1763.

After this pleasant visit, he returned to town, and was busy with his preparations for the journey they were about to make. The "grand tour," if it was then a delightful progress, had also its responsibilities. He was really going for a holiday; he certainly took with him the resolution of never appearing on the stage again—*unless* the remedy for his temporary unpopularity was successful. He had a fond hope that it would be. Before going, he had appointed Colman to look after his interests in the theatre; he made arrangements for the appearance of a clever clerk, whom he had heard "spouting" at the Wood Street Debating Club, beyond Temple Bar, and who, he thought, would fairly support lover parts, during his absence. He did not dream that the terrible cry, "a rival!" would be raised. Finally, on the 15th of September, the very night his theatre opened, he and Mrs. Garrick, and their little dog, set off down to Dover.

As we have seen, nearly two years before, he had told Sterne, then starting off for Paris, that he was

soon likely to visit that capital. Roscius, indeed, delighted in good company, and had long since discovered the truth, that the "finest" company is the most agreeable. The startling success of Sterne in Paris, whom the wits and "*élégans*" of Paris were loading with attentions — honours written home to Southampton Street, in a sort of rapture, stimulated his eagerness: and when he heard from his friend that at "two great houses" his own gifts and genius had formed the staple of the conversation during the whole of a dinner party; all wondering how he could be so great in two such opposite walks of acting, it was very natural he should look forward to coming and receiving this homage in person.

He found little change in the state of the people from his first journey, though this time, he took a different route for variety. He came up by, what is now the beaten track, St. Omer and Arras. The accommodation and impositions were nearly the same: "for which the English may thank themselves; they wish to appear rich and generous," and in consequence were charged above double what the French paid.* As they posted along, the country parts appeared to him more thriving, the roads good, and every acre cultivated, though there was but little enclosure. The poverty of the people was very remarkable; and the carriers, whom he often talked with on the road, complained sorely of the oppressive taxes.

At Calais he put up—not at the famous Dessein's, but at the Table Royal—"a good and reasonable house, with civil and obliging people." Here he was waited

* MS. Journal.

on by that notorious little barber, who seems to have seen—or shaved—every English person of note who came through; for he is described by Mrs. Radcliffe, is found simpering in a corner of the Sentimental Journey, and was now come to shave the great actor. A conceited prattling *petit maître*, who told him that the officers there received no pay, and were really destitute. They had a very pleasant journey, met with no accidents, and were entering Paris in high spirits, when they were stopped at the barrier by the custom-house officers; and though their trunks had been duly *plombéd* at Calais to ensure through transmission, they were searched *en personne*, and having mislaid their *passe*, were led off with indignity to the custom-house, to have their trunks opened once more. But the director of the customs, M. D'Aguemont, treated them with great civility. This was the evening of Monday, September 19th.*

In a day or two he bought a little blank book, which he determined to fill with notes of his travels; a journal, in short—"meant to bring to my mind the various things I shall see in my journey into Italy."—Properly it was to be a record of his "opinions and feelings." "For," he writes, "I shall always put down my thoughts immediately, as I am struck—without the least attention to what has been said by writers of great and little repute.—D. GARRICK." Which is indeed the true plan to make a journal of any interest; but for all this official declaration, the journal began to languish very soon, and covers but a few pages. Very soon the seductions of dinners, and

* MS. Journal.—A rapid journey.

parties, and excursions, absorbed all his time,—the pleasures that have past always seem poor, and not worth recording, beside those that are coming on.

Undoubtedly, the most singular feature of the time was the "Anglo-mania," then raging. It seems quite ludicrous. In the shops Shakspeare and Swift were to be bought, like ordinary French books; and it was almost comic to find eager Frenchmen poring, and blundering, over the great English poet, and straining hard to fancy in themselves something like admiration, for what they could not understand. Sterne's Count, who took the Sentimental traveller for the *Yorick* of "Hamlet," was but the type of more serious blunderers. But, allowing a good deal for the mere fashion of the thing, it was natural that English company should be relished, for the English that travelled were not the English that have travelled since. There were but three classes who at that time travelled or made the Grand Tour: Englishmen of rank, for whom it was the last term of their university education; Englishmen of wealth; and Englishmen of wit and genius. Getting to Paris was expensive, and the "grand tour" was a yet more costly luxury. Everyone setting out, took with him letters to every Court; at every Court was treated handsomely, perhaps welcomed into Royal society, stayed his six weeks, enjoyed himself delightfully, then got out his chaise, and "posted" on to another Court. Paris had been lately full of such men as Lord Shelburne, Lord Carlisle, Mr. Fitzmaurice, Wilkes, Sterne, Walpole, Foote, Garrick, Hume, and many more; and the year Garrick was there Lord Hertford, the ambassador, entertained nearly a hundred English, on the King's birthday.

There were many coteries or societies all ready to welcome him. First, that of Baron D'Holbach's, who gave his little dinners every Sunday and Thursday.* Here was to be met the most delightful company possible, and the guests ranged from ten to twenty in number. The host's fancy was to discover clever and distinguished strangers, and this must have given his parties their charm. The regular *habitués* were remarkable; Grimm and Diderot, Helvetius and the mercurial Abbé Morellet, who was so lively in discussion. The dinner was good, but a little *grosse*. There was excellent wine and coffee; it began at two, but the guests often remained until seven. The conversation was made up of the liveliest discussions, but without warm or angry disputes. Madame D'Holbach sat in a corner, talking in a low voice; while the greater *esprits* decided greater questions. Helvetius had the Wednesdays, with very much the same elements; but the result was not considered so good. For though Madame Helvetius sat listening, like Madame D'Holbach, she was very pretty, and drew round her chair the *grands esprits*, thus demoralising the serious tone of the society. Madame Necker secured the Fridays; Grimm, who lived in the Faubourg St. Germain, had *his* night; and Madame Geoffrin a yet more remarkable circle of her own.

The moment Garrick arrived the universal homage set in. He was at once made free of "the synagogue in the Rue Royale," and the "little sanctuary in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs." He was heaped with honours; he was almost ashamed to write home the

* The year before he had three dinners a week, according to Sterne's experience.

distinctions he had met with at their hands. Before he had been there a fortnight, he knew every one, of every degree. Naturally he first devoted himself to cultivate the actors.

On the night after his arrival, he set off for the Comédie Française, which at his first entrance seemed "dark and dirty." The play was the "Gouvernante," with Dumesnil, who, it seemed to him, had expression, but who "made use of little startings and twitchings, which are visibly artificial, and the mere mimicry of the free, simple, and noble working of the passions."* A Mdlle. Doligny, "a young beginner, with a pleasing look and sweetness of voice," gave him much pleasure. But the French actors presently found out their distinguished brother, and the "company of comedians" sent their compliments, with the freedom of the house, not excepting His Majesty's own box, when not used by him. This is only the old story, and the old way of ordering things better in France; the compliment being put in this official shape, acquired double value. On the same morning, he called on Clairon, and spent a long time with her. With that incomparable actress and spirited woman, he had a long talk. She surprised him by telling him that her appointments were only £250, having besides to "find herself" in everything. He thought of Mrs. Cibber at home, as a comparison, who had received from the theatre as much as £700 a-year, besides her benefit, and dresses—everything found for her, excepting the "mere garniture of her head." Another night he went to see Preville, and on the first

* MS. Journal.

occasion thought him a great comedian,—"he certainly had comic powers." But on the second and third, he did not see the variety he expected. "He has the same looks in every part." He was struck with a peculiar "look of folly" the actor could throw into his eye, which in certain parts would have a fine effect, but was not to be used continuously.*

A very characteristic story is told of one of Garrick's first visits to the theatre, when he took his wife to see the great actress. She had a great disinclination to see her; and her coldness during the early part of the performance excited the impatience of Garrick, who was in raptures. Gradually, however, she grew attentive, then excited, and finally broke into the most extravagant expressions of delight and admiration. Garrick, it is said, *then* grew impatient and discontented, and ended by being quite out of sorts. This has been interpreted as unworthy jealousy. But jealousy it was not, in the common sense of the term; it was more an uneasiness lest the wife he so loved and admired should admire any one more than himself. The whole, however, is exceedingly characteristic, and a capital trait of human character.

Clairon, with her natural enthusiasm, took him up with *fureur*. He had known her on his first visit. A few days after his arrival, was brought out Saurin's "Blanche et Guiscard," founded on an English story. It was given out that "the Clairon" had condescended to take lessons from the English actor, and had rehearsed *Blanche* before him; but it was also said that she had never played worse. Garrick was delighted

* MS. Journal.

with his new pupil, and wrote home that the "Clairon was great;" but added, that she had her faults, "between you and me." He took care, however, not to say this publicly, "for she idolises me." * He went also to see a new piece at the Italian Comedy, taken from Goldoni, called "Les Amours d'Arléquin." This seems to have had far greater success; but this French-Italian sort of farce was a special feature of the day, and more relished than anything else.

The actors exerted themselves greatly; but it was remarked that he was cautious and diplomatic in giving his opinion, confining himself to the mere generalities of approbation. Great pains had been taken with the "mounting" of the play; the actors had visited the Royal Museum of Engravings to study the proper costumes. Before it came out, expectation was naturally excited; what "intrigued" the public most, was how the Constable was to stab the wife, he supposed to be faithless, with true success and grace; for the weapon to be employed was of an awkward and conspicuous length. These trivialities were actually a subject of grave speculation for days, in the salons.

"Blanche" reached but the third representation. The only thing that saved it was the admirable manner with which Belcour, the *jeune premier*, *did* vanquish the poignard difficulty—thus quieting public anxiety — appearing to transfix "the Clairon" as she lay extended on the floor. "*Il la pousse* (the

* It is a sort of proof of how absorbed Garrick was with the amusements of the place, that he saw these plays about the 27th of September; but the letter in which he describes them was not sent away until the 8th of October.

sword) *avec toute la grace possible.*" It is odd to think of such a feature as this exciting attention; but at this season anything like violence on the stage was almost revolutionary. The story was based upon Garrick's "Tancred and Sigismunda," and a large crowd of English, who were present, and had seen the original, were loud in condemning the coldness and barrenness of the piece. Even the "Clairon" was said never to have done worse. It was curious to think of the original *Tancred*, who had drawn tears from many eyes, sitting in the boxes and looking on. Everybody was pointing out the celebrated English actor, and whispering his name. Everyone, too, was quoting his critiques, favourable to this and that actress; but only a few, says Grimm, did he trust with his real opinions. It must have been for this performance that he tried to get tickets from the "Clairon" for some lady-friends; but every place was taken. She bade him, in a pretty little note, take them to the parterre, where ladies could readily go. "Good night, dear friend," she wrote: "you know how much I like you."

One night, at the house of an English gentleman, a Mr. Neville, took place the most curious scene, that could be well imagined.* He had collected many of the leading wits and literary characters — Marmontel and d'Alembert amongst others—and invited the great English actor and the great French actress, to sup. What took place is well known, and has passed into all the anecdote collections. Clairon stood up and volunteered to declaim some passage

* Murphy supposed that this party took place *after* Garrick's return from Italy, instead of before it.

from "Athalie," which, said Garrick, she did "charmingly." But this was done, not to show herself off, but "to bring out Roscius," whom all were eager to see. It was a trying exhibition in a foreign country, with foreign eyes looking on, and foreign ears that could scarcely understand. But Garrick had confidence in himself, and with excellent tact and good sense, chose such specimens of his art, as would appeal to the general intelligence of all. He began with the "dagger scene" in "Macbeth," passed from that to the "curse" in "Lear," and finished with the "falling asleep" of *Sir John Brute*. These were delivered in the one common language of the human race. The effect was tremendous—the success complete. Murphy adds the ghost scene in "Hamlet" to these specimens of his powers. But the actor does not mention it in his own letter; neither does he himself mention, as his biographer does, his telling the company whence he had obtained the idea of his wonderful representation of madness, produced by grief,—suggested, as is well known, from an old man who had dropped his child from a window. Those who have written Garrick's life, say that this took place in a street near Goodman's Fields; but Grimm, on whom the representation seems to have made a most extraordinary impression—("I saw the poor man himself!")—says, that Garrick told him it was in Ireland. The philosopher was not likely to have fixed such a scene, in such a country. He passed from that to another favourite delineation of his, that of the poor pastry-cook's boy, who had let fall his tray of tarts, in the street, and whose face expressed all the transitions from stupid astonishment to surprise, terror, and

hopeless grief. These were but a part of what he called "giving his rounds." That night was long remembered. Marmontel it seemed to have haunted. Next morning he wrote the English actor a flattering, but genuine letter, full of the most ardent admiration. *Macbeth* was what struck him; and he makes the just observation, that if *they* but followed the same principle, their scenes would not be so tedious, and they would do more by the eloquence of silence, and by the expression of face and eye, than by long speeches. "*Vous serez donc pour moi*," he wrote, "*un sujet continuel de regrets.*" He owned that this was the only real style of acting; it was quite new to him. This was much from a Frenchman. He must have, almost then and there, sat down to commit this enthusiasm and admiration to writing, for he eagerly bids his friend look later to the "Encyclopædia," article "Declamation," where he would find his true views on this point.*

Thus welcomed—thus fêted—and loaded with civilities and homage of the most flattering sort, the actor set off, a little after the 28th of September, having been in Paris nearly three weeks. He was to make the Grand Tour, but promised his French friends to return to them soon.

They reached Lyons in about four days, and were treated with great courtesy by all in authority; but, as usual, were greatly imposed on by extortionate innkeepers and post-masters. In fact, a Frenchman told Mr. Garrick, that when an English chaise went by, all winked and laughed, and put their tongue in

* We can do this also, but we find not a word about Garrick.

their cheeks. The Savoy part of the journey was delicious, and they enjoyed it immensely, revelling in the noble scenery. At Pontbeauvoisin, where Mr. Sterne was stopped by the floods, and which he termed Beaupontvoisin, and all through the Dauphiné, the great mountains "topp'd with snow," so wild and barren; the fields exquisitely cultivated below, the winding rivers, the small farms, actually like gardens, were delightful to look on, and quite charmed them. They lay at Aiguebelles on the 10th of October, and found the crossing of Mont Cénis very agreeable, in such fine weather. They had one little *désagrément*, in their coach breaking down. Indeed, as he wrote home on a scrap of dark rude mountain paper, he was "in raptures with Savoy and its scenery." Compliments still attended him on his route. The demi-god of Ferney was gracious enough to send him a message, hoping that he might see him, and putting his little theatre at his service; throwing in, however, his old dislike of Shakspeare, who, he was pleased to say, had more of the barbarian than of genius. "The d—d fellow!" said Mr. Garrick, characteristically to his friends. But to M. de Voltaire himself he wrote, almost obsequiously, as being the first genius in Europe, instead of "a d—d fellow." "Could I have been the means of bringing our Shakspeare into some favour with M. de Voltaire, I should have been happy indeed." Though the visit never took place, Mr. Garrick being obliged, from the state of his health, to post home to Paris, the great genius often spoke graciously of him to the guests who came to Ferney, and would send a sort of royal sentence of recollection, or approbation. Turin they found very neat and clean—a perfect city of palaces. Two

pictures there, by Guido and Guercino, struck him greatly, possibly because of a dramatic sort: "The Prodigal Son" and "David and Goliath;" for in the former grief, contrition, and expression were all exhibited without a feature being seen.

Then they hurried on to Milan. These were, indeed, but the official stages of the Grand Tour. They put up at the Tre Re, and, like a thousand travellers before and since, posted off at once to the Cathedral. There they lighted on a true, courteous, and most hospitable friend, Count Firmian, to whom they had letters, who insisted on their dining with him every day, who could talk and was deeply interested in English subjects. For with this nobleman, the days of Anglomania were fast drawing on. Mr. Garrick promised to send him over pictures of himself, in every character.

On the 2nd of November they set out for Genoa by boat, and, like many a traveller who has entered that port on a gorgeous summer morning, were "ravished" with the enchanting panorama; the slow sailing on the cobalt waters, the mole, the lighthouse, and the shipping, and the coloured terraces glittering in the morning sun, as if roofed with gold and silver, or built of blocks of mother-of-pearl. "What more I think of it," writes Mr. Garrick very confidently in his journal, "shall be wrote down when I have examined it." But now came the friends, and the parties of pleasure; and not a line more was added to the little record.* He visited Florence, where he met Algarotti, on whom he made a deep impression. The poet was ill; and Garrick recommended him the

* He just put down a few memoranda of English commissions for his Italian friends.

fashionable English remedy, tar-water. He also wrote home to England in favour of his verses. Knowing that the actor was to visit Bologna, Algarotti sent him letters to the leading coterie of the place—the Marquis Monvi, the Marquis Scappi, and the Cardinal Legate. "You will see," he wrote to his friends, "that his amiability is on a par with his merits."

Mr. Garrick then hurried on to Rome, where he only stayed a fortnight. He got there about the beginning of December. The night before he entered it, he hardly slept, thinking of the sensation of entering the Eternal City. As he drew near it, the excitement, and the thrill, and the suspense that have come on so many travellers, before and since, came on him; but the Porta del Popolo brought the established disappointment and *désillusionnement*. He only saw a "dirty, ill-looking '*Place*,' with three crooked streets" branching off. His spirits sank at once. But in the afternoon he was taken away to see the Pantheon, and the sight raised him into perfect enthusiasm. He said afterwards that he "never felt so much in his life." It made him "gape" with wonder and astonishment. The Colosseum delighted him: and he made the sensible remark, how infinitely better these ruins look in reality, than in pictures; while with the more modern buildings he found the reverse to be the case. The whole of his fortnight he devoted to churches, ruins, and objects of curiosity, and not to waiting on great personages.

He then posted down to Naples—a miserable journey, having come in for the heavy rains, which attended them all along the road. They suffered inconveniences and distresses that were almost ridiculous, and with which he proposed afterwards entertaining his friends

at Hampton. They arrived on the 17th, and kept Christmas charmingly, with the windows open, the Mediterranean at their feet glistening in a sultry sun, and—green peas on the table! With all their distresses the journey had improved his health, and the whole party, including the dog "Biddy," were "in the highest spirits." He was charmed with the climate, and with the people; and it is characteristic of so great an actor, that he should have found entertainment as well as profit, in going among the strange and highly dramatic beings that make up the Neapolitan lower class. There he found good models for eccentric gestures, picturesque attitudes, and that strange play of feature in which he universally excelled. The great theatre of San Carlo almost confounded him, filled as it was to the roof, and blazing with lights. But it was too large for the singer's voice. There he heard the famous Gabrielli, one of the syrens of the opera, more insolent and more fickle than the Clairon, and not to be tempted to London by any amount of English gold.

At this gay place, he met with all imaginary kindness from distinguished country people of his own. Lady Oxford, who had great influence at the Neapolitan Court, exerted herself for him in every way. With Lord and Lady Spencer, he went to see Herculaneum and its curious relics, and afterwards ascended Vesuvius. The King, who was always favourable to the English, and had a company of actors, as a mark of special favour, allowed the English actor to be present. As a yet higher compliment, he was allowed to test their extraordinary ability in this way: he was invited to write down the outline of a plot, and they engaged to

fill it up, supply dialogue, and perform the whole extempore within twenty-four hours. The feat was actually executed.

He was nearly three months at Naples. He thoroughly enjoyed himself there; for, as he said, he was now "out of their clutches" in London, and was going to "make a meal, and a good one, in Italy. I shall never return." No wonder, for never was he "in such fashion," or made so much of by the great people, who in a *villeggiatura* like this, were more familiar and gracious than at home. This was the weak corner of "Davy's" nature, and he was supremely happy. "I laugh from morning until night. *I am always with Lord Spencer, Lady Oxford, and Lord Palmerston.*" Mrs. Garrick took her share in their pastime, and would go to the parties, though she had a bad "humatiz." "I scolded and phyzed; but if she can wag, she goes." * Yet in Naples there were dreadful scenes going on, from the famine, which he remembered afterwards "with horror." But the English had their sport —two balls a week, parties, and suppers and dinners. Mr. Garrick was everywhere—at Lord Exeter's, the minister's,—the consul's. The only thing that annoys him, is that bit of "nonsense" which some indiscreet friend sent home to be inserted in the "St. James's Chronicle," "*about my dancing with the Duchess of Devonshire*"—again the old weakness, and "dearly loving of a lord or lady." Many such little inspired paragraphs, at which he "pished" a little impatiently, were to find their way to the papers during his life. Here he met Sir William Hamilton, later to be

* Forster MSS.

the husband of the fascinating Lady Hamilton. In that coterie, they had all sorts of pastimes—among others the fashionable one of "charades;" and to Sir William, he addressed a little poem, called the "Charader's Recantation," two lines of which were—

> 'If Spencer nod, or Jersey smile,
> How could I but obey."

But he was dying to be at Rome again. He thought it, of all places in the world, "the one most worth coming to and writing of." They were back there, by the beginning of April. Never was a man so much above the more debasing associates of the "shop." His whole heart was now in the antiquities, books, &c., and he was seen, from morning till night, hunting up the old curiosity shops, with Mrs. Garrick "dragging her lame leg" after her. Even the Duke of Devonshire wrote out to him from England, "rallying" him on his abandonment of the drama for the more captivating attractions of *virtù*. Rome did not agree with him so well; but when the rains began to fall—which they did "in pailfuls"—he grew better. The sun came out, and he was "as frisky as the poor flies, who were so woefully damped by the wet weather, but are now as troublesome and as pert as your humble servant." *

The Duke of York, who had been "Prince Edward" until lately, was at this time on his travels, visiting all the courts of Europe. This was the royal personage who was so fond of pleasure, and of music, who used to go out to parties in London, and play a little on the

* "I scarce know," he wrote home to "a lord," "what sensation to call it, but I felt a strange, unusual something at entering the very city where the great *Roscius* exerted those talents which rendered him the wonder of his own age," &c.

"bass viol." He seems to have been an amiable, and attractive prince, fond of the society of those below him; with a wish to be intimate with such men as Sterne and Garrick. He was treated with distinction everywhere, and loaded with honours; the courts had all their grandest shows for him. At Rome some little difficulty was found about his reception, as there was one of the Stuarts there, as Cardinal Duke of York. There was a coldness between him, and the King at home; but he consoled himself by fêtes, and music, and dancing, and at last died in the service of the pleasures he so loved, of a cold caught from excessive dancing. There was something almost pathetic in the circumstance of his death: in a lonely little principality, far away from home, whence he sent a message, taken home by an aide-de-camp, asking forgiveness from his brother. Garrick, knowing him so well, naturally adapted the stages of his tour, so as to fall in with the festivities given in honour of the Duke. He came in for some of the honours. His friend Mr. Beauclerk was also following in the august wake. Early in May, the actor reached Parma, the Duke of which court had caught some of the "Anglomanie." He had, of course, "read Shakspeare" (the fore-ordained victim for the experiments of all foreign students), and could speak English tolerably well. The English Duke entertained the prince, at the hotel Pallavacini, and had Garrick, Lord Spencer, and the Minister Tillot, as his guests. To be asked to so select a party was certainly a high compliment. After the dinner was over, the Italian Prince showed a little anxiety to hear the English fashion of declamation, and expressed his wish with so much feeling and delicacy,

that Garrick at once stood up. This proves how thoroughly the actor deserved the favours, and friendship he received, and how far above he was the almost childish sensitiveness, which too often belongs to a position so equivocal.

He gave a short sketch of the story of "Macbeth," to prepare them for the situation, and then went through his famous dagger scene. He did it with more than usual effect.* The Duke was so delighted, that he sent him, next morning, a gorgeously enamelled snuff-box, and ordered apartments for him in the palace. Snuff-boxes indeed were to be a special shape of homage to his genius. Later, when he was coming home through Germany, the Duke of Wurtemburg presented him with another, in acknowledgment of the pleasure he had received from these recitations. Long after, when Garrick was in his library at home, showing these tokens to two of his actors, one of them, Holland, broke out a little coarsely with, "And so you went about the Continent mouthing for snuff-boxes!" Garrick, with that good humour which was his characteristic, only laughed, and took not the least offence.

He then posted on to Venice, to be in time for the shows given in honour of the Duke, who had arrived on the 26th of May. That city enchanted him, as it has enchanted many, at first; but a month's stay, he said, was like a honeymoon, in bringing you to a temperate consideration of things. He was dazzled and fatigued to death with the series of shows, which

* Murphy seems to hint that no one present understood a word of what he said, which added to the triumph of the exhibition; but three at least, out of the four guests, understood English.

transcended even the wonders of the "Arabian Nights." But the famous "Regate," a specialté of Venice, astounded him. At Venice were Lord Ossory, and Mr. Beauclerk again, and Mr. Arden, a clergyman, whose house he afterwards visited in England. Venice was then a very wild and disorderly city, peopled with adventurers of all sorts. When Garrick came away his friends did not go with him; they had fallen into the hands of a gambling marquis and a Don Pepy, two adventurers, who, in one night, stripped them of ten thousand pounds. These were the days of costly follies; and fashion made the young Englishman of quality the favourite victim. The scandal took wind, and travelled all over Europe. He was now, however, beginning to grow restless and eager for home again. His heart was beginning to turn back to Drury Lane. Even in his walks on the Rialto, he fancied himself keeping an appointment with Pierre, though, strange to say, not expecting to meet a Bassanio and Antonio; for when the real Venetian nobleman came by, dressed like an attorney in one of the Spiritual Courts at York or London, the Shakspearean spell was rudely broken. He was getting models of Italian scenery made, and sending them home. He was looking out for dancers. Above all, he was naturally disquieted by the rumour of a star that had risen up in his absence, and whose brilliancy was, perhaps, magnified by distance. The name of this star was Powell, the young fellow from the Spouting Club, who, he heard, was now fascinating the town with his *Philaster*, and passing from *Philaster* through the whole round of parts. This alarming news troubled him. The success had been overwhelming. The

town was as "horn mad," as it had been in the old delightful transport of Goodman's Fields. Tall, thin, as he was, he was quite of the Barry order; and his voice in tragedy, went to all hearts, and drew abundant tears. The pit stood up, and shouted, in spite of Foote, who sat in the boxes on the first night, and affected to jeer at the whole. Somehow, wherever there is an act of grace, such as would be the welcome of a young actor, or at the Shakespere jubilee later, those sneering features are sure to be seen in the crowd.*

Garrick's uneasiness is plain to us. Yet he behaved admirably, and with true magnanimity. In Garrick's letter of advice to Powell, so often quoted, and his anxiety about his "doing *Alexander*," and "playing himself to rags," is to be seen that very pardonable dread which a really magnanimous mind often experiences, of being thought meanly jealous of a rising competitor. He, indeed, wrote that he had no joy in thinking of the stage, and affected to consider that he was to be "baited" if he returned there. But his heart, it is quite plain, was fluttering at the wings of Drury Lane.

* When Digges first appeared at the Haymarket, this ungracious man was again in the pit, and when the new actor came out as Cato, dressed in "gilt leather and black," Foote's voice was heard, "in a pretended undertone"—"A Roman chimney-sweeper on May day!" The laughter produced by this "sally" had nearly shipwrecked the actor.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS.

1764—1765.

He stayed at Venice until the middle of June. He filled in his time by ransacking the curiosity, and booksellers', shops. He was writing drawing-room verses for the Marquise Ligneville. He was still longing to be at home; and nervous as to what people were saying of him. Yet Mrs. Garrick's health was still bad, and the sciatica so violent, that he could not think of returning as yet. They had tried all the fashionable and even absurd nostrums, then in vogue. Baretti, whom he had met in Venice, asked him, "Have you forgotten the black hen?"—the same remedy that was prescribed for Sterne and Smollett at Montpelier. She had tried a Venetian plaster, but fruitlessly; and finally they both set off for the famous mud baths of Albano, near Padua, and which Baretti prophesied would certainly restore her.

The "mud baths" had the happiest effect, and she was soon able to throw away her stick. By the middle of August, they had got on to Munich, but there he was seized with a dreadful bilious attack, which kept him in bed for a month. Luckily he had an English doctor near him, who kindly broke off his own tour, to stay with him, and who gave him better remedies, than the "flayed cocks" and "black hens"

of the foreign faculty. It wasted him to the last degree, and we can see the famous Roscius, effective even in his emaciation, described comically by himself: —"I have lost legs, arms, belly, cheeks, &c., and have scarce anything left but bones, and a pair of dark lack-lustre eyes, that are retired an inch or two more in their sockets, and wonderfully set off the parchment that covers the cheek-bones." The wonderful eyes, under such conditions, must have been like fiery coals. Yet his strong constitution helped him over such an attack; perhaps, too, his native good humour, cheerfulness and buoyancy. He did not love to whine over his sufferings. "You desired me to write," he says, "and invalids will prate of their ailments." His spirits sank very low, and he had a narrow escape, indeed. In this state he wrote some lines genuine in character, but very desponding in tone, and which may be taken to be a faithful picture of his past life. He called it "His own Epitaph:"—

"Though I in frailty's mould was cast,
By passions hurried on,
Though all my days in folly passed,
No crime has blackened *one*.
Some sins I had—for who is free?
Of pride, few mortals less;
Not those, I fear, who have, like me,
Small merit with success.
One pride that with myself shall end,
That pride the world shall know,
Much-honoured Camden was my friend,
And Kenrick was my foe." *

But there was a more significant warning in his having an attack of the malady, which was later to carry him off: the malady which came of "full port" and rich living, and which carried off so many men of

* Hill MSS.

letters and delightful social gifts. He was ordered the Spa waters—to "The Spaw," as it was called—then, as now, one of the most delightful nooks of Europe; but the season was too far advanced.

During his illness, two of his best friends dropped away, that Duke of Devonshire, to whom he was so sincerely attached, and Hogarth. "The best of women and wives," as he affectionately called Mrs. Garrick, strove hard to keep such distressing news from reaching his ears; but the news of the first had nearly "cracked" his nerves. He loved the painter "in the greatest confidence." Churchill, too, was dying at Boulogne. Voltaire, receiving all the travelling world at his little retreat at Ferney, had sent him, as we have seen, a complimentary message. Garrick, on his return, intended to turn aside, and pay his homage at the shrine, but the serious illness that seized him at Munich, had weakened him so much, that he dared not tarry on the road. From Nancy he wrote his excuses to the "*Roi Voltaire*"—in scarcely one of his happiest letters. A friend, who later, was honoured with a seat beside "the King" at dinner, said that it would be the best news in the world for Mr. Garrick, to know that M. de Voltaire was in good health, and that he hoped he might write so. "No, no, sir," replied the host, "do not write an untruth, but tell him, *je suis plein d'estime pour lui.*"*

* Round the poet were a whole circle of chattering nieces and nephews. Clairon had just left, and the night before they had played one of the host's own dramas at the private theatre. Every one was vociferating her praises, absolutely dinning the ears of the Englishman. Voltaire sat in the centre, placidly nodding now and again, and signifying his approval. The whole is one of many characteristic pictures to be found in the bulky Garrick correspondence.

He reached Paris again, about October, 1764—in a very shattered condition. His pleasant French friends could hardly recognise him, until he spoke. But in the delightful Paris air, he began to mend at once, to fill in, and grow round, until, in about a fortnight, he could pass for a tolerable Frenchman. It was wonderful indeed, how he got through; for, as he said humorously, he had been under no less than eight physicians, two of whom had been English—one perhaps Dr. Gem, of Paris. Three German and three French doctors were indeed a variety of medical aid. The French prescribed *l'exercise de cheval, beaucoup de dissipation*, and the universal James's Powder—which, curiously enough, was later to kill Sterne and Goldsmith. Not much had taken place in his absence. But there were letters waiting for him, with more news of Powell's success—scarcely a pleasant medicine.

Powell had gone from one triumph to another. *Philaster* was his great part, after which came *Posthumus* in "Cymbeline." He then applied himself to study hastily, and produce in succession, a whole round of characters of which he knew nothing. It made no difference—the crowds came—it was the fashion to go and hear Mr. Powell, and there were even plenty to say, that *here was Mr. Garrick's successor*, and that the loss of that great actor was more than repaired. There were plenty, too, to let him know of this good news. Now Lacy, with an almost spiteful congratulation, recorded as spitefully by Davies, bade him by no means abridge his tour, but enjoy himself as long as possible away, for the house was always crammed, and not even "Mr. Garrick's own most principal parts had brought more money."

This was enough to trouble any mind. What man of any profession, statesman, orator, lawyer, doctor, thus comforted, and assured that another, in his absence, had leaped up into his place, but would not be disquieted and alarmed? He could scarcely be expected to encourage enthusiastically, so dangerous a rival, whose success was not partnership, but sure dethronement. Powell had written to him, in the midst of all this triumph, an exceeding modest and temperate letter, in which he acknowledged his obligation to "his best friend. For you, sir, laid the foundation of all, by your kind care of me during the course of last summer, and have put within my view the prospect of future happiness for me, my wife, and little infants, who are daily taught to bless your name, as the best of friends." Garrick's answer was in the same excellent taste, and written in perfect sincerity. "The news of your great success," he wrote to him from Paris, "gave me a most sensible pleasure—the continuance of that success will be in your own power;" and then begs that he will give leave "to an older soldier" to hint a little advice, which he will answer for being sincere, at least—"which in a brother actor is no small merit." The gratitude of Powell for those small hints had attached Garrick to him. "I have not always met gratitude in a playhouse;" a truth of which he was to have yet more convincing experience, during the next few years. Then followed his excellent advice. He was afraid that Powell's good nature to his brother actors—thus delicately did he put it—had driven him into too many characters, a little precipitately. However, he had succeeded, and now was the time to make sure, by study, of the ground he had gained.

He warned him against clubs and flatterers. Should he ever sink by idleness, "those friends who have made you idle, will be the first to forsake you. When the public has marked you for a favourite (and their favour must be purchased with sweat and labour), you may choose what company you please, and none but the best can be of service to you.... But above all, never let your Shakspere be out of your hands or your pocket; keep him about you, as a charm; the more you read him, the more you will like him, and the better you will act him. One thing more, and then I will finish my preaching. Guard against the splitting the ears of the groundlings, who are capable of nothing but dumb show and noise. Do not sacrifice your taste and feeling, to the applause of the multitude. A true genius will convert an audience to his manner, rather than be converted by them to what is false and unnatural." Advice of inestimable price, and more valuable than gold, to every player, who should study, and take it to heart. And this was all genuine and disinterested; for though he was also writing home, nervously perhaps, to know of Powell's progress, what he said was all to the same effect. "I am very angry with Powell, for playing that detestable part of *Alexander;* every genius must despise such fustian. If a man can act it well—*I mean, to please the people—he has something in him that a good actor should not have.* He might have served Pritchard and himself too, in some good natural character. I hate your roarers. Damn the part. I fear it will hurt him." Colman was Powell's friend, and all this would of course be told to him. After Powell's letter had reached him, he still said: "Powell's playing himself to rags astonishes me. What can be the meaning of

it. Damn *Alexander*. O horrible! horrible! Delane got credit by that stuff. Damn it, I say again. Advise him to study hard. 'I rejoice in his success."

Another might have conscientiously allowed the new actor to go on in his own course; and perhaps might have found it his interest, to let him rant on, until he had tired out the town. But Garrick had a surprising control over all the meaner inclinations; and though he might have felt disquieted, and perhaps a little jealous, which was only natural, had trained himself, at any sacrifice, to *do* what was the right thing. The result proved his wisdom. The banker's clerk, after doing what he could, *did* illustrate the truth that little gratitude was to be found in a playhouse. Writing to his friend Colman, he himself, said Garrick, had now lost all taste for the stage, and had grown cold. But this was the indifference of illness—perhaps, too, a little petulance at the desire for his return being not so loudly expressed, as he could have wished. If the town wished for him, he said, he was ready to be their humble servant again; though she was a "great coquette;" and "I want youth, vigorous youth, to bear up against *her occasional capriciousness.*"*

His horse exercise did him much good. Of his friend's interest he was taking care. Colman had lost

* Here was the soreness, and again he hinted at the same thing. "I find by a poem of poor Churchill's, that the town is very angry at my leaving them. They must be pleased again."—*Forster MSS.* But Churchill's compliments were two-edged. He had said, indeed :—

"Garrick abroad! what motives can engage—
To waste one couplet on the barren stage."

But then, he added, that men of real sense

"Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since thou hast left a Powell in thy place."

a couple of thousand pounds, by a wild baronet, called Dashwood—whose profligacies and extravagances were the talk of Paris. He was nervous about his money, and thought of suing his debtor before the French courts; and Garrick took up the matter with an ardour, and practical purpose, that is truly admirable. He worked hard for this view; secured the aid of Elie de Beaumont, the famous advocate; tracked the wild baronet about Paris, who was "on his keeping" as it were, and tried even to surprise him at the "Clairon's." He was always indefatigable for his friends. Monnet, the unlucky speculator in French actors for the public of London, was bringing out an elegant Anthology, and anxious to secure a market in London. His friend, thinking of doing him some good, wrote earnestly home to Colman, to have a Paris letter full of items of news, inserted in one of the daily papers, in which the trumpet might be blown handsomely,—and he actually took the trouble of writing a long letter of news, in an assumed character, to bring in this subject. It was characteristic of his nervousness about popular opinion in London, that he should hint to Colman to add a line about himself. It might be something in this key, he said; "Our little stage hero looks better than he did." It might be grave, ludicrous, or joking; but mention of him there was to be.* Colman took up the idea with an unfortunate ardour. He represented the town and theatre as longing for its Roscius. He "overdid it." Such delicate offices are

* This indiscreet but very natural, little proceeding is thus commented on by Peake, Colman's biographer: "Alas! dwells there such little souls in great men? Oh, Garrick, Garrick! that any man of true worth, whether fully aware of his established fame or not, should forget the dignity of genius and descend to this!"

indeed hard to execute. It was too full of praise; Garrick was scared. He was sure it would be set down—and naturally so—to his inspiration. He said —what was perfectly true—that he had never in his life "praised himself knowingly." There was a comic awkwardness, too, in the whole business. Garrick had written to some of his friends, that he was thin enough to go through the tumbler's hoop at Sadler's Wells. The newspaper correspondent at Paris, speaking of "our little stage hero," said the same thing. "The Devil was in you to mention *that*," he wrote over, with good-humoured impatience, at the likelihood of detection. These tricks were an incurable weakness, and attended his every social attitude. It was only "off the stage he was acting."

Very soon he had converted French admiration into the warmest friendship. Marmontel would sign himself "the most tender and devoted of his friends," and had written some charming lines to him, in imitation of Churchill. He made the Marquis de Brancas get up little dinners, on days named by Roscius himself. The finest company in Paris were invited to meet him. The poet was even anxious that they should go together in the same carriage. Naturally Garrick was proud of such homage, from such a man, and sent home copies of the letter. No less honourable to him, is the universal and affectionate popularity with which he was regarded by men of this stamp; and it is a fresh proof of his wonderful sense and tact, that he should have been able to triumph over English diffidence and awkwardness, and over that French prejudice which is disinclined to make any exertion whatever, to understand; and thus converted into firm and practical friends

an admiring society, not celebrated for sincerity or warmth of feeling. Garrick, in a few weeks, was as much at home as any trained Frenchman. Long after, the traces of this intimacy remained. Diderot wrote to him always as "*cher et amiable Roscius*;" "My dear Shakspeare;" and there was a tone of affection in all their *souvenirs* of him, which shows what a deep impression he had left.

His intimacy, too, with these friends was of the most pleasant sort. His good spirits, and the dramatic turn of his humour, which took the shape of facial imitation, and little social "buffooneries," were welcome in company, where Crébillon and Sterne, had made their odd "convention." The tradition of the agreeable Englishman was long kept up, and many little stories about him preserved. One of his friends was De la Place, who edited the *Mercure*, and on this gentleman he used to "drop in" nearly every morning; and, while the other went on with his work, would "chat" very pleasantly. One morning, he found the editor busy correcting proofs for a number, that was a little late. Garrick offered to help, and sitting down snatched up a sheet. He presently started up with a cry. He had discovered that the French verses he was correcting, were a translation of some lines of his own. The editor protested this could not be, as he had taken them from an old portfolio, where he kept "odds and ends," and that he himself had written them a dozen or so of years previously. A very amusing dialogue followed, which is a faithful picture of Garrick's excited and dramatic conversation. The editor said it must be a mere coincidence, to which there were many parallels; but the other protested

against the ridicule to which its publication in Paris would expose him in England. The editor sympathised with his distress; but the question was, what was to be the remedy? "Mon cher Garrick," he said, "there is no time to substitute another article, the press is waiting; and there is the cost——"—"I will pay it cheerfully," said the actor, laying down two or three louis d'ors on the desk. He went away delighted and happy, to drive out with Baron D'Holbach. A few days later, De la Place made up a little dinner "to celebrate the winning of a wager," and invited Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, Marivaux and Moncrif. They were to have "green oysters," and "*un chapon au gros sel.*" Very soon the subject of the wager, and the name of the loser were noisily demanded. "The subject," said the host, "was a song." "And the loser?" asked Garrick. "Yourself," said the host. The company were delighted at this little "niche," which had been artfully prepared, in reprisal for some little tricks of the same quality, which the English actor had been practising. The song had been translated, and printed expressly.*

Allowing for a little exaggeration, we may accept from the same authority another little social adventure. He had told M. De la Place the story of Hogarth's portrait of Fielding; the rather improbable story, of how he had sat to the painter, and imitated the face of the departed humorist. The engraving had come to Paris as the frontispiece to the "works," and La Place told it to a sarcastic Intendant, by whom it was received

* This story is to be found in the entertaining "Pièces Intéressantes," collated by "M. D. L. P."—letters which stand for Monsieur De la Place—vol. iv. p. 339.

with incredulity. "I shall come and see you in the morning," said the intendant, "and you shall show me this wonderful picture." De la Place detected an intention of making capital at his expense, became alarmed, and went to his friend Garrick to concert a plan. The next day, when the sceptical intendant, his back to the fire, was scoffing openly at the legend, and looking contemptuously at the picture, a solemn voice came from behind a shutter, "Gaze now on the real Fielding," and the amazed intendant saw before him a living head, the original of the portrait he held in his hand. The scene, we are told by the editor, finished by all sorts of "compliments and embraces."

We see him in other directions, in an attitude as significant and agreeable, leaning on the back of a chair, at D'Holbach's, watching with absorbed interest, while the quick, lively Abbé Morellet keeps up a discussion, with animated and excited gestures. He delighted in this Frenchman's warmth—and the little "spasms" with which he illustrated his talk.* Mrs. Garrick also came in for admiration, from the "gallant nation," but it was of the most respectful sort. De la Place called her a *charmante épouse*, and considered her one of the most captivating women in England; but adds, with characteristic *naïveté*, "*though* entirely devoted to her husband." In the letters that streamed on him for years after, from these kind Parisians, there were ever affectionate remembrances for her. Monnet, who wrote the most marvellous English for a Frenchman, would send his regards over and over again, and all exhausted kindliness in the most delicate

* Morellet's Memoirs.

and affectionate compliments. "Some will give for a model," he wrote, "a Venus of Medici, and more a Mistress Garrick; and how justly, everybody knows it, that was happy enough to see her." "*Mille respects et j'ose le dire, mille sentimens d'affection à votre chère épouse*," wrote the engraver Gravelot. In short, a tone, amazing in the mouths of Frenchmen, and clearly inspired by the deep respect and esteem they entertained for her and her husband, prevailed among all. Gibbon's message to her is worthy of being noticed, not so much as an elegant compliment, but a true testimony to this universal esteem. "May I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Garrick? By this time she has probably discovered the philosopher's stone. *She has long possessed a more valuable secret, that of gaining the hearts of all who have the happiness of knowing her.*" Sterne, who was at the Tuileries gardens, and saw all their beauties, said she could annihilate them "in a single turn."

Her name became associated in an odd way with the unfortunate Lally, who, just as he was setting out for Pondicherry, dined at her apartment in Paris, to meet a party of distinguished persons. Of the company was an old officer, *à bons mots*, whose wit was much relished, but sadly interfered with by the tortures of a gouty rheumatism. During the dinner, he was as often on the verge of crying, as of laughing. Some one recommended him a strange remedy—"the grease of a hanged person, to be well rubbed in!" Where was this to be procured? He was gravely told, "at Charlot's, the hangman, who lives in the Rue Villeneuve." The party was gay, and it was proposed to undertake a droll expedition at once, and visit the

executioner. Carriages were ordered, and Lally actually carried off the old militaire, crying, shrieking, and laughing, in his coach. Charlot received them with all respect, gave them his grease, and then exhibited his "Cabinet of Natural History"—a collection of ropes, gibbets, wheels, racks, &c., which were all looked at with great interest. He then went to a little case, and pulling out a cord, showed it to Lally. "The other things," he said, "are for the poor, the low blackguards, and beggars; but this would be for *you*, my Lord, who are a person of honour." He meant a compliment in his own way. The company were greatly diverted, and no one so much as M. Lally; but not two years later, when the Governor of Pondicherry had come home, and was executed, the circumstance was recollected as an omen, and Garrick in London was reminded of it.

The list that could be made out of his friends is something wonderful. He was fortunate enough to meet Beaumarchais, who called him his dear M. Garike, and who paid him and Mrs. Garike, the compliment of saying, that they had both assisted him in his "Barber of Seville;" she by her *sourires fins*, Garrick by valuable hints for the management of the business. That of showing one of the characters asleep, was his suggestion. Ducis, the translator, confided to him that he was busy with his notorious mangling of Shakspeare. With some affectation, Garrick declined to meet the Abbé Le Blanc, who had written disparagingly of Shakspeare. Greuze, the most delicate and airy of painters, offered to paint him a picture, which, with the refinement with which Frenchmen know how to enhance a present, was

to reach him *au moment que vous y penserez le moins*. A young artist took the trouble of painting a whole series of theatrical portraits, including Preville, Clairon, Le Kain, &c., about a dozen in number; and with much humility and hesitation sent them to him in London, asking only an engraving of the actor in return. Preville, Suard, and Goy, would sup together, toast their English friend, and talk over his perfections. Riccoboni called him "the *dearling* of her heart;" Favart, a pleasant and witty Frenchman, seemed really to love him; and when the actor's picture reached him (they all had Garrick hung up in their rooms) he turned these pretty rhymes:—

" Est-ce toi, cher Garrick? et l'art de la peinture
Offre-t-il à mes yeux le Roscius Anglois?
Tu changes à ton gré, de forme et de figure:
Mais ton cœur ne change jamais!
Si l'artiste eût pû rendre, avec des traits de flamme,
L'amitié, la franchise, et l'amour du bienfait,
Esprit, goût, sentimens, génie, enfin ton âme,—
J'aurois reconnu ton portrait."

Which may be freely rendered, as follows:—

" This you, my dear Garrick! the skill of the painter
Recalls the dear traits, with cunning so strange;
You may change that bright face, its lines may grow fainter,
But the heart that we love so, you *never* can change.
Thy goodness and love, could the artist express,
Thy heart and its frankness—in colours of flame,
The aim of the painter we'd readily guess,
And call out, at once, thy well-cherished name!"

These were not mere words of course, or French lacquer. Gibbon, twelve years later—a space during which the sparkling flames of French friendship might have sunk down into ashes—still heard the *salons* echoing with regrets and wishes for his return, and sometimes heard them exclaim, with the good-natured vanity which constitutes no unamiable part of

French character, "*ce Monsieur Garrick étoit fait pour vivre parmi nous.*" All these good Frenchmen sing in the same key, whether they write in their own language, or struggle through comic English, and invoke Shakspeare—or address their letters to "Sous-ampton-st., à Londres"—or to "Ladelfi."

The French stage at this time was not flourishing. The Opera House had been burnt down, and the singers were playing at the Tuileries, in a "provisory" *salle*, lent by the King. The year before, Sterne had found them all "bewitched with the comic opera," and the taste still remained. In the more regular drama the taste was for the heavy classical drama, based on heroic stories, and set out with stilted and declamatory language—in feeble imitation of their great models, Racine and Corneille. The French Theatre, too, its actors, actresses, and their doings off the stage, were now a large element of interest in Paris society. Their quarrels, and almost indecent wranglings; their scandals; their battles with the Government; their intrigues; were the delight and gossip of the town. But most eyes were turned to "the Clairon," the wonderful actress, a true power on the stage, and whose waywardness, insolence, and extravagant behaviour off it, piqued and at the same time amused the crowd. Her open battles with her rival, Dumesnil, whom some preferred to her, must have reminded Garrick of the old skirmishes at home between Clive and Woffington. The airs of the two Frenchwomen; their caprices; their insolence; their "sulks," and sudden "retirements;" their *rentrées*, quite as sudden; are delightful to read, as they be now read in a minute journal, which was kept for years, of all the Paris

trifling and nonsense. It was welcome to the public that laughed at, and despised them. Like her friend Garrick, she often practised the trick of sudden withdrawals and retirements, with a view of making her absence felt. She was a great actress, and worthy of her reputation. Though her figure was short, also like Garrick, it was remarked, that she appeared of full height. Her voice was harsh, but she had actually trained her audience to admire the strange "glapissements," and "charnel-house" mouthings to which she was partial. The motions of her head, hands, and arms, were all full of dignity, and her walk was majestic; yet she was delicate, or given out to be delicate, and even when attached to the theatre did not perform often. Her picture was sent to Garrick a few years later, and gives us a glimpse of what acting on the French stage then was, and, indeed, always will be. "Clairon," wrote over a clever Dane, with a wonderful command of language, "inspired every passion, and, I daresay, felt none. . . . She goes through a number of opposite feelings, soft melancholy, despair, languid tenderness, raving, fury, scorn, and melting love. She is wonderful at these transitions. Where an inferior actress, from an intense grief, would at some lucky event, jump on a sudden, to a giddy joy, she, though exulting in her new-born hopes, keeps always the dark colour of sorrow. . . . She never puts off the woman: in the midst of violent rage, she is always the tender female. . . . Yates should have attempted this part of her acting, rather than throw her arms akimbo. . . . she has too much of the virago, is never tender, never in love, sometimes of no sex. Then a shrill cry, disagreeable like physical pain.

She is quite free from the tragical hiccup so epidemic in France. When she beat her forehead with such a cloudy look, and such a cry, we were all aghast." This is excellent and most skilful painting. The Dumesnil was preferred by Walpole. She was not so stilted nor so "grand" as the Clairon, but was more versatile and natural. Her success was said to be interfered with, by an almost habitual intoxication, and at the wing, there was always a valet standing with fatal refreshment. Of the men, there was the young Molé, who did the airy, dandy, Marquis to perfection; Dubois, strong in pathos; Bonneval; and Dangeville, who played the country bumpkin, and the character called *Niais*, only known to the French; and Armand, who played the *Valet* of the old plays—like Garrick's own *Sharp*.

Men of greater mark were Le Kain, Grandval, and Belcour. The two latter were the regular *jeunes premiers*, or rather the dashing gallants of the English comedy; and it was remarked that their conquests off the stage, gave them both a triumphant and almost insolent air, in their own proper domain. Le Kain was not then so famous as he was to become later; he had a wretched figure, and a harsh voice. There were two parties, half the public thinking him detestable and unendurable, the other half considering him perfection. Last of all, there was Preville, the comedian, not of France, but of all the world, who, by the way he affected Sterne, and all English who saw him, must have been the most elegant and comic of all actors, and the precursor of the modern schools of the Lemaitres and others, who are to be seen nowhere but on the French boards. The type, in

short, of the most exquisite comedy without "low" buffoonery; the most boisterous, yet regulated farce; the most active, yet the most tempered gesture; the wildest play of voice and feature, yet without grimacing; the height of comedy, with yet an undercurrent of tragedy; in short, that wonderful combination, which reached its perfection in such marvellous acting as the famous conception of "Robert Macaire" and the "Gamin de Paris." But in the appreciation of artists who are new to us, there is always a gradual progress. Garrick at last grew to be enraptured with these great artists. The less critical Sterne had been enchanted with this wonderful player. "Preville, thou art Mercury himself!" Among Garrick's papers is a sort of photograph of this actor, done with an exceeding nicety of touch; and the mere description of this surprising acting, is in itself entertaining to read. "His face is very round, and his features, when unanimated, have no marks of drollery. He is, though one of the most spirited comedians I ever saw, *by nature* of a grave cast of mind. . . . His eyes were rather of the sleepy kind, and very happily express, with the raising of his brow, and opening of his mouth, folly, confusion, and amazement; and when he is to be angry, he can throw such a ridiculous vivacity into his eyes, that you see a weak cowardly mind bustling up to a resolution which he can never attain; and his anger subsides as ridiculously as it is raised. In the *Mercure Galant*, he took six parts. In the first he is a miserable, half-starved, sneaking compound of flattery and absurdity," &c.

Garrick's friendship with Madame Clairon strengthened every day. The year before Vanloo had painted her, a poet had written verses upon her, and both verses

and engraving had been published. It was now given out that Mr. Garrick, her admirer, was having a medal struck in her honour: and, as of course, verses were sent round:

"Sur l'inimitable Clairon,
On va frapper, dit on,
Un medaillon," &c.

He employed Gravelot, a famous artist, to design a picture of the actress, representing her as Tragedy, crowned by Melpomene, and leaning on a pile of the works of French authors. It was his own idea. It was called "The Prophecy," in allusion to a prediction of her future greatness, made by him at his first visit, and underneath was a quatrain from the same "hand," curious as French verses, written by an Englishman. He wrote them down after one of the Clairon suppers; they ran:—

"J'ai prédit que Clairon illustreroit la scène,
Et mon esprit n'a point été déçu;
Elle a couronné Melpomène,
Melpomène lui rend ce qu'elle en a reçu."

The following year it came out; and it is an amusing instance of French sensitiveness, to find the younger Crebillon complaining of a slight to his father, in having his works put lowest in the pile of volumes on which she was leaning. Yet these were Voltaire's, Racine's, and Corneille's. The Clairon admirers were so delighted with this homage, that they formed themselves into a society called "The Order of the Medal," with the portrait reproduced, and wore it at public places.

He himself had to sit over and over again. Carmontelle's picture of him was a happy, and truly French, idea. He represented the comic Garrick

opening a folding door, and looking in at the tragic Garrick. While he sat for this portrait, his behaviour is described as being as entertaining as a play. He very soon grew tired and impatient, and then amused himself and "intrigued" the painter by wonderful changes of countenance—passing imperceptibly from sadness to gaiety, and from gaiety to the deepest gloom. Other painters were often made the heroes of this little scene. Two years later—time enough for him to have passed from the minds of the French—his picture was in all the windows, pirated from Reynolds's well-known allegorical picture. Only by an amusing blunder, it was labelled "*L'Homme entre le Vice et la Vertu.*" Already Le Moine, the sculptor, was busy with his bust, which was later regularly "published" in terra cotta and other shapes. And another engraving of him by Cochin, was afterwards sent out. These are certain testimonies of popularity.

Towards the end of March, 1765, he was really meditating his return, and still nervously putting questions as to the pulse of the town: Were they talking of him—calling out for him—or "cool about their humble servant?" But the doctors were firm—loud against his ever appearing again. "*I have no maw for it, at all.* I must entreat you to be very sincere with me." Here again, were more "tricks," and a sham unconcern. Still something should be done to restore the credit of the house. He felt too, he was able, "to play as well as ever," but still he neither "could, must, nor will." All this shows a very harmless and pardonable anxiety and restlessness. The man who was the "Roscius" of England and the "dear David Shakspeare" of Paris,

would naturally be anxious about his reputation. He was growing more troubled about the accounts of Powell;—whether he had a hold on the town, to which he could not be indifferent. Travellers coming to Paris reported to him that the new favourite was "bawling" and "roaring." Was he "getting sense," or "turning topsy-turvy, like all the rest?" This nervousness is quite intelligible. It had begun to flash upon him suddenly, that this popularity, combined with the fancied indifference to his own return, was really dangerous. A man of such mercurial humour was likely to write as he felt. This feeling at last took such a curious hold of him, that he took an injudicious step, and, as it proved, a very profitless one. On the principle called the *sifflet à succès*, well known to the French claque, of "hissing" a failing singer, who yet enjoys the respect of the audience, and thus provoking a reaction in favour, he had been busy at a stupid satire on himself, which he hoped would at least cause him to be talked of, and rouse the dormant sympathy of the public. He was at work writing a poor pasquinade upon his own return, "The Sick Monkey." It was meant to "intrigue" the town—rouse friends and enemies, or at least make him the subject of conversation. "Severe upon myself," he wrote of it; but this was scarcely a fair description. He reckoned curiously upon its effect, and he had Gravelot to engrave a picture for it. It was a marvellous mystery, but "for Heaven's sake, all were to take care and be secret!" He was rather pleased with the notion, and "shall continue so," until undeceived. There was a dreadful "hit" in it at Dr. Hill and the College of Physicians; and the whole was to be kept

in the very darkest mystery and secrecy. Becket was to print it, but not for the world to set his name to it, for fear of giving a clue. Yet with all these preparations, when the satire appeared, it excited no notice, and fell "still-born." Such is very often the short-sightedness of clever men. Even the letters home relating to the matter were to be burnt carefully, for "fear of wetting the powder of our squib." After all these precautions, such a result must have been mortifying.

It was now come to Easter Sunday. He was getting more and more eager to be in London. From a passage in one of his letters, he would seem to have been quite determined to resume as manager, not as actor; for Colman had been silent as to what he thought was the state of the public pulse. The London public—like every other—was in truth indifferent, once its favourite was absent. When Mr. Beauclerk reported to him in Paris that when he saw Powell play last, there was a falling off, we can almost detect a little relief, under his anxiety, at the news. "Be sincere upon that head," he writes. "What, all my children! I fear he has taken a wrong turn. Have you advised him? Do you see him? Is he grateful? Is he modest, or is he conceited and undone?" After all, this is but human nature.

There were inducements still to keep him in Paris. The Royal Princes were heaping him with honours. His doings were of such interest, that it went round that he was busy writing a play on the model of Preville's "Frenchman in London."* But it is sur-

* The lively French diarist, Bachaumont, took down this rumour, on one of the little scraps of paper, which went round the *salons*.—See the amusing *Mémoires Sécrets*, vol. ii., p. 178.

prising that he did not wait to see the issue of a strange scandal in his own profession, which broke out on the eve of his departure from Paris, when the Paris coteries had indeed something to gossip over.

A certain actor, called Dubois, whose chief claim to merit was being father of a pretty actress, had, on some legal quibble, refused to pay his doctor's bill. This came to the ears of Clairon, who, sensitive as to the honour of her order, roused all the comedians to resent the disgrace. With all her wild doings, there was a gallantry and spirit about this queen of the stage, with which it is impossible not to sympathise. She made them join in requiring his dismissal. But the daughter had a patron in the Duc de Fronsac, who obtained an order from the king that he should remain. Then followed an extraordinary scene. When the curtain was about to rise, the next night, all the actors were in open mutiny. Molé, Le Kain, Dauberval, and finally Clairon, refused to play. The audience were thrown into a fury. There were shouts heard of "Clairon to prison!" The police had to be called in.

This foolish proceeding was welcomed by the town with delight, now rather famished for want of real nutriment. It absorbed all attention. Nothing was talked of but this "affaire." All the engines of court intrigue, ministers, back-stairs, royalty itself was moved and worked on one side or the other; and finally, it will hardly be credited, the leading actors were summarily arrested, and lodged in prison. Last of all, the haughty Clairon was carried away by a police officer, but went triumphantly to her jail, in the carriage of the wife of the Intendant of Paris. She

protested on her way, that the king could do what he pleased with her property and her life, with everything excepting *her honour*. The town was delighted with the wit of the police officer, who was sitting opposite her. "*Vous avez bien raison, mademoiselle; où il n'y a rien, le Roi perd ses droits.*" The men actors soon struck, except Le Kain and Molé. One of them had to make a humiliating apology to the audience; every night they were brought from prison to the theatre to play, and taken back again after the performance. But the indomitable Clairon held out, as indeed she well might, for her imprisonment was a triumph. Rooms were sumptuously furnished for her. The road to the prison was blocked with the lines of carriages, and she gave the most charming little suppers.

Garrick had left about the 20th of April, and was then almost at the "Table Royale" at Calais. We may be certain, had he stayed, his advice would have averted the storm. Molé, acknowledging his kindness, and the interest he had taken in the affair, wrote from his prison, to borrow two hundred louis—a rather serious loan—a request that Garrick did not notice for some weeks, when he would appear to have written, offering assistance of an amount something less. Le Kain wrote to him also; each boasted of his firmness, and talked loftily of sacrificing everything to honour. But they, too, soon made terms for themselves, and the brave and impetuous Clairon was the only one that held out, and did battle with Court and Ministers and the whole public. Soon, a prey to rage and fretting over her treatment, she fell sick, and had to be released. She demanded her *congé*, and said she would never act again. Ministers knew not how to

deal with her, and indeed this contest with a wilful woman made them supremely ridiculous. She went from one fainting fit to the other, and her enemies then maliciously sent round to her, that the great Garrick, now in London, had told "Miladi Holland" that he preferred the Dumesnil's acting. She did not believe the story; her bitter letter to him, telling her sufferings and her projects, is highly characteristic. She said she was determined to sacrifice "her vengeance" to that one motive, the enfranchising of her profession from being subject to this degrading restraint. Sooner than "give in, she was determined to die—to bear all persecutions." She inveighed against Molé and Le Kain, who had betrayed her,—men for whom she had begun the battle, and who had left her to fight it out alone. Le Kain was under a load of obligation to her—a pension she had procured for him—an increase of salary for his wife, with many more benefits. "Good-bye, dear friend," she closed her letter with, "think of me sometimes; make your dear wife do the same; and come back to us as soon as you can."* Garrick's reply was an offer of five hundred guineas! A princely generosity. Well might Voltaire turn to his satellites, and ask if there was a Marshal or Duke in all France, who would imitate such an act.

Ministers were obliged to yield in this unworthy struggle. She was allowed to retire to Geneva, where was Tronchin, the great doctor. There she dazzled and charmed Voltaire. But after this she never rallied in

* Yet with characteristic generosity, she forgot this treatment of her by Molé, and later went about getting money for his benefit.

health or popularity. The public found that she was determined to try the device that her friend Garrick had tried with his public, and by absence and coquetting make them miss her; but she kept it up so long that they forgot her. Then came neglect and mortification. She offered to play before the king as a special favour, who sent her word that he was very well content with the present actresses. Yet it is impossible not to sympathise with her wayward but gallant spirit, and her last letter to her true English friend is almost pathetic, showing illness, and hopelessness, and a broken spirit.*

It was such natures as this that Garrick drew to him, and such natures as this that could appreciate him.

Thus had he established his name, fame, and credit in Paris. There he was long after thought of, regretted, and respected. Preville, the comedian, with whom he had played droll freaks, both astonishing the inhabitants of villages near Paris, with a surprising imitation of drunkenness, which brought out Garrick's criticism, that his friend was not "drunk enough in the legs," long after thought of him, and inquired about him, and gave imitations of him, and talked fondly over him at suppers, with Foote and others.† Yet from Preville he later withdrew his friendship, on account of a disgraceful life the latter was leading, and we can

* "Since April I have been daily between life and death; and the day that the Abbé Bontemps handed me the gauze which your sweet wife sent me, I was so bad I could not thank him. I can hardly see, hear, or move from one chair to another. Death would be a thousand times less pitiable than my condition. *But my heart is still whole, and, filled with gratitude, loves you both for ever and ever, and longs but for one thing in this world—some way of proving it to you. M. Cailhava will tell you the rest. I can write no more. Adieu!*"

† Angelo's Memoirs.

read the Frenchman's contrite letter announcing reform, and in warm terms imploring a renewal of the old intimacy and friendship. A nature with such influence must have been respected, as well as loved, and Garrick might well look back to his stay abroad, to the roll of friendships he had formed, to the brilliant impressions he had left of himself, as a delightful memory, honourable alike to his character and to the profession of which he was the ornament.

But if he had made many new friends, he was to return, and find many gaps in the old ranks. Though he followed his friend Johnson's wise counsel of "keeping friendships in repair," it was hard to supply the place of a valiant henchman like Churchill, or of a true and early friend, like Hogarth. He took infinite pains with an epitaph for Hogarth, and I find among his papers many attempts—

"If neither charm thee, turn away,
"For Hogarth's honest dust is here."
"Hogarth, pride of both lies here."

Johnson was consulted. But he seems to have condemned all in a blunt, discouraging way, except one happy expression—"*pictured morals.*" Garrick adopted all hints, cut away many stanzas, and as it now stands the epitaph is above the average:—

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art.
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay—
If nature touch thee, drop a tear—
If neither moves thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

THE MAN OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER I.

RE-APPEARANCE.—"THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE."

1765—1766.

He was now in London once more, arriving, as the newspapers gave out, on the afternoon of Thursday, April 27, 1765. He was infinitely improved both in health, and spirits, and tone of mind, and from this time, if we can detect less interest in the theatre, and in plays, he seems to take a higher place in social life, and, with the aid of his continental training, to assume a leading part in all the coteries and clubs. From this date, we begin to hear more of Garrick's esprit and Garrick's wit; and, indeed, it would be impossible for one to have come fresh from D'Holbach, and Diderot, and Morellet, without catching some of their pleasant ways and manners. But he seemed fixed in his determination not to play again. Some friends congratulated him on this resolve, others tried to dissuade him.

He spent the summer among his friends; now with Mrs. Cibber, at Woodhay, who with her parrot and her dogs, was eager that he and "sweet Mrs. Garrick" should come to her. Her health was very bad, but she looked forward to joining him at Christmas, and "entering the favourite mare Belvidera,"

an entry that was never to be made. Burke, too, was eager for his company, promising him true farmer's fare—fowls from his own poultry yard, and beef of his own rearing—early hours, boiled mutton, drowsy conversation, and a little clabber milk.

"I congratulate my dear David," wrote Hoadly, "on coming to a resolution, and, however the public may suffer, hope you will continue to enjoy the sweets of retirement with your sweet woman." But he did not know David well—nor, indeed, human nature—if he fancied such congratulations could be accepted with pleasure. Friends, who knew the actor better, were at work. The King, with whom he always kept up a sort of relation through friends about the Court, was induced to make a most flattering remonstrance, and a request. Mr. Garrick must not retire. Would he not appear again at his Majesty's request? This was, indeed, a compliment, and was duly published abroad. Mr. Garrick could not refuse his sovereign. He gave way. But he took a judicious step before his *rentrée:* he carefully reviewed such characters of his where Powell had made a reputation, and discarded any in which he found himself weak, retaining only *Lusignan*, *Lothario*, and *Leon*. Another would have entered in a wild competition, and disdained the notion of inferiority. Then came the new season, and he once more opened his theatre on September 14th, with "The Beggar's Opera."

As he looked back, towards the close of his life, to many distant nights of triumph and glitter, on none could his thoughts have rested with such pleasure, as that fourteenth of November; when the King sat in the royal box, and the house was crammed to the ceiling, all London having come to see their favourite

reappear, after his long absence and travels. The tumult of welcome that greeted him, the plaudits sustained and gradually swelling into shouts, then an unusual form of welcome, must have told him what a hold he had upon their hearts. Such approbation, now grown tolerably cheap, had then a double value. He remained silent for a time—then advanced and spoke, with infinite point and gaiety, some lines he had written to introduce himself. They are in that vein of personality which, even when it has its own speaker for an object, is scarcely in the best taste, and must lessen respect. But the archness of his manner, and roguish play of feature, carried all off, and kept the audience in one flow of merriment.

" 'I am told,—what flattery to my heart—that you
Have wished to see me—nay, have pressed it, too.
I, like a boy who long had truant played,
No lessons got, no exercises made,
On Bloody Monday takes his fearful stand,
And often eyes the birchen-sceptered hand.
* * * * *
A very nine-pin, I my stage life through,
Knocked down by wits, set up again by you.
In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?
To prove it is, permit me to repeat
What late I heard, in passing through the street.
A youth of parts, with ladies by his side,
Thus cock'd his glass, and through it, shot my pride.
' 'Tis he, by Jove!—grown quite a clumsy fellow;
He's fit for nothing but a Punchinello;
O yes, for comic secrets—Sir John—no further;
He's much too fat for battles, rapes, and murther.'
Worn with the service, you my faults will spare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.
The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
Fights o'er in prattle all his former wars,*
Though past the service, may the young ones teach
To march, present, to fire, and mount the breach.

* Is there not here a hint of another pensioner, who "shoulders his crutch, and showed how fields were won?"

> Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
> For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve,
> Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest—
> 'Tis for my King! and, zounds! I'll do my best."

There is good spirit in these lines, and the "hit" at the close, with the King himself looking down from his box, must have awakened enthusiasm.

The curtain then rose on the first scene, "Much Ado about Nothing," with Miss Pope as *Beatrice*, and, in a moment, it was seen that there was not the least ground for that assumed consciousness of decay. On the contrary, it was perceived, that in ease and elegance, and in an unaffected and natural manner, he had gained immensely by the influence of French habits and French acting; and above all, that he had now lost that rather anxious look of expectancy, and waiting for applause, which usually attended on the close of one of his "points." For more than ten nights—for prologues were repeated like plays,—this prologue had to be given.*

That two years' withdrawal had shown his wisdom. The spectacle of empty benches, which had driven him away, was never to disturb him again; the old charm was restored, and henceforward, to the hour of his retirement, when the ordinary attraction began to fade, the name of Garrick in the bills was the certain spell to conjure a crowded house. The town was "half mad to see him," Sir George Beaumont told

* Mrs. Cibber's letter, p. 207 of the first vol. of the Garrick Letters. He had written to her on that very day, and that charming woman had been in a flutter all through it. One might be inclined to think he had asked her to pray for him. "I assure you," she writes, "you were the subject of my thoughts and discourse the whole day, and at six o'clock, when the play was beginning, I obeyed your commands." He had looked forward with natural nervousness and apprehension to the scene: but this uproarious reception, and above all, the open approbation of the king, had reassured him.

Mr. Rogers; and men of condition would bribe the attendants to admit them privately, before the doors were opened, to avoid the terrific crush.*

During his absence, the Covent Garden Fund had been established for the benefit of decayed players. It was given out that he was highly indignant at such a step being taken, without his being consulted —he, who was at the head of the profession. Davies reports, with satisfaction, that the players were glad to retort on him, that they had made so many unsuccessful applications to the management of Drury Lane, that they were now obliged to depend on themselves. It does not seem very clear what the management of Drury Lane had to do with Covent Garden players; but it is more than probable, that Garrick's good sense preferred a scheme that would have embraced the whole profession; and on such a scheme it would have been decent to have consulted him. They were only too glad to pass upon him this little slight.

A similar plan was set on foot for Drury Lane, not by way of challenge or rivalry, but deliberately; for it took many years to settle the details. He was unwearied in his exertions, and played for its benefit very regularly. He and his partner gave a handsome contribution by way of commencement. He paid the cost of an act of Parliament. He presented it with some houses in Drury Lane as a place of meeting,—took them back again for a handsome sum, when it was found that money would be more welcome,—and once more bequeathed them back to the fund, by his will. His last long-remembered performance was given for

* They were directed to appear in much heat, wiping their foreheads so as not to excite suspicion.

its benefit. His return to the profession, to which he was not ashamed to show his gratitude, was thus really magnificent; and it was computed that the value of his donations amounted to nearly £5,000.*

He had added to his forces two excellent recruits—Dodd and Mrs. Fitz Henry; and his next venture was a revival of Wycherly's "Plain Dealer," which was prepared for the stage by Bickerstaff. By cutting away about half, it was brought into some sort of maimed shape; though the humours of the *Widow Blackacre*, as given by Mrs. Clive, carried it through—in spite, too, of the absurdity of Yates, who had acted at Ipswich, when Garrick first came out, playing a youth of seventeen.

Mrs. Cibber's fond anticipation of entering the mare Belvidera, was not to be fulfilled. She had been playfully rallying him as to "all their amours" being ended, but she did not think the real end was so near. She just played with him, for the last time, as *Lady Brute*, and a few days later, fell ill and died.† No wonder Garrick said that tragedy was now dead on one side. A month earlier, another great actor had passed away, and the stage lost the last great pillar of the old "exploded" classical style. Quin,‡ long since retired,

* At the other house there was not the same success or harmony. The actors would not trust the manager, and the manager in return refused a free benefit to the fund. The two funds were later wisely put together, and their amount at present is about 60,000*l.*, which, under judicious management, ought to be a handsome provision for the "decayed" actors. Yet there appear to be restrictions, which interfere with the efficiency of administration, —as membership for some years, before becoming entitled to the benefit, and no admission to the guild after 40 years of age.

† On the 30th January, 1765. Murphy says the 31st; a trifling mistake for him.

‡ Murphy is as usual inaccurate, and contradictory. He says Quin followed Mrs. Cibber, in the month of March, (two mistakes, for he *preceded* her, and died in January); and later says, they *both* died in January.

and given up to the enjoyment of venison and claret—made welcome at Chatsworth—was (in the favourite histrionic quotation) "to shuffle off this mortal coil." They had several times met at Chatsworth, where they had been invited, to use Davies' bombastic language, "to fill up the large cup of social happiness which the noble owner proposed to enjoy, in the company of his friends." In the evening, when they were left alone, a warm inquiry after Mrs. Garrick renewed old friendship, which intimacy Garrick never allowed to slacken. From that date he was often to be found at Hampton, where he found excellent claret; and was always chosen for a visit to the cellar, to select a good bottle of Burgundy. Garrick had his picture painted for his own collection. And when Garrick was down at Bath, racked with gout and endless disorders, he set himself to labouring out an epitaph for his friend, which, it must be said, reflects the dulness and languor of the sick room.* These were now early, but gentle, reminders for Garrick.

Yet he was now scarcely established at home when his old theatrical worries were to set in; and as a matter of course the one that harassed him was to be a friend.

If there was one, who, even at the cost of personal sacrifice, was bound to give him peace at least, Colman was certainly the man. Garrick had laid him under a hundred obligations. To him had been sent from

* Plenty of Quin's jests are to be found in the regular collections, but the following are not so well known. When he was put to sleep at an inn with a clergyman whose linen was not very clean, he said—"What! are you coming to bed in your *cassock*, parson?" And his saying to the turnspit who had shirked his duty, and obliged his master to procure another to roast the meat —"Ah! *you* must keep a curate too."

abroad the gayest and most amusing letters; for him had been shown affection in a hundred little ways.

Before he quitted England, Garrick had often talked with his friend over a scheme for a comedy—a joint stock production; the name of which would seem to have been settled, even before it was written. Upon his travels Garrick took portions of it with him. His amusements interfered with business, and he could not lay his mind to the task. But, from abroad, he encouraged Colman to go on.

A marked character, which has become one of the figures of dramatic literature—that bit of true comedy, *Lord Ogleby*—was originally designed for Garrick. And, indeed, it seemed that no one but Garrick could have given such good effect to the good-humoured old beau, so full of ardour for the sex, so checked in his advances by sudden twinges of gout and rheumatism. A creation that reads delightfully in days of barren character and feeble touching,—a figure, which we can see and hear, and laugh at heartily. Garrick, however, had formed a resolution of appearing in no new character; and when the piece was ready for Drury Lane, and Drury Lane for it, informed Colman that he could not undertake the part.* Nothing was more characteristic of Garrick's nature than these little struggles, of which some very trifling occasion was the reason. Insensibly, as pressure was put on him, they gradually magnified, and grew beyond all proportion. The fact that others began to attach an undue importance to it, from his *unexpected* opposition, contri-

* It has been thought that Garrick's reason for declining to play it, was its likeness to *Chalkstone*; but when it was acted, this was not made an objection.

buted to this odd effect; and thus, from constantly turning over this question, whether he should play *Lord Ogleby* or not, it began to appear to him a very serious one indeed, and at last he finally made up his mind and declined.

Colman was indignant at this refusal, and returned to Bath in dudgeon. He affected to consider that Garrick had pledged himself, and burst into a whole catalogue of grievances. Garrick was much hurt. When Colman returned, good-natured friends came and reported real or fancied speeches of Garrick, and inflamed the breach; and some expression of the actor's claiming a share in the joint labour, touched his vanity, and raised a controversy, which has been often debated since, and never satisfactorily settled.

Offended at Colman's behaviour, Garrick had said to a friend who was talking of his refusal to take the part—"Colman lays great stress upon his having written *Lord Ogleby* for me. Suppose it should come out that *I* wrote it?" The other was indignant, not so much at the claim of authorship as at the betrayal of their respective shares in the work. Colman, indeed, owns that he had seen elements of true comedy in the picture long before he came to know Garrick; but these were not the elements now found in the "Clandestine Marriage." When we read the play, it is surely the image of *Lord Ogleby* that we take away, and *Lord Ogleby* is Garrick's work. We have his own statement for this, for he told his friend, Mr. Cradock, that he had taken the idea from a humorous old gentleman down in Norfolk. Colman the younger, indeed, says that his father had told him that "it was not true, and that *he* wrote the whole of

Ogleby's first scene," one of the best of *Lord Ogleby's*. How little the younger Colman's advocacy is to be depended on, may be seen by quoting his father's own words to Garrick:—"It is true, indeed, that by your suggestion Hogarth's proud lord was converted into *Lord Ogleby*, and that, as the play now stands, *the levée scene at the beginning of the second act*, and the whole of the fifth act are yours." Now the "levée scene" *is* "*Ogleby's* first scene," and thus the father unconsciously disposes of his son's advocacy. He adds, too, that in the conduct and dialogue of the fourth act *Lord Ogleby* has "some obligations" to Garrick. A more satisfactory proof is, that a sketch of *Lord Ogleby*, but no more, had been already given in Garrick's own farce of "Lethe;" and it was natural that Garrick should wish a character which had been so successful, to have a wider field. In the "Clandestine Marriage," there is a good caricature of a Swiss valet, who flatters his lordship skilfully and says, "Bravo, bravo, my lor'," at judicious openings, while *Lord Chalkstone* also has a henchman called *Bowman*, who flatters, too, and says "bravo" at openings. In "Lethe" also, there are allusions to the vulgar taste for ornamental gardening—the serpentine walks and "capabilities" of a city-like paradise, which was a hit at "Capability Brown," the great ornamental gardener of his day. The same hint is carried on into the "Cit's" character in the "Clandestine Marriage," and very amusingly developed. But we might go further. This proof of Garrick's authorship is entirely taken from Colman's view of the case. *Mrs. Heidleberg*, is the other great part of the play: and Cautherly, an actor, who wrote out parts for the theatre, told

Reynolds that this was Garrick's work also. Comparing their "plans," it may be admitted that Garrick's was not so full as Colman's, yet there are strokes in Garrick's much nearer to the condition of the play, as it now stands, than in Colman's.*

So much for the conception and character of the piece. But coming to the mere writing, we can settle their shares. They really divided the work pretty equally between them. Colman wrote the first act; Garrick the "strong" scene of the second act, and more than half the act; Colman the third act, and a portion of the fourth; Garrick the remaining portion and the whole of the fifth act.† In fact, Garrick's share, is the

* Garrick's was published in the "Observer" newspaper long after his death, and extracts from it will be found in Mr. Forster's enlarged "Goldsmith." Colman's was produced by his son, in the heat of controversy. It is amusing to see the workmanlike way in which the two plans are "blocked" out. Garrick's list of characters is as follows :—

"Garrick, an old beau, vain, &c.; Yates, his brother; O'Brien, his nephew; King, an old and talking servant of Garrick's; Clive, an aunt of the two sisters; Bride, the elder; Pope, the youngest—a fibbing, mischief-making girl; Bradthaw, an old flattering toad-eater of the aunt's."

The names of the actors are put for those of the characters, which had not yet been fixed upon; besides, as the parts were "written up" to the players, by this plan the author would have them before him as he wrote. Colman's list ran :—

"Garrick, Earl of Oldsap, an old lord who fancies every woman in love with him, which idea influences his odd behaviour, &c.; Traffic, a rich merchant of the city—he talks of all elegancies, and in the most vulgar style; and Mrs. Clive, something of the same sort in petticoats; only that he is hearty and rough in his manner, and she affects to be delicate and refined; her dialect is particularly vulgar, aiming at the same time to be fine, not by murdering words in the slip-slop way, but by a mean twang in the pronunciation, as *qualaty, famaly.*"

As I have mentioned, no argument can be founded on this plan of Colman's; as from both being nearly alike, and both having an air of originality, it is plain that it was only putting on paper what had been talked over between them.

† He writes from abroad: "I have not yet written a word of the fourth or fifth act; but I am thinking about it." When he had returned, he wrote from Hampton: "I have read the three acts of the comedy, and think they will do special well; but why did you not finish the first act as you would have it?"

two great characters of the piece, the humours those characters give rise to—the capital levée scene, the amusing garden scene, and the bustling night adventure, which wound up the play so triumphantly; in short, all the bright portions. Colman supplied all the sober "business"—the steady mechanism—which was to help forward the movement of the piece. To which then must we assign the leading share and credit? And yet Colman was not only prepared to assume the entire responsibility of the whole, but could have the effrontery to give out "that *he wrote Lord Ogleby* for Garrick." On the other side, having taken this large share in the composition, Garrick had actually arranged that Colman was to have the whole credit of the play!—a compliment that Colman had allowed himself to accept with the salvo, that it was to be "a means of perpetuating and strengthening the connection between them." It was to be acted as Colman's, and it was only when revised and published in bookshape, that Garrick's name was to appear. I doubt if ever this part of the arrangement would have been carried out, and that as Townley had the credit of "High Life Below Stairs," so Colman might have enjoyed all the honours of that capital comedy. But when he heard that Colman was going about abusing him for not acting the part, "*he, Colman, had written for him,*" he was naturally annoyed, and had then said, "What would you say if *I* had written the part?"* The quiet logical way in which the

* It is eminently characteristic of the character of both men, that when Colman was in Paris he gave a copy of the play to Favart, the poet, as his own work, without mentioning Garrick's share; while to Madame Riccoboni, in the very same week, Garrick had modestly described his share as a mere

manager disposes of the angry, peevish author; shows him that he had been wrong; then forgives all, and sets himself to bringing out of the play in the best way he could; is admirable. But Colman's great complaint of Garrick was his having declined to play in the comedy. Even on Colman's showing, it amounts to no more than this; not that he *had* promised to play, but that he had not said he would not. "In all our conversations," says the "peevish" dramatist, "did you ever tell me that if you did return, you would never play in a new piece? Did you not often regret the want of a performer for this character; and did I not often express my hopes that you might still perform it? Did you throw cold water on these hopes, by any other manner than saying you did not believe you should play at all?" This refusal was no whim. He had really determined to take up no new part; he felt he was too advanced to run any risk, and he was now beginning to suffer acutely from the painful malady, which gave him little rest. Anything like the fatigue of rehearsal, was sure to bring on a crisis. This was the true reason, and not the far-fetched motive of a vindictive desire to annoy, which the sensitive and petulant natures about him credited him with. He had really denied himself; and much as he admired King's reading, he afterwards said, "it is not *my Lord Oglelby*," and seemed to hint that he could give a more striking version. And thus Garrick —foremost of actors, and pleasant man of society— may fairly add to his reputation the praise of being the

"*touch of the fingers.*" It was said later, that the leading characters were taken from an obscure farce of Townley's, which was only acted one night, and never printed. But of this there is no proof.

author of one of the most spirited pieces of the last century.

For Colman "to withdraw" a piece, written under such conditions, was almost ludicrous. Yet when both met in "Johnson's parlour," Garrick, having now heard of Colman's complaints and unkind speeches about him in the interval, took another tone, told him plainly that the comedy must be treated entirely as his own, and be brought forward at the present season, or not at all. "Should I not rather accuse you of using me in a strange manner by withdrawing the piece which I had a share in, and upon whose appearance I reckoned? I have ever," he wrote admirably, "thought of you and loved you as a faithful and affectionate friend; but surely your leaving London so abruptly, and leaving complaints of me behind you, was not a very becoming instance of your kindness to me; and if I betrayed any warmth in consequence of your conduct, such warmth was, at least, more natural and excusable than your own. Your suspicions of my behaving in a *manager-like manner*, before you went to Bath, are very unworthy of you. I never assumed the consequence of a manager to anybody (for I know that fools may be, and that many fools have been, managers), much less to one whom—I leave your heart to supply the rest." A lady friend of Colman's had taxed Garrick with his great obligation to the writer; and alluding to that, and to an allusion in Colman's letter to a past service, he says, charmingly—"Having heard since of her great warmth in our affair, I own myself surprised, *and would* wish, for both our sakes, *that no account courant* (as there ought to be none in friendship) may be produced on either side." With such a nature it

was impossible to quarrel, and the matter was speedily made up.

He was very busy with a dramatic epilogue for the comedy—a little drama in itself; and on the morning of Christmas-day, while sitting in his pew, listening to the clergyman, owned that he had been busy making seasonable verses in honour of his friend—warm and sincere lines, the best commentary on which was his own behaviour:—

"May Christmas give thee all his cheer,
And lead thee to a happy year!
Though wicked gout has come by stealth,
And threats encroachment on my health;
Though still my foes indulge their spite
And what their malice prompts will write;
Though now to me the stage is hateful
And he who owes me most ungrateful;
Yet think not, George, my hours are sad—
Oh! no, my heart is more than glad!
That moment all my care were gone,
When you and I again were one.
This gives to Christmas all his cheer,
And leads me to a happy year!"

When later Foote met with his dreadful accident; Garrick, offering every service in his power, until he should be well, took care to mention specially, how his "friend Colman has particularly shown his regard to you," in feeling and lamenting his misfortune. He had not miscalculated the effect of his message; for Foote wrote back, filled with gratitude and thanks, to Mr. Colman "for his friendly feelings." And it was this delicate and considerate kindness, always most active when his friends were *absent*—this perfect loyalty—that was the charm of Garrick's character.

It was determined that King should be the *Lord Ogleby*—for him a fortunate choice, for with his name the part has become identified. He at first declined

it, but it was pressed upon him. Garrick, it is said, took the opportunity of insinuating his own view of the character in various private interviews, and finally fixed a day for a rehearsal in his own parlour, when King went through it, but after a manner of his own, which extorted Garrick's admiration as perfectly original, and far better than any mere imitation of him. But Garrick always regretted the chance he had allowed to slip from him, and his eyes often turned back wistfully to the part.

On the 20th of February the comedy was brought out. Garrick himself opened the night with a prologue, in which he alluded to the recent deaths of Quin and Mrs. Cibber. Then the play began. The house was filled with the friends of the two authors; and as there was a great masquerade that night at the Pantheon, many of the company in their zeal came with portions of their fancy dresses on, under their coats, and left other portions at neighbouring taverns and coffee-houses, to be put on after the play. Yet danger was expected. The first act passed over without interruption; but in the second, when the Swiss valet said there was nothing in the papers but Antisejanus and advertisements, a storm broke. Antisejanus—a well-known clergyman—called Scott, whose employer was Lord Sandwich, was sitting in the boxes; and when some one in the pit jumped up, and pointing to him, called out, "There he is! turn him out!" a perfect storm arose. The clergyman, who was six feet high, stood up defiantly in his place, and looked down contemptuously at the crowd. This episode had nearly shipwrecked the play. But King's *Lord Ogleby* put every one in good humour. The

tradition of it is still kept alive. Wherever *Lord Ogleby* has been played—unhappily but rarely—it is acted as King performed it. There is a picture of him which represents the stiff, ungainly nobleman with hard wooden, heavy cheeks, a languishing ogle in his old eye, a wig with a comic curl over his forehead, dressed in finery, and taking a pinch of snuff with an air of exquisite dandyism. In the course of the play there was another rock—a scene between the lawyers, which has some humour, but which excited murmurs, from the same nicety that caused Goldsmith's humorous bailiffs to be objected to. Anything like broad, open, healthy humour was reckoned "low," and "the lawyers," like the bailiffs, had to be very much cut down.

In the last act, too, so many alterations had been made, up to the very last moment, that the players did not know what they were to say, or what to leave out; and the "business" became a mass of confusion. There was a deal of rushing in and out, from bedrooms, &c.; but the energetic "Pivy" Clive, who to the last was full of spirits and animal motion, came bustling on, and threw such life and vigour into the scene, that she restored the day, and brought the piece triumphantly through.

In his epilogue he determined to satirize the new popular fancy for English opera, which had grown up in his absence, and had taken serious hold of the public. Yet a taste that brought out such fresh English music; and such truly characteristic dramas as "Love in a Village" scarcely deserved such bantering. Mrs. Quaver asks, "Pray do you know the author, Colonel Trill?"—(here was Garrick's old system

of self-depreciation once more)—and the "first lady" whispers him, which makes Lord Minim break out, "What, he again! And dwell such daring souls in little men?" After that first night it had a great success, and ran for many nights.*

Kenrick attacked it openly; Hawkesworth was gentle with it; and Johnson good-naturedly sent down to Bath, to Garrick, a refutation of Kenrick's review. Even Davies, the bookseller, and friend of Garrick, had his little sling ready, and from a private corner abused the play as full of "vulgarisms," which only made Garrick smile. Now turned bookseller, the former actor had made his shop a sort of rendezvous for all who disliked the manager; and there, as Gar-

* The town, as usual, was to indemnify itself with a joke, and made merry at the joint authorship. The "Monthly Review" alluded pointedly to Tate and Brady, Sternhold and Hopkins, and other noted collaborateurs, while newspaper wits made rhymes on them as a new Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"*F.*—I'll treat the town once more.
B.— Agreed; we'll join;
Come, I'll club water, you shall furnish wine—
Half gentleman, half manager, half play'r,
Of wit alone must I possess no share?
We're fairly match'd, so dapper and so small:
But mount me on your shoulders—O, how tall.
* * * * *
F.—But what's the human character and plot?
Wit, incident, intrigue.
B.— No matter what.
Harry is all: war—thieves—run in and out,
No matter what the bustle is about.
Your *connoisseur* shall furnish quaint remarks
On modern taste, plantations, buildings, parks.
'Jenny's Country Visit' shall supply
Your piece with sterling humour, so will I.
My favourite *Chalkstone*, ready cut and dried,
Shall hobble forth with *Bowman* by his side.
* * * * *
But now, let's search the room. That's to my wish,
Those prints there—'Hogarth's Marriage'—take 'em.
F.— Pish!
B.—See here a lord, a cit, a modern wife,
A rake, a lawyer, painted to the life."

rick well knew, were hatched half the ill-natured stories about him.

It is impossible not to read this little history without seeing how much it is to Garrick's credit in every part. "If either of us," he wrote affectionately to Colman, "had the least ingredient of some of the mortal composition that shall be nameless we might have lost the greatest blessing of our lives—at least I speak for one." This was not likely to be a "half reconciliation. Colman was his "ever affectionate friend." Colman's little boy he and Mrs. Garrick looked after carefully. He christened him "Georgy-go-jing," and rode over often to look after him, play with him, and amuse him. He was brought over to stay at Hampton. All Colman's concerns were well managed during any absence. It was Garrick's lot that those, on whom he had heaped all these good offices, should select *him* as the object of some ungenerous return; and Colman was already meditating a questionable stroke of policy, which, if strictly legitimate, had very much the ugly air of ingratitude. A new La Rochefoucauld could illustrate very cynically, from Garrick's life, the folly of being strictly equitable and above worldly resentments, and of being too quick to forgive. Such behaviour is sure to be interpreted as weakness, and invites the petulance and intimidation of those who have something to gain. And this explains, in part at least, the exceptional behaviour of many of Garrick's so-called "friends," who, like Murphy, grew at last to know his failings by heart, his dislike to give pain by a blunt refusal, and who could "wring his gizzard," as Murphy was supposed to have the power of doing."

CHAPTER II.

COLMAN.—COVENT GARDEN.

1766—1768.

Now he might fairly expect his old troubles to set in. Lacy, perhaps overset by the success of his sole management, was beginning to obstruct—to take airs, and claim a share in the management, though it had been stipulated that he was to confine himself to his own special department. This, in fact, Garrick's solicitors wished to have had inserted in the deed, but Garrick's delicacy—that wonderful and unfailing delicacy—wished to spare an affront to the vanity of his partner, who seems to have been an obstinate man, with a kind of crooked suspicion in his mind, which was worked on by friends. Garrick, wearied of these humours, began actively to look out for a purchaser for his share of the patent, which, though nominally supposed to be of equal value to his partner's, was worth infinitely more; as it was his talent that brought profit to both, and when that was withdrawn, not much would be left behind. It was some such reflection, that always acted as a wholesome check upon Lacy. Early in the following year he made a handsome apology, begged that things might go on on the old footing, and gave his word of honour, that he would never object to Garrick's manage-

ment, except in a private and friendly way. This was his reply to a formal memorandum sent by a solicitor. Garrick at once withdrew, though matters had gone so far, with his usual graciousness. "I should have quitted Drury Lane," he said, "with reluctance; and nothing but being convinced that Mr. Lacy chose to part with me, should have drove me to the step I was obliged to take. . . . I am ready to meet Mr. Lacy as my partner and friend, without having the least remembrance that we disagreed." Thus was the matter accommodated—for a time.

The foreign tour proved scarcely of so much benefit as he anticipated; for he had presently to go down to Bath to drink the waters and try to drive away his complaints.* They did him some good, and made him, as he said, feel like a feathered Mercury. He found strange company there, which amused him, and the pleasant society of Mr. Selwyn. But presently, when he was "cent. per cent. better," the gout came back, and all but crippled him. Soon after he found his way down to Mistley, to the social Rigby's, one of the political *portraits* of the last century, who managed to combine a boisterous *bonhommie* to his friends with a reckless and unscrupulous morality at the expense of the nation. At his pleasant house there was always a welcome for Garrick; for not yet had the host been overtaken by evil days, nor had a stern morality come into fashion which made him its first victim.

Some of this most delightful day had been spent at

* His name is among the "arrivals" there in March.

Mistley. Rigby's letters are the most jovial and friendly, and the heartiest. They would have, indeed, the most "jolly" souls, at that hospitable house —making songs and rhymes to be chanted at dinner.*

To Colman, then in Paris, Garrick now had to write over a great piece of news that was stirring the theatrical world. The Covent Garden patent was coming into the market; "Beard and Co." were going to sell —the price sixty thousand pounds. No one knew the probable purchasers. "There will be the devil to do;" but all was to be "mum." Whitworth and Spilsbury, Pritchard's son-in-law, were said to have offered. Foote also was spoken of, but his hands were now full. Garrick wrote all this to his friend, in the most affectionate of letters: "I wish to God we had you here; your letter has made me miserable. Let me beg of you, for my sake, not to let your spirits sink." Well might his spirits sink; for the foolish young man, with a folly that seems to border on infatuation, was fatally incensing General Pulteney, a relation with enormous fortune, and who had warned him that unless he gave up his stage tastes, and his connection with an actress, whom he had taken off to Paris, he should forfeit all chance of succeeding to his estates. Not content with this, he offered him a seat in parliament; but a sort of madness seems to have hurried Colman on. Nothing can be more generously affectionate than Garrick's letters. Every scrap of

* "The Travellers," wrote Garrick, after one of these visits, "send their thanks for a week of more pleasure than they have ever enjoyed. They are going now to mortify with tough mutton, and a bottle of port." The old Duke of Newcastle sometimes was of the party.

news is retailed, and many a service done, to his friend, in his absence.*

This important news was quite true; he little suspected the effect it was to leave. Colman presently told him that he had a letter from a person of fashion, full of news. "I can guess," replied Garrick, "what its subject was; it was to offer a share in the patent." It was the last thing in the world he dreamed that his friend would think of entering into opposition against him. The bait was too tempting. With a suspicious eagerness Colman was back in town again—having, in his correspondence with Garrick, quite ignored the subject. During the rest of that year the negotiations did not advance.

There was one night in that October, 1766, which was a remarkable one. It has been often sketched. Rousseau had come to London and was being *fêted*. Garrick was determined to do honour to the distinguished stranger, and brought him to the theatre to see his own *Lusignan*, in a piece which was likely to be the most familiar to a foreigner—"Zara." *Lord Chalkstone*, was to follow. The king and queen came also, from a curiosity it was believed, to see the author of the Confessions. Mr. Garrick took charge of the guest, and he was placed on a high seat in the box. It was reported that he had shown his relish of the plays, quite *à travers*—laughing at *Lusignan*, and

* He told him of Foote's engaging the Barrys for the Haymarket, and gives a hint of Foote's curious temper. He began to find out that the expenses were likely to be enormous, and that his friends were not enthusiastic. "When Barry comes," says Garrick, "*he'll find Foote very cold. They say he abuses him already.*" We may conceive Barry posting over, full of exultation and enthusiasm, to fulfil this important engagement, and on his arrival finding the dangerous manager quite soured and cold, and even hostile.

crying at *Lord Chalkstone;* though, indeed, the last was scarcely so absurd as might appear; for the spectacle of an old battered rake of a lord, racked acutely from gout and gravel, was more an object of pity and disgust than of laughter.* The ludicrous vanity of the man was the feature of the night, and Mrs. Garrick often told of her terror, as he would stretch out of the box, to show himself to the audience, and of her having to take him by the coat tail to save him. Thus, in its boxes, as well as on the stage, Drury Lane saw many a bit of pleasant comedy.

Meanwhile Colman had written a comedy, which was ready by February. It was called the "English Merchant"—a piece founded on Voltaire's "L'Ecossaise," which in its turn had been founded in some measure on the "Douglas" of Home—through such odd shifts and suits had a good play to pass. Garrick worked hard for it, though he was kept awake all night by violent coughing. The good air of Hampton, however, set him up, and with his "warmest affections to his dear Coley," he hoped he would come down on a Wednesday, and take share of a fine haunch of venison which Mrs. Garrick promised them. He would do anything, and offered an epilogue, in which he said, modestly, he would do his best, if Colman was not already provided.

But a change which he intended in the arrangements of his theatre seems to have brought about a fresh coolness. By the recent alterations the house

* The vulgar proverb, "mocking is catching," happily applied in restraint of mimicking physical infirmities, was to be fortified by the instance of Foote, who lost his leg by an accident, and even of Garrick, who was later a martyr to the two maladies whose agonies he had so often mimicked on the stage.

was now made each night, over a hundred guineas more valuable in capacity than it was before; and now held 337 guineas instead of 220. Such increased receipts of course brought increased expenses, and he proposed to charge an author, who took his benefit night, seventy guineas for expenses instead of sixty. He proposed a judicious change in dealing with any new play, which was always set down as the sole entertainment for the night. Thus, as the performance began at five, and ended about nine, the audience were dismissed too early, and as what required every aid, was left to its own unadorned attractions—Garrick suggested that every new piece should be supported by a farce or light comedy. He began the system with Colman's play; but the latter was angry, and refused to submit to the regulation. As a matter of course the manager gave way to his friend, whose resentment was inflamed by finding that Garrick's plan and Garrick's advice would have been best to follow, for the play failed, and was thinly attended. But Colman would not forgive. This was the beginning of a coolness. In April Garrick found himself once more at Bath, taking the waters which had been of such benefit to him. He found himself growing as "fat as a hog." Very soon Colman arrived there too, with a French friend. They met coldly. "We pulled off our hats to each other, but did not smile." Kind friends wished hard to reconcile them—that is, to abate Colman's resentment; for with Garrick, of course, there was no difficulty, though he said, happily enough, that he feared it would be "only a darn."

In the June of the year, a sort of infatuation hurried Colman into the scheme of opening a rival house.

Worse than all, Powell—also under heavy obligations to Garrick—joined with him in the speculation. Harris and Rutherford were the two other partners. The whole negotiation was conducted with the secrecy of a plot; but never did man pay such a heavy penalty for gratifying theatrical taste. He was supposed to be heir to the enormous Bath estates, and General Pulteney, when he heard of these plans, had fairly warned him of his displeasure; but with what can only be called madness Colman persevered. Never did penalty come so swiftly; within a few months the affairs of the theatre began to fall into disorder; and within a few months also, General Pulteney died, and left his vast property away from him. He could not have hoped to have received the whole of this splendid fortune, as it was likely the General would have preferred leaving the bulk to relations bearing his own name. But it was always understood that Colman was in some shape to be his heir. The foolish youth fancied he had overcome all the General's scruples by a "clever letter," quoting the precedents of Sir Richard Steele, Sir William Davenant, and other persons of condition who had managed theatres! Clever letters have never done much beyond ministering to the self-sufficiency of their writers. The stage has cost many of its votaries serious sacrifices of character, station, and fortune, but from none has this Juggernaut exacted so tremendous a penalty.

He seems to have kept Garrick in the dark until all was nearly concluded. Holland, another of Garrick's actors, a young man whom he had taught, and to whom he had been specially kind, joined in the

affair. Many were hoping that with the new confederacy, Garrick's ruin was at hand.

Colman often came to break the matter to Garrick, but he fenced it off, and had many qualms in bringing it out. No wonder he was a little confused, for though it might be imagined he was not to be debarred from entering on what might be a lucky speculation, still the peculiar friendship known to exist between them should have restrained him. To George Garrick, his own brother, Garrick laid open his heart, and there we see his generous view of the matter. George and Lacy were furious. "I cannot think," wrote Garrick, "that Coleman's joining Powell, when he and I were at variance, and from an offer of Powell and his confederates, *blameable;* however, Coleman will act under my wing if I would have him, *and so do not inflame matters, my dear George.*" Thus generous was his view. It was with Powell's treachery he was disgusted; the latter had even broken his articles to carry out his scheme. He was a scoundrel, said Garrick, and Colman would repent his connection with him "in every vein." He could not forgive Powell — the actor, whom with rare disinterestedness he had encouraged and favoured, when half the town were saying he was superior to his master. Though a foolish clamour was raised at his levying the thousand pounds —the penalty in the articles, which the actor had broken with such cool effrontery—it was surely absurd to expect Quixotic toleration for the man who had so treated him. He could even say that Colman, as stage manager, was worth five hundred a year to the new partners, and that it would be worth his own while to pay that sum, to deprive them of his services.

This dangerous opposition from an important theatre, having in its management skill, talent, and the prestige of "new blood," seemed to augur ill for the fortunes of Drury Lane. It was besides, to have serious losses, both by death and desertion. The Yateses had gone over—so had Powell; Mrs. Cibber was dead; Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive were on the eve of retiring. Garrick himself was "worried," and, perhaps, losing enthusiasm in his work, too much harassed, and already sighing for repose. Yet, such was the good fortune that was to attend him in all concerns to the very end of his life, that this precise moment was to be the turning point, at which a new tide of success was to set in for Drury Lane. There were rising actresses, like Miss Pope and Miss Younge, ready now to take the places left by the deserters. Mrs. Abington, who had gone to Dublin, an obscure tenth-rate actress, after working that excitable audience into a *furore* of admiration, had now come back flushed with triumph, with all the *cachet* of success, and at once fell into the leading parts. Her style was matured, her comedy more elegant. But he found yet stronger help in Barry and Mrs. Dancer, who, after a long interval, had appeared at the Haymarket, with all the enthusiasm of a first *début*, and these he secured for the season at the liberal salary of fifteen hundred pounds.* Once more the stage of Drury Lane was to

* Barry, later grumbling and affecting to be badly treated, said they had to deduct £500 for dresses, and £200 for "fines, &c." One of his "points" was this:—He got the manager to allow him to leave for Ireland some days before the conclusion of his engagement. During that time he was made subject, like other performers, to a slight deduction, owing to a *rélache*, on account of a Royal death. This was only fair, for as he was enjoying the salary (though not playing), he was, of course, to be subject to the incident inconveniences of the salary.

echo to the melodious chime of the two incomparable artists. Mrs. Dancer, by playing so much with Barry, had caught many of his tender notes, and in the round of characters, *Othello* and *Desdemona*, *Castalio* and *Monimia*, began to draw crowds. It may be doubted whether there ever was such a pair upon the English stage. Even in the prints—the little frontispieces to the printed plays, where we see "Mr. and Mrs. Barry"—his tall figure breathing anger and rage and reproach, she on her knees at his feet, passionately pleading in all the richness of the true tragedy queen's magnificence, we catch a faint idea of the tenderness and interest which this wonderful couple excited. But the wonderful theatrical Providence, which seemed to favour his management of Drury Lane in every way, speedily took the task of punishment in hand. The end came with extraordinary speed. Before the year was out, the most complete shipwreck overtook the enterprise, with frantic dissension—bailiffs breaking in, and utter destruction. An actress was to be indirectly the cause. And this is a fresh testimony to Garrick's admirable management, who never allowed temper or partialities, actor or actress, to interfere between him and what was due to the theatre, and to the public; thus his house always prospered, while others about him were toppling into ruins. The whole system of management was indeed a false one. From the quantity of Colman's writing brought out during that short space, it is not unreasonable to suspect that his vanity was what hurried him into the speculation. He served the audience with a "Colman" "King Lear," newly adapted and altered, but which was not found as good as the detestable Tate;

also his own "English Merchant," his "Jealous Wife," a comedy called "The Oxonian in Town," and "The Clandestine Marriage," in which he had a share. The prologue in the opening was his also. But all was redeemed by Goldsmith's incomparable "Good-natured Man," which was brought out on Jan. 29, 1768. This fresh bit of open-air nature ought to have stayed the impending doom; but the wits of the time might have turned a rhyme on the significant retrenchment of Mr. Twitcher and Flannigan, the two bailiffs, who were to reappear in sober earnest, before the end of the season, and not to be then so easily retrenched.* Garrick may have smiled, when he was told of Dr. Goldsmith's behaviour, who, when Barry and his wife were passionately declaiming The Earl of Warwick, had pushed his way out of the pit, saying aloud, "Brownrigg, by God!"—alluding to a case of a wholesale murderess. For the Doctor was now ranged among the ranks of the manager's enemies, and made common cause with the patrons who had brought out his play. He made his apologies to Garrick for some warmth of language and disappointment; and it does seem that this shape of revenge was scarcely fair, and might have caused a disturbance. At all events, it should be borne in mind when the question is asked, "How was it that Garrick was not a warm patron of Dr. Goldsmith?"

The Covent Garden disorder, indeed, was almost ludicrous. Macklin was concerned, and was quarrelling about his daughter, and talking of "Powell's

* Geneste finds a strong likeness to an old play called "The Counterfeit Bridegroom," in the incident of *Leontes* bringing home his love as his sister. It was said also that the jewel robbery in "She Stoops to Conquer," was founded on a scene in "Albumazar"—the likeness is very faint indeed.

Sultana." The many-headed management was distracted; and through an infatuation for an abandoned woman, Lessingham,* a fine enterprise was thus shipwrecked. Powell, too, was a little later cut off in his prime, dying of a putrid fever; Holland, his friend, was not long in following; and thus the opposition, that seemed so dangerous, had all melted away.

Mrs. Dancer was then in all her prime of beauty and power; Barry not as yet racked, as he was to be later, with the gout. The whole town rushed to see them, and were charmed with the pair in *Lear* and *Othello*, and plays, wherever there were chivalrous heroes and tender heroines.† Garrick modestly came in now and again, with some of his old stock parts. From this time Drury Lane flourished uninterruptedly. Yet, he was not to have the services of these great artists without the usual inconveniences and worry. *Their* heads were soon to be overset by success; they were presently taking airs and discovering grievances; and when aggrieved, disloyally finding pretences for not doing their duty. Now Barry's son had died—a natural and decent excuse for his absence; now, Mrs. Dancer, who had become Mrs. Barry, was ill and fatigued to death with this and last night's performances. Her "spirits were weak," and if the matter is pressed, it will make her incapable of going through the business of the season. This indisposition, which affected the "run" of Arthur Murphy's new play of "Zenobia," drew him into the quarrel.

The season, too, was remarkable for the success of

* See the various accounts of her in Taylor's Recollections.

† Murphy says, that in October, Barry set off in his proud character of *Othello*, and acted to the great delight of the public three nights in succession. He set off in *Lear*, and did not act *Othello* two nights in succession.

an astounding comedy by a Dublin staymaker, Kelly, who had set up to be a sort of "Brummagem" Churchill, made a *specialité* of theatrical criticism, and had actually written a satirical poem on the stage, in feeble imitation of the grander satirist. These were claims to insure him respect with Garrick's easy nature; but it must be said, his appeal for the consideration of his comedy was so obsequious, that it was difficult to resist. The manager was to make perfectly free with it; for he was not one of those writers who "agonized at every pore," when they were told of an amendment. He only asked that the manager would let him know, as soon as convenient, if he was really an incorrigible blockhead in dramatic literature? He had already submitted some "wretched stuff," but would now seriously set to work on a comedy; some friends of his having "so worked upon his vanity" as to make him think it would succeed. He did not like sitting down, even to *begin*, until he got some encouragement. He was a stranger to Garrick at the time, and the proceeding seemed a little "cool." But he was encouraged to go on, and the result was the highly successful comedy of "False Delicacy," which had a surprising "run," and was one of the genuine successes of Garrick's era. *

The success of this *fade* composition is one of the mysteries of the stage. It was of course given out that the piece was elaborately prepared by Garrick to

* I refer readers to Mr. Forster's humorous description of the comedy in his Life of Goldsmith. The play was so successful, and Garrick said so much of it, that Lord Pembroke was eager to be back from Paris to see it, though he said, with true aristocratic pride, that he could expect very little from such a name as "Kelly," especially if there be an "O" before it. Some wonderful things in politics and in the drama have been done by men with this objectionable "O" before them.

gratify his spleen, and damage the success of Goldsmith's play. But it had long been in Garrick's hands, and a promise had been given. More reasonable seemed the complaint, that it had been fixed for the week of the Doctor's comedy: but the manager felt he was not bound to go out of his way to serve the man who only a few weeks before, had come into his pit to ridicule a new tragedy, and make a disturbance. But a little later, we shall see what were the relations of the great actor, with that great poet and dramatist.

CHAPTER III.

DRURY LANE.—GARRICK IN SOCIETY.

1768—1769.

At the end of the season the King of Denmark had come to London, having exhausted all the attractions of Paris. Having seen many of the established London shows, he expressed a wish to see the wonderful actor; and a company was hastily got together, to play "The Suspicious Husband," and "The Provoked Wife."* It was curious, certainly, that a tragedy like "Macbeth," which would have appealed to the eye of a foreigner, was not selected. He was diverted with an English farce—the humours of "Mungo"—and allowed the piece to be dedicated to him. That strange prince, whose tour, through London and Paris, was one whirl of masquerading and shows, was pleased with the great player, and there is still in the family, the hand-

* Sir John Hawkins is amusing on this. He says that Garrick "received *an order* from the Lord Chamberlain" to entertain his Majesty by an exhibition of himself "in six characters." "On his way to London," goes on the Knight, "he called on me, and told me this, *as news*. I could plainly discern in his looks, the joy that transported him; *but he affected to be vexed at the shortness of the notice*, and seemed to arraign the wisdom of their councils by exclaiming, 'You see what heads they have!'" The truth was, Garrick was seriously embarrassed, for his performers were all scattered, and with difficulty, he secured Miss Bellamy and Woodward. Yet Sir John's picture of Garrick's little affectation, is not overdrawn. This is the charm of those old memoirs; even such natures as Hawkins and Boswell, had the art of writing dramatically, and had observation for character, and unconsciously touched in quite a portrait. There is nothing of this, in the "personal recollections, &c.," that now issue from the press.

some snuff-box with the king's portrait, set in jewels, on the lid. But, with all his pride at this compliment, he must have been shocked to hear of the death of the old partner of his triumphs — the unique *Lady Macbeth* — the incomparable Pritchard. From the strange rough Gainsborough, who swore profusely with his pen, came the news: "Poor Mrs. Pritchard died here"—at Bath—"on Saturday night, at eleven o'clock: so now her performance being no longer present to them, who must see and hear before they can believe, you will know, my dear sir—but I beg pardon, I forgot—Time puts all in his fob, as I do my timekeeper—*watch* that, my dear—"*

Another death was that of Palmer, but forty years old, a true and airy comedian, with an agreeable figure and person, and a pleasant coxcombry in his manner even off the stage, which would have pleased Elia, as "highly artificial." No more would he now "top the jaunty part." The old line were dropping away slowly.

By this time, the fitful Arthur Murphy thought there had been a "cool" of sufficient length between him and Mr. Garrick. That friendly Irishman, Bickerstaff, volunteered the office of mediator. Garrick had been talking with him, and Murphy's name being mentioned, spoke with eager warmth and kindness, which Bickerstaff at once reported. He told Garrick that Murphy felt these expressions deeply, and only wished for a handsome opportunity of putting an end to all their little quarrels, and proposed that they should

* He signs himself—

"Who am I but the same, think you?—T. G.

"Impudent scoundrel," adds Mr. Garrick.

meet some night at his "hovel" in Somerset Place, and have a little evening together with Samüel Johnson. Garrick's answer is so frank and generous, that it should be preserved:—

"DEAR BICKERSTAFF,

"You are a good Christian. I shall with the greatest pleasure meet the company you mention, at your house. As I am almost upon my theatrical death-bed I wish to die in charity and goodwill with all men of merit, and with none more so—as he wishes it too—than with Mr. Murphy.

"I am, dear sir,
"Most truly yours,
"D. GARRICK.

"P.S. Pray let us meet, as if we had never thought unkindly of each other."

But in the next month Garrick was to pay the usual penalty for Mr. Murphy's "friendship." The latter's sensitiveness began to be disturbed about a loan of £100 from Garrick, the only security for which was the profit of some play to be written in future. Garrick was not able to bring out the new play, "Zenobia," that season, and sent it back to the author for safe custody, possible alteration, &c. This Murphy resented. He did not like the air of putting his plays in pawn, as it were—"which is to work itself clear, the Lord knows when. This is the old trait of business, and I much wish to avoid it." "What a pity!" replied Garrick, with infinite temper, "that your natural good humour and good sense will now and then fail, when you are to judge of me!" He then shows how

mistaken he was: "I think it a very small favour to lend money to a friend; and to lend it with his silver spoons in my drawer, seems to me the very spirit of pawnbroking, without the three blue balls. You are acquainted with no man who would have more pleasure in serving you in every manner he could, than myself." With all this, Garrick strained a point, and the play was actually fixed for the first month of the next year, with a day for reading. But Mr. Murphy was "sensitive" still. He did not care about it.

Thus, though everything seemed smooth and prosperous at Drury Lane, the manager was still to be harassed, as of old. Lacy had begun again to thwart him, and to disregard the articles of their late reconciliation. He now affected to be offended with George Garrick, and spoke of him injuriously. Garrick himself was weary of this petty warfare. He had made up his mind to end his theatrical life then,—"Fate, and Mr. Lacy, who alone seems insensible of my services, will drive me away, and they shall have their ends . . therefore I will immediately prepare for my brother's retreat, and will most assuredly follow him. I will have no more altercations with Mr. Lacy. I now see the depth of his good will to me and mine, and shall act accordingly." There is disgust and weariness in this complaint, and it would seem almost a fixed resolution. As usual, excuses were made, promises of amendment given; his easy nature overlooked all that had happened, and was content to go on as before.

For the new season, he employed Bickerstaff to alter Cibber's old political comedy of "The Nonjuror," which had done good service as a political drama. In the

new hands, it became "The Hypocrite," and it is impossible too highly to praise the tact and power, with which the adaptation was made. New characters from Molière were put in, and the local and ephemeral air of the whole, removed. This, indeed, is a department no less important than that of play-writing itself; and by such judicious treatment, many fine pieces of humour, supposed to be old-fashioned because belonging to an old era, were made acceptable and delightful to a modern audience. The art lay in the adapter, generally a man of true humour, putting himself in the place of the author, and fancying how *he* would alter; and also, in a nice discrimination of what was the essence of the piece, and what the mere trimmings and accessories. No one had a nicer touch than Garrick, and he succeeded in imparting the same instinct to his lieutenants and deputies—reverential yet bold, firm yet versatile. We indeed revive an old piece now and again, like Foote's "Liar," but as all that is attempted is compression, the piece suffers from such violent handling, and becomes abrupt.

"The Hypocrite" was acted delightfully, Abington excelling herself in the *Coquette* of the piece, and Weston for ever associating his name with *Mawworm*. "Zingis," an Indian Colonel Dow's Tartar play, was an alterative, and a sign of Garrick hankering after his old love—the "tig and tiry" solemnities. Home's dreary bit of "Ossian," "The Fatal Discovery," and the persecuting Mrs. Griffith's "School for Rakes," with Clive and the charming Baddely,—these were the features of the season.

Then again comes another retirement,—each year now seems to be marked by one of these fatal deser-

tions. Clive, in the prime of her powers—though she spoke of herself as an "old woman,"—the best soubrette the English stage has ever seen, inexhaustible in spirit, vivacity, and variety, still delighting, still "drawing," had determined, with a true dignity and self-restraint, to abstain in time. She was the true stage romp,—had much of the spirit of Woffington in her; and though she often did battle with Garrick, and he rather shrank from encounters with her, there was no bitterness under that opposition—nothing like that of "that worst of bad women, Mrs. Abington." When she was making her last curtsey, she got him to play with her, in "The Wonder," and her grateful letter characteristically, like all the Clive letters,* shows that when the accounts come to be closed in a long friendship, true regard may underlie much apparent bickering. "I am extremely obliged," she wrote, in November, 1768, "for your very polite letter; *how charming you can be when you are good!* . . . . I shall certainly make use of the favour you offer me; it gives me a double pleasure—the entertainment my friends will receive from your performance, and the being convinced that you have a sort of *sneaking kindness for your Pivy. I suppose I shall have you tapping me on the shoulder, as you do to Violante, when I bid you farewell, and desiring one tender look before we part; though, perhaps, you may recollect, and toss the pancake into the cinders. You see I never forget any of your good things.*" This is charming. Players then knew how to write, as well as to act. On the 24th of

* In the Forster Collection are many of these letters, with their sprightly style and diverting spelling, most entertaining.

April, 1769, this performance took place; and Garrick's "fine Lady" spoke an epilogue, which her neighbour, Walpole, graciously wrote for her. She carried away with her a long stretch of memory, as she recalled the old triumphs—could roam back from the last night she played with the great Garrick, to the Booth at "Bartlemy Fair."

A month later Havard, another of the old guard, dropped away—the lines of Drury Lane, both officers and soldiers, were thinning fast. These gaps of the old ranks were hard to fill; the new actors were not of the same material; the high salaries and the competition were beginning to tell; or perhaps, as in the case of religions or churches, adversity is the healthiest discipline for a theatre.

He was already repenting that he had not adhered to the resolution he had brought back with him from abroad. From this time also, he had begun to taste in a far greater degree the pleasures of social life, the visits to great houses became more frequent, his enjoyment of club life and the company of men like Reynolds and Goldsmith more keen. His French training recommended him even more. To such entertainment the duties of the playhouse were a serious impediment. Indeed, it would seem one of the hardest incidents in the player's lot, that he is cut off from the time of the day most seasonable for enjoyment, that when others relax, his labour begins.* To keep his connections in "the City," he was careful to show himself

* For him the pleasant meal, the curtains drawn close, the glowing fire, the little table—the meal which so gratefully crowns the day's labours, is an unknown pleasure. He is condemned to the *early* dinner—half lunch, with the sun shining, at best a cold *demi-jour*—accompaniment so odious to that fine dramatic critic, Elia.

several times during the winter at Tom's Coffee House in Cornhill, which the younger merchants frequented about 'Change time; and was very often found at a club, which had been established expressly for the sake of his company, at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard, and where he met his friends—Patterson, the City Solicitor; Sharpe, the surgeon; Clutterbuck, Draper, and other steady business men, of sound sense—whom he consulted in every difficulty, and who were of infinite use to him with their advice. He used to be seen also at the Doctors' Club—Batson's, where he had many friends, among whom was a Dr. Wilson, who, in his old age, became an admirer of Garrick's playing, scarcely ever missed a performance, and had a special seat of his own in the pit. This character was always found at the coffee house surrounded by a party, for he was a good talker, and his theme was usually the praises of his favourite. It was scarcely surprising that Mr. Garrick should have been very attentive to this admirer. It is impossible not to commend this unwearied assiduity with which he watched and cultivated that tender and delicate plant, the favour of the public. We might, like Hawkins, call them "little innocent arts;" and it should be remembered, that he had been already scared by a loss of popularity, and that, after all, where such extravagant favour is bestowed, decency and a grateful appreciation will lose nothing to keep such favour alive.

He was a welcome companion at pleasant meetings; as indeed must have been "the first man in the world for sprightly conversation." Boswell's gay scenes, the nights at Sir Joshua's and Mr. Dilly's, are too

familiar to all to be repeated again; and they show the actor in a very pleasant light, rallying Goldsmith on the new coat: "Come, come, talk no more of that; you are not the worst, eh, eh?" Or "fondly playing" round Johnson, "the sage," as Boswell calls him, indulgently. Garrick's talk is as agreeable as any of the others; and though his friend Colman held up some of his tricks—his never going into society "without laying a trap to get out of his," his going away in a shower of sparks, caused by some good story of his, and his stealing glances to see how the "Duke's butler" was affected at the dinner party—still there is a distinction between the *really* social Garrick, and the great actor and manager, *en evidence*, as it were, and feeling himself "a lion" at great houses, watched, and admired, and expected to keep to his reputation. Every man of note must wear these two different dresses. No one should have known better than Colman's son how distinct such characters were. A little remark that Reynolds made to Northcote lets us into a good deal of the secret of this acting off the stage. Sir Joshua said that the reason Garrick continued on the stage so long, and took such pains with his profession, was to retain his influence with important friends and distinguished persons, whose nature he knew well enough, to guess that, if he once lost his own consideration with the public, he should find himself deserted. This was the secret of that elaborate playing off the boards, of the unwearied pains, amounting almost to the routine of daily life, to keep up his reputation for pleasantry and social gifts. The whole of Garrick's character and life indeed reveals to us a new philosophy; for the common tendency of the mere

vulgar player, would be to "sink" the profession—ostrich-like, hide it in the sand—forgetting that in the company of those who patronise him, he is sought and esteemed, for his genius in his profession. Garrick, with a superior wisdom, knew where his real strength and recommendation lay; and thus, by a nice economy, a careful regarding every point, reached a position that it now seems astonishing to look back at. Yet no man had such difficulties to overcome. The very calling of a player was a serious obstacle. "Sir," said Johnson, when he, for once, did justice to his old schoolfellow, "Garrick did not find, but *made, his way*, to the tables, levees, and almost to the bedchambers of the great." Even among his friends, it always seems to me, that he had to struggle against some such feeling in reference to his profession. They seemed to indemnify themselves for inferiority in other matters, by asserting their superiority in *that*, at least.

The smallest witling seemed to take airs on the strength of this superiority, and Garrick seems to have felt all through, that whenever he had an advantage, some such hint might be insinuated to "bring him down." He had many little arts to make himself agreeable; his verses—his epigrams for the ladies—his charades—his good things. The first man in the world for conversation, we have seen what his manner and tone of speech were. Many found a delight in praising other actors before him, with a sham admiration, "to see how he would bear it." His "envy" was then said to break out; he became miserable. Yet this was only "uneasiness;" at the best; perhaps, discomfort, at seeing the motive that prompted this praise. He *was* "uneasy" when he heard of a rival,

and what player *is* not—especially when he knew that rival was inferior? *

Garrick had a sort of passion for writing the trifles known as *vers de société*, and celebrated every suitable occasion with some little light tribute of gallantry or compliment. This kind of pastime was then much in vogue, and might certainly be a profitable exercise for the languid wits of persons of quality and condition. To be able to "turn a verse" of some kind, was necessary to the reputation of "an ingenious young gentleman;" and looking over Dodsley's curious six-volume collection of "occasional" poems, we are not a little surprised at the spirit, neatness, and gaiety—if not wit—which lords, and marquesses, and baronets, and men about town, could throw into these performances. Two classes of this production were then in high fashion, the sentimental and languishing "complaint," addressed to a Delia or a Chloe; such as even

* Henderson used to give an admirable representation of this harmless nervousness, in a dialogue between Garrick and an Irish nobleman, who was praising Mossop. Garrick's depreciation is very gentle :—

Nobleman. Now, Mr. Garrick, Mossop's voice? What a fine voice, so clear, full, and sublime for tragedy!

Garrick. O yes, my lord; Mossop's voice is indeed very good—and full—and—and—. But, my lord, don't you think that *sometimes*, he is rather *too* loud?

Nobleman. Loud! Very true, Mr. Garrick, too loud. When we were in college together, he used to plague us, with a spout, a rant, and a bellow! Why we used to call him *Mossop, the Bull!* But then, Mr. Garrick, you know his step! so very firm—treads the boards so charmingly.

Garrick. True, my lord. You have hit his manner very well indeed—very charming! But do you not think his step is sometimes rather *too* firm. Somewhat of a—a stamp: I mean a *gentle* stamp, my lord?

Nobleman. Gentle—not at all. At college we called him *Mossop the Paviour.* But his action—his action is so very expressive!

Garrick. Yes, my lord, I grant, indeed, his action is very fine—fine—very fine. He acted with me originally in *Barbarossa*, when I was the *Achmet:* and his action was—a—a—to be sure *Barbarossa* is a great tyrant—but then Mossop, striking his left hand on his hip a-kimbo, and his right hand

the lively Mr. Charles Townshend could maunder forth plaintively:

"Stranger, whoe'er thou art, bestow
One sigh in rapture e'er thou go,
But if thy breast did ever prove
The rapture of successful love," &c.

Or, at some of the fashionable watering-places, especially at Bath Easton — there was "a vase" in the pump-room, for the reception of livelier verses and satires. Some of these were smart and happy, and were even collected and published. A prize was sometimes offered, and a subject proposed. Once "*Charity*" was given, and Mr. Garrick, a regular visitor, slipped in three lines:

THE VASE SPEAKS.

"For Heaven's sake bestow on me
A little wit, for that would be
Indeed an act of charity."

These did not receive the prize; and as he wrote indignantly on, his verses "were treated with great contempt, while *Reverend Tawdry* was rewarded."* Garrick's have all the air of being "dashed off.' It is surprising the quantity of these little *jeux d'esprit* he poured out in the course of his life; and it would almost seem that no little incident that could occur at a country house, where *he* was the centre of all the gaiety, but was duly sung and celebrated in Mr. Garrick's agreeable rhymes. Did a lady lose her slipper,

stretching out thus! You will admit that sort of action was not so very graceful?

Nobleman. Graceful; no. Why, at college we used to call him *Mossop the Teapot.*

This of course is exaggerated, for effect. O'Keefe often saw Henderson give it, and it is certainly amusing.

* Hill MSS.

or stumble over a footstool, she was sure to find on her dressing-table in the morning, "Lines on the Duchess of D——— losing her slipper," or "On Lady S——r's stumbling." We can almost trace his whole social career; follow him from house to house by these agreeable trifles. They help us also to all his little social mortifications, reveal his wounded vanities,—weaknesses which he wore upon his sleeve—and which he had not trained himself like other men to conceal.

Now he and Mrs. Garrick are leaving Chatsworth, after a delightful visit; and the guests, perhaps before they have done lamenting the loss of their lively friends, receive some light verses "on the road," "turned" in the chaise, and Lord John Cavendish reads them out.

"Not Quin more blest with calapee,
Fitzherbert in his puns,
Lord J. in contradicting me,
Lord Frederick with his nuns."*

This little shape of homage, too, is always acceptable, and shows, more than a letter perhaps, how much the object is in the thoughts of the writer. Four lines were sent to Angelica Kauffman, to whom he was sitting in Rome:—

"TO ANGELICA, PAINTING MY PICTURE.

"While thus you paint with ease and grace,
And spirit all your own,
Take, if you please, my mind and face,
But let my heart alone."†

Mr. Garrick calls on her Grace of Devonshire, at noon, is shown into the breakfast-room and finds that she has not as yet risen. He goes away, leaving a scrap of paper on the table with these lines:—

* Hill MSS.

† Hill MSS.

"PAST ONE O'CLOCK, AND A CLOUDY MORNING.

"What makes thy looks so fair and bright,
Divine Aurora, say?
'Because from slumber short and light,
I rise to 'wake the day!'
O hide for shame, thy blushing face,
'Tis all poetic fiction!
To tales like these see Devon's face
A blooming contradiction!"

The Old Watchman of Piccadilly.

Nor did he keep these tributes for effect, or for fashionable friends. They were part of the homage paid for so many years and so steadily, to the wife he loved and honoured. As her birth-day, or some little festival of hers, came round, the copy of verses, as tender and devoted, found their way to her table, accompanied by a more substantial souvenir. A little scrap which has been preserved, helps us to know one of their little quarrels. It is called "David and Mary, or the Old Cart," and describes rather comically, the falling-out and reconciliation which took place on David's purchase of this vehicle:—

"But one luckless day, in his folly of heart,
Poor David was prompted to buy an old cart.
At a thing so uncommon, soft Mary took fire,
Untied David's tongue, and he wagged it in ire."*

Some of his little versicles to ladies were very neat, and went beyond the mere homage of poor compliment. His complaint to Mrs. Bouverie—written, too, only a short time before his death, is very lively. He threatens "the Bankrupt Beauty" with legal process for her neglect of him:

"THE BANKRUPT BEAUTY, DECEMBER, 1777.

"Four smiles a year, fair Bouverie
Agreed to pay me quarterly.

* Hill MSS.

'And though one smile would make me blest,
She will not pay—though warmly prest—
Nor principal, nor interest.
* * * * *
I'll file my bill in Chancery.
Her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her nose,
Mortgaged to me,—I will foreclose."*

There is one "riddle" of the more formal pattern, which, though printed, is scarcely known, and certainly deserves the foremost rank among such productions. For besides being good, and difficult to guess, according to the ordinary principles of such puzzles, it has also a wittiness of its own, in misleading the reader or guesser, by artfully suggesting the more "namby-pamby" associations of hearts and "flames,' and so causing him to stray away in a wrong direction. There is no ponderous elaboration, but the whole trips lightly and airily on.

"Kitty, a fair, but frozen maid,
Kindled a flame I still deplore.
The hood-winked boy I called in aid,
Much of his near approach afraid,
So fatal to my suit before.
At length propitious to my prayer,
The little urchin came.
At once he sought the midway air,
And soon he clear'd with dexterous care
The bitter relics of my flame.
To Kitty, Fanny now succeeds,
She kindles slow, but lasting fires;
With care my appetite she feeds;
Each day some willing victim bleeds,
To satisfy my strange desires.
Say by what title or what name,
Must I this youth address?
Cupid and he are not the same—
Tho' both can raise or quench a flame—
I'll kiss you if you guess."

The answer is "A Chimney Sweep."

* Hill MSS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHAKSPEARE JUBILEE.

1769.

THIS year was seen that rather absurd extravaganza—the Shakspeare jubilee at Stratford—a show wholly foreign to English tastes and manners, and certainly not to be carried out with success on English ground. As it was off the stage only, that Garrick was ever acting, in a celebration like this, he seemed to see the "flies" and the "lamps" of Drury Lane, with the little town of Stratford, like a set scene at the back, and Roscius declaiming in front, on "the God of his idolatry." The whole was based on a false principle—a piece of dreary acting by daylight, and certainly furnished Foote with fair material for his satire. In truth, the public itself was more or less accountable for this little bit of folly. Roscius was told again and again, that he was Priest of the divine Shakspeare—the "Bard" was made for him, he for the Bard. He was privileged to sit on the tripod, and specially receive the rare *afflatus*. And the man who, at a great expense, had literally built a solid temple to the divinity, might at least claim the bare honours of an official intercommunion. But there were many who disputed this high privilege, saying, that merely acting Shakspeare, and in a mauled and garbled

shape, did not constitute a claim to such exclusive inspiration.

The romantic and classic little town, on the banks of the Avon, was not enjoying the veneration with which Shakspearean pilgrims have since regarded it. The house in which the poet was born was spoken of as "a little, small, old house;" there were no funds, and no public subscriptions to purchase the ground, on which it stood, or reverently restore it. Visitors were then shown the famous bust, not yet robbed of all character by the stupid profanation of Malone, and could see the colour of the hair and eyes, as faithfully preserved by tradition; and only a few years before the great sacrilege had been committed, and a Mr. Gastrell had cut down the cherished "mulberry-tree," because it shut out the light from his windows. When Mr. Garrick came to town from Bath, a gentleman waited on him with a very flattering letter from the Mayor and corporation, proposing to make him one of their body; offering, also, the present of a box made out of the sacrificed mulberry-tree. No one, they said, had excelled him in paying honour to Shakspeare, and it was added, a little oddly, "that, *though* this borough does not now send members to Parliament, perhaps the inhabitants may not be less virtuous." In return, he was invited to present *them* with a bust or picture of Shakspeare, together with a portrait of himself, both to be placed in their new town-hall. The actor could not but be flattered by a compliment which—even at a heavy cost—placed him in such company; and the opening of this new town-hall seems to have suggested to his mind the festival, that was presently to be the talk of the kingdom.

London soon heard of the mulberry box, and of the fashion in which it was proposed to return these compliments, and some lively verses were going round; for everything that "turned up," there were verses always ready.*

Garrick took up the scheme with ardour. The last night of his season he announced it from the stage, in one of those numerous epilogues with which he used to illustrate and "point" the humours of the day:—

"My eyes till then no sight will see
Unless we meet at Shakspere's jubilee.
On Avon's banks, where flowers eternal blow,
Like its full stream its gratitude shall flow;
There let us revel, show our fond regard:
On that lov'd spot first breathed our matchless BARD." †

* "The wise men of Avon, by shrewd deputation,
Presented to Garrick their wooden donation,
And wish'd, as I'm told,
It had all been of gold,
Like those his great actorship had, some time since,
Of Denmark's young king, and the Parmesan prince.
'My good friends,' said he,
'It is all one to me
Tho' the box be cut out of a mulberry-tree.
For 'tis just the same thing
Tho' itself be not gold, if but gold it will bring.
Hence so long as the world's full of nixeys and ninneys,
My mulberry box will be full of good guineas.'
The Mayor of old Stratford, in strange agitation,
T' have missed being 'prenticed to such a vocation,
Replied, 'Would your actorship teach us the way—
We are apt, and don't doubt that our parts we could play.
This present of wood
Shows our hearts to be good;
But if once we are told
How to turn it to gold,
The trunk of the tree we would bring on our backs,
Lop the boughs, stack the roots, and you still should go snacks.'
'Enough, friends,' says he,
Bring the mulberry-tree,
And I will ensure you a fine jubilee.'"

† A gentleman down at Cambridge, dining with Gray, repeated these lines, and occasioned the poet's "speaking handsomely" of the actor's happy knack at epilogues. But he had no faith in the scheme, and christened it Vanity Fair.

No one in the kingdom would have been better suited for the organisation of such a project; for no one in the kingdom so well combined the great player and the gentleman. He was the link between the stage, and the genteel world; and his name, and personal influence, actually drew the crowd of the "fine" and fashionable, which brought the festival its success.* He was the whole soul of the affair. He it was that gathered the company; and it was to be he, who had to discharge *all* the expenses. The preparations were on a large and costly scale. Everybody about the place was interested, and a noble proprietor in the neighbourhood actually cut down more than a hundred trees near the river, to open out the view.

It was determined to erect on the common near the river, a gigantic rotunda, on the model of the "elegant" building that had been recently erected at Ranelagh, where the ceremonies were to take place. The sixth of September was fixed for the opening day.† The time, however, was so short, and so much had to be got through, that three weeks before the opening, almost nothing had been done. Garrick sent down his men from the theatre, with all the Drury

* Some twenty-three years before, a strolling company went over from Warwick to play for the repair of the monument; and on that occasion a "William Shakspere" made a present to one of the actors of a pair of gloves, which the actor, on this occasion of his jubilee, now offered to Garrick. The original donor of the gloves, who was a glazier, said they had "been often on the Poet's hands." The glazier's father and our "Poet" were cousins; and on presenting the gloves, the glazier said, "Sir, these are the only property that remains of our famous relation. My father possessed and sold the estate he left behind him, and these are all the recompense I can make for this night's performance." This was one of the absurd stories which the imaginary enthusiasm of the occasion called up, and Garrick actually accepted the questionable relic.

† Davies even in his fourth edition—which was carefully corrected—puts the jubilee a year wrong, in 1770.

Lane lamps, and a whole wardrobe of rich dresses and theatrical finery; but they found that not even a beginning had been made. The boards for the Rotunda had not come from Birmingham, and on the ground were lying, in a perfect wreck, all the Drury Lane lamps, which had been broken to pieces on the journey. But the most amusing part of the whole, was the temper and disposition of the inhabitants, who could neither understand the projected celebration, nor its details, and who viewed the business—to be for their advantage—with open distrust and hostility. They would give nothing, and lend nothing; and Mr. Garrick's agents became anxious to get away. Even the inn-keepers, who might look forward to it, as to their legitimate harvest, were grumbling, and had a strange idea that their plate and furniture would be sacked by the horde of excursionists who were to arrive. It seemed to be contrived that all the management and responsibility should be thrown upon him.* He engaged to share the risk of loss with the corporation—the profits to go in honour of Shakspeare. Becket was appointed "Grand Bookseller to the Jubilee," and honoured with a lodging in Shakspeare's own house.

At last the great day came round. It had been put almost a month too late. The "silvery Avon," to which so many poetical apostrophes were to be made,

* Among his papers I find many memoranda showing his anxiety. He had heard of the "rumoured exorbitant charges," and was to take care that "no more should be asked than a guinea a bed, as at the races." Peyton, the landlord of the chief inn, was to furnish an estimate for an ordinary for the performers, say fifty in number. "MEM.: Boats on the Avon? Lodgings for Lord Spencer and family," who were coming. Then follows a characteristic mem.: "*A good bed for Mr. Foote*," so that the satirist should have nothing to put him out of humour.—FORSTER MSS.

had been gradually rising, and the weather looked threatening: still the company poured in, and came in crowds, from every quarter of the kingdom. The accommodation for the guests proved of the most wretched description, and the shifts they were put to, the sufferings they experienced, and the monstrous extortions of the townspeople, were long remembered as the real features of the Jubilee. The harpies of the place laid themselves out to pillage the visitors, in every possible way. For the most "wretched little shed, with any rags patched into the shape of a bed," a guinea was charged; a standing-place for a horse, without hay or oats, half a guinea; and in a humorous account of the affair, afterwards written to the papers, and which seems very like Foote's own hand, it was said that the English Aristophanes was charged nine guineas for six hours' sleep; and had to pay two shillings for asking a bumpkin the hour! Everybody was to return, disgusted with these townsfolk of the Bard they were celebrating.

At dawn on Wednesday, Sept. 6th, the visitors were roused by the firing of cannon, and disturbed in their wretched beds, by some theatrical waits, in Drury Lane finery, going round playing "gittars," who stopped before each house, and sang, with affected jollity, a Bard "Roundelay":—

"Let beauty with the sun arise!
To Shakspeare tribute pay!
With heavenly smile and speaking eyes
Give lustre to the day."

The visitors, suffering acutely in their narrow cribs, scarcely relished this joyful invitation,—according to the rueful account given afterwards in "Trinculo's Trip to the Jubilee":—

"As soon as morning left his bed,
Enchanting sounds buzzed round my head,
From wights ycleped waits,
First tweedle dum and tweedle dee,
Then 'welcome to our Jubilee!'
I longed to break their pates."

The scene at breakfast in "Peyton's" room must have been amusing, for Foote had arrived and was sitting there, half angry, half amused, and scoffing at everything. There was a picture in the room—allegorical, according to the fashion of the moment, with the motto, "Oh, for a muse of fire!":—

"'Oh, for a muse of fire' and mettle,
Cries out FOOTE, to boil the kettle;
Curse your little squalling souls,
Bring us butter, bring us rolls.
Look at Caliban's wild picture,
Oh, how like the poet *Victor*.
Teacups rattle, kettles hiss,
VICTOR! VICTOR! FOOTE IS VICTOR.
Victor do not mind the picture,
All, all, all
Bawl, bawl, bawl.
Be friends again, and kiss."*

By eight o'clock the magistrates had assembled in the open street, and had met Mr. Garrick (who was called the "Steward of the Festival") at the town-hall, where they presented him with a medallion of Shakspeare, carved on the eternal, and inexhaustible "mulberry-tree," richly set in gold. Mr. Garrick himself paid the charges of this ornament. He made "a suitable reply:" he had to make many such through these lengthy proceedings, and fastened this "elegant mark of distinction" upon his breast. Most people, indeed, who took part in the show, wore a silver medal or a favour, and it was said that the sale of

* This is clearly a description of what took place. Victor we know to have been there; and it falls in exactly with what we know of Foote's manner and humour.

the "elegant marks of distinction" produced a respectable sum.*

From the town-hall the whole company marched on in procession to the charming church, where the Oratorio of "Judith" was to be sung, written by Doctor Arne, Mrs. Cibber's brother, who, like everybody whom Garrick obliged, was presently to be dissatisfied, and "aggrieved," and pettish. Mr. Barthelmon led; his wife was first soprano. The whole was dismal and dreary beyond description; the chorus was bad, and about as meagre as the audience. The great crowd had not yet arrived. The weather was chilly: no one saw the exact connection between the bard and Mr. Handel's Judith. Still we seem to see the whole scene: the pretty church, the mayor and dignitaries, and Mr. Garrick in the place of honour, with his medal. Mrs. Garrick beside him; Mr. Barthelmon and his men fiddling away in the gallery; and Foote behind a pillar turning the whole into a jest.†

When the oratorio was over, which was not until

* The favours were of Coventry ribbon, and were distributed "by Mr. Jackson, from Tavistock Street, London, who gave about his bill" with a line of Johnson's—"Each change of many-coloured life he drew." "I daresay," says Mr. Boswell, "Mr. Sam. Johnson never imagined that this fine verse of his would appear on a bill to promote the sale of ribbons. As I have mentioned this illustrious author, I cannot but regret that he did not attend the jubilee. He would have added much dignity to our meeting."—*Boswell's Account, Scots Magazine.*

† "In a corner sate Foote,
Full of laughter and smut,
To things holy and grave quite a stranger:
The blasphemous wag
Did his wickedness brag—
What is truth or religion to him?
At honour he'll laugh,
And friendship throw off
As quick as he will his cork limb.
The oratorio being done,
We saddle and run
To the booth, hamper scamper, to dinner."

nearly three o'clock, a procession was again formed, with the steward at its head, from the church to the Rotunda, the band in front, and a chorus chanting, in a sort of joyous rapture, this doggerel:—

"This is the day—a holiday!
Drive care and sorrow far away!
Let all be mirth and hallowed joy!
Here Nature nursed her darling boy!"

The spectacle must have been infinitely ludicrous: and we can almost call up Foote's face, as he limped along. Here a banquet was served for some hundred ladies and gentlemen: an "elegant" dinner, says Victor, Mr. Garrick's dependent; but other accounts are not so favourable. The guests were charged fifteen shillings, for which there was ample profession of turtle, claret, Madeira, and such choice things. The whole seems to have broken down, as other gigantic feasts have since broken down. Some guests could get nothing, others got what "was called turtle." There was great confusion, owing to the want of seats, and from people long neglected, and whose patience had given way, rising *en masse* to help themselves.

Then some ten musicians entered the orchestra, and struck up a series of songs, catches, and glees, all tuned to the same key of semi-rapture. Many of these were written by Garrick, others by Bickerstaff, his drudge and lieutenant. The former were spirited and characteristic; and one in particular, "The Warwickshire Lad," had a really fresh, open-air ring, that was suitable and striking. It was trolled very often during the festival, and with Dibdin's music, became popular, and is still sung in the county:—

A SONG.

"Ye Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,
See what at our Jubilee passes;
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad—
Warwickshire lad,
All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

"Each shire has its different pleasures,
Each shire has its different treasures;
But to rare Warwickshire all must submit,
For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire wit—
Warwickshire wit,
How he writ,
For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire wit.

"There never was seen such a creature,
Of all she was worth he robbed Nature;
He took all her smiles and he took all her grief,
And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief—
Warwickshire thief,
He's the chief,
For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief." *

The inevitable mulberry-tree came in for its share of lyrical honour; and it would seem that Garrick himself stood up and sang to it, holding a cup "made of the tree" in his hand:—

THE MULBERRY-TREE.

"Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carved from the tree
Which, O my sweet Shakspeare, was planted by thee;
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.
All shall yield to the mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee
Blest mulberry;
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal be." †

One of the country fellows was said to have been

* One line was afterwards parodied comically, and the guests thinking ruefully of the bad inns, hummed—

"The worst of all beds is a Warwickshire bed!"

† He also had seen and been amused at the temper of the "bumpkins" of

utterly mystified by the bass viol; a "Banbury man" told some rustic inquirers that they were about to celebrate "Shakspeare's resurrection." Wits like Foote insisted that the popular idea was that of "a Jew Bill;" and in one of the plays written later to ridicule the affair, one of the boors is made to say, that "the *pagans* is all gone by to see the *Jubilo* in the *Roundhouse!*"

Between nine and ten, the company went home to dress, and in the interval the amphitheatre was cleared and turned into a ball-room. Meantime the town was illuminated. Large transparencies had been painted, in front of the town-hall, by the Drury Lane artists, but these, which were of a Shakspearean character, still more mystified the passing crowd. The ball was brilliant, and the room handsome. Every one thought

the place, their stupid wonder and surly distrust. And thus he put together—

"THE COUNTRY GIRL.

(A COMICK SERENATA.)

Recitativo.

"For whom must all this puther be?
The Emperor of Germanee
Or great Mogul is coming.
Such eating, drinking, dancing, singing,
Such cannon firing, bells a ringing,
Such trumpeting and drumming.

Air.

"All this for—Poet—O no—
Who lived Lord knows how long ago?
How can you jeer one,
How can you fleer one,
A Poet, a Poet, O no,
'Tis not so,
Who lived Lord knows how long ago!

Recit.

"Yet now I call to mind
Our larned Doctor boasted,
One Shikspur did of all mankind
Receeve from Heaven the most head."

of Ranelagh. Thus the first day's entertainment concluded. Everything, so far, had been successful. But next morning came a change. The weather had been dark and lowering; the Avon had been gradually rising, and now the rain was streaming down. Nothing more dismal could have been conceived, than for a number of persons of quality to be thus shut up in a little country town, without resources or even room. The out-door affectations of jollity, the "demonstrations of joy," had to be all suspended. The rustics were delighted. They looked on the rains, and the rising of the Avon, as a righteous judgment!

The grand feature of the whole, "The Pageant," was thus interfered with. For it had been intended that there should be a procession of characters through the streets. All the dresses had been brought down from Drury Lane. Most of the leading players were to walk. "Gentleman" Smith had borrowed Garrick's own Richard's cap. The effect was to have been imposing. This stagey pageant, glittering with the tinsel and paste jewels of the property-room, when afterwards transferred to the boards of the theatres, was only in its fitting place. It is almost surprising, that the correct and chastened mind of Garrick could not have seen the discordance between the refined and classical nature of Shakspeare, and such a raree-show. All had to hurry to the Rotunda, where homage was to be paid to "the Bard" in a formal manner, in an ode, written and spoken by Garrick, and "set" by Arne. He himself was a little out of spirits that day, perhaps affected by the weather, and the rather serious responsibilities he had undertaken. It all rested on his shoulders. There was a busy scene

that morning at the mayor's house; and to add to his annoyances a local barber—not quite sober—gashed him from chin to mouth. Up to the last moment almost, Mrs. Garrick and the ladies were "running about" applying styptics.

The scene was brilliant. The steward was seated in front of the orchestra, with the female singers on each side of him, in a suit of brown, richly embroidered with gold lace, and his wand and medal. The Rotunda was crowded; while the rain was heard pattering down on the roof. The ode was considered an excellent performance; though, as read now, it is full of the pseudo rapture, and affected inspiration, which belonged to every feature of the festival. All, however, agreed that, in its delivery, Garrick excelled himself. He seems to have roused the audience to enthusiasm. The ode was revised and corrected by Warton, and later much ridiculed. Johnson said, contemptuously, it defied criticism.

It began by an overture. The airs were sung by the choir, while Garrick declaimed the "Recitativo" —a practice, it is said, introduced then for the first time, and with the happiest effect. He began "with a respectful bow" to the company, acknowledged by a universal round of applause. He modestly said that his taking it up, was "more an act of duty than of vanity," and paid a compliment to Gray, in return for *his* compliment—

> "O had those bards who charm the listening shore
> Of Cam and Isis tuned their classic lays!"

The best portion was his outline of some of the Shakspearean characters—especially his description of *Falstaff*, which he illustrated with great force and

happy expression. He brought in local allusions, especially a rumour of a daring Shakspearean impiety —the inclosure of a common near the river—

> "And may no sacrilegious hand
> Near Avon's banks be found
> To dare to parcel out the land,
> And limit Shakspeare's hallowed ground."

After the ode came a singular proceeding. I find in a sort of manuscript "Prompt Book," the "order" of this part of the show, neatly written out, with heads for the speech he was to address to the company—"the ode writer's zeal and gratitude has, I fear, carried him beyond his depth," he wrote with a modesty *fait à loisir*. It was his first attempt in that way, he said, and he might hope for the indulgence always extended to any one who appeared for the first time in a new character. "The only remaining honour is to SPEAK for him"—"pause," said the Prompt Book. Mr. Garrick here calculated on the audience not understanding exactly: so he was to go on. "Perhaps my proposition came a little abruptly on you. With your permission *I will give you time, by a piece of music to collect your thoughts.*"* This was true stage "business." The curious part was, he had rightly counted on the dullness of his audience, who remained stupidly silent, when he said, "the only remaining honour you can pay him is to SPEAK for him." And the music accordingly played, to give them time "to adjust their thoughts."

After the music, he stood up again, and put the same question, when there succeeded a bit of buffoonery quite unworthy of such dignity as there was in the

* Hill MSS.

festivity. The famous *Lord Ogleby* appeared in the gallery, in his great coat, and calling out that he had a good deal to say *against* the memory of Shakspeare, was invited down into the orchestra by Garrick. He there threw off his coat, and appeared in "a suit of fashionable blue and silver"—as a Macaroni or Buck of the day, and then began a strain of comic abuse and satire, directed against Shakspeare, saying that he was an author capable only of producing the vulgar emotions of laughing and crying, with a string of smart "hits" against the festival, and the town, and the steward himself. The whole had been planned, and was meant to be deeply ironical; but part of the audience seems to have accepted it as earnest, and another portion not to have understood it.* Then Mr. Garrick addressed the ladies, in reply, appealing to them specially, in verses, in which the mulberry-tree was once more introduced. "I must beg leave to return thanks to that overfine gentleman, &c. O, ladies, it is you alone who can stop this terrible corruption.

> In these strange times of party and division,
> Why should not I among the rest petition.
> In Shakspeare's name I invocate the fair,
> Whilst on my breast this patron saint I wear."
> (*Shows medal*).

Some were not a little fatigued by all this speeching. Towards the end there came a pressure of the crowd, many of the benches gave way, and it went about that my Lord Carlisle had been seriously hurt by the falling of a door.

Later came the dinner, the feature of which was a turtle of a hundred and fifty pounds weight. This

* Mr. Cradock, who was present, thought this interruption a sudden impertinence of King's. But it was all set down in the book.

was, as it were, the special day, and the fashionable company having now all arrived; for at night was to be the great masquerade, and the fireworks. The town was full of noblemen and ladies of quality, who were dressing in all sorts of out-of-the-way little corners. Mr. Meynell, and his party, posted down specially, and had relays of horses along the road to take them back again, as soon as the ball was over. The fatal rain was still streaming down, and the river rising steadily. It had already overflowed its banks, and had begun to flood the field in which the Rotunda had been built. It was determined, however, to make an attempt to let off the fireworks, under Angelo's artistic guidance; but they proved a miserable failure.

Hitherto Foote had been one of the features of the entertainment. He was seen going about everywhere, ridiculing everything. Murphy was with him, and there was a report abroad, that the two were preparing some bit of extravagance. On the Mall he had met the foolish country gentleman—"le niais," as the French would call him—who had told him "he had come out of Essex," and whom he put out of countenance by asking who "drove" him. For some reason not known—it may have been from some quarrel with Garrick—he quitted the town after the masquerade. But he took with him a mysterious and ungenerous hostility both to Garrick, and to the festival which Garrick had so much at heart—a hostility which was to break out later in bitter jests, and pasquinades, and every shape of ridicule.

The masquerade began at eleven. By this hour the approaches to the Rotunda were all covered with

water, and the horses had to wade knee-deep, to reach the doors. Even there, planks had to be laid down, to enable the ladies to get from their carriages. Such a flood in the river had not been known within the memory of any Stratford man; and the rustics, who now exulted in it, as a judgment from Heaven, and who actually began to give out that Mr. Garrick was a sort of necromancer, were more than gratified. It did not, however, interfere in the least with the splendour of the show.

Most of the guests were in fancy dresses, many in dominos and masques. There were present the Duke of Dorset, Lord and Lady Hertford, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Denbigh, Lord Spencer, Lord Craven, Lord Beauchamp, the Duke of Manchester, Lord Plymouth, Lord Carlisle, Lord North, Sir Watkin Wynne, Lord Pembroke, and many more. All these were personal friends of Garrick's. For the meanest dress, four guineas was asked and obtained. Many of the neighbouring squires, and their wives and daughters, pinched themselves severely, to meet the extravagance of this festival. The "masks" that attracted most attention were those of Lady Pembroke, the fair Mrs. Bouverie, and Mrs. Crewe, who went as three witches; and the discrepancy between their real charms, and attempts at self-disfigurement, delighted the company. Miss Mary Ladbroke, as Dame Quickly, also excited attention. Mrs. Yates, in a "good leg" part was piquant as a *petit maître;* and her husband Mr. Yates, diverted the guests as a rough country waggoner. There was also a Lord Ogleby—by "a gentleman from Oxford"—and Lord Grosvenor as a Turk. But there was one character, now almost historic, who attracted notice there,

but who *now* is of far more interest to us, than any of the fashionable persons there, or their costly dresses. This was Mr. James Boswell. He had come fresh from General Paoli in London, who was staying in Bond Street; and the papers had taken care to notice, how Mr. Boswell had lodgings near him, and had been going about with the general, on the most friendly and intimate terms. He had not brought the general down to the masquerade, but had come himself, and made his famous appearance there, in the character of a Corsican. He had written a Prologue, to be spoken before the masquerade, "but was prevented by the crowd." We can see him now, moving about the Rotunda, and have almost a picture of his dress, even to its minutest detail. This account is from a "communication" to the papers, which, from its unconscious vanity, and delightful *naïveté*, betrays Boswell's own hand, in every line. It tells us that he "entered the amphitheatre about twelve o'clock," and wore the dress of "an armed Corsican chief,"—a short dark coat of coarse cloth, with a scarlet waistcoat, and black spatterdashes. On his head he had a black cloth cap, with the golden inscription, "*Viva la Libertá*," and the cloth cap was besides decorated with a blue feather, "so that it had *an elegant, as well as a warlike* appearance." He wore, beside, a stiletto stuck in a cartouche-box, and a musket slung across his back. He had no wig or powder, but his own hair plaited into a queue, and tied at the end with a bunch of blue ribbons. To complete the absurdity of his appearance, he carried a long vine-stalk in his hand, "by way of staff," carved at the top, "with a bird, emblematic of the sweet Bard of

Avon." He would not wear a mask, explaining to everybody "it was not proper for a gallant Corsican." As soon as he entered "he drew universal attention."* "He was first accosted by Mrs. Garrick," and had a good deal of conversation with her. In the course of the night, too, there was "an admirable conversation" between Lord Grosvenor, as a Turk, and the armed Corsican, on the constitutions of their different countries; and "Captain Thomson of the navy, in the character of an honest tar, kept it up very well. He expressed a strong inclination to stand by the brave islanders. Mr. Boswell *danced both a minuet and country dance, with a very pretty Irish lady, Mrs. Sheldon, wife to Captain Sheldon, of the 38th Regiment of Foot (Lord Blayney's).*" This minuteness is truly Boswellian. "She was dressed in a genteel domino, and before she danced, threw off her mask." Mr. Boswell, it was added, had come to the jubilee from "a desire of paying a compliment to Mr. Garrick, with whom he has always been *on a most agreeable footing.*" It is certainly one of the most characteristic figures in the whole scene. But this was not all.

The "celebrated friend of Paoli," as he called himself, contented himself with distributing copies of his verses :—

> "From the rude banks of Golo's rapid flood,
> Alas! too deeply tinged with patriot blood,
> Behold *a Corsican*—in better days
> Eagerly I sought my country's fame to raise."

To another of the magazines Mr. Boswell sent a more minute account, more characteristic than any-

* We can almost hear Boswell speaking. He was in the habit of sending these little personal *communiqués* to the *St. James's Evening Post* and other journals.

thing in the Life of Johnson. He was greatly affected by the whole scene. "My bosom glowed with joy when I beheld a numerous and brilliant company of nobility and gentry, the rich, the brave, the witty, and the fair assembled. . . . *But I could have wished that prayers had been read, or a short sermon preached.* It would have consecrated our jubilee, and begun it with gratefully adoring the Supreme Father of all Spirits, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." The performance of the Ode had been "noble and affecting, like an exhibition in Athens or Rome. I do believe if any one had attempted to disturb the performance, *he would have been in danger of his life.*" He admired Garrick's delivery, who seemed "inspired with an awful elevation of soul. . . . It would be unpardonable should I not acknowledge the pleasure I received from Dr. Arne's music; nor must I neglect to thank the whole orchestra for their execution. . . . *I had a serene and solemn satisfaction in contemplating the Church.* . . . . Garrick seemed in an ecstacy. . . . When the songs were singing he was all life and spirit. At the words 'Warwickshire *Thief*,' *his eyes sparkled with joy.* . . . I was witness, from my own hearing, what did great honour to Lord Grosvenor. After the Ode, his Lordship came up into the orchestra, and told Mr. Garrick that he had affected his whole frame—*showing him his nerves and veins still quivering, and well agitated.* . . . I laughed away spleen in *a droll simile.* Taking the whole of this jubilee, said I, it is like eating an artichoke entire. We have some fine mouthfuls, but also swallow the leaves and the hair, which are confounded

difficult of digestion." This truly Boswellian sketch would almost seem to have been thrown off, after his return from the masquerade—when he was quite overset by his own performances, and perhaps, by the wine.*

A gentleman who came disguised as the devil, "gave inexpressible offence." One of the charms of the night was Mrs. Garrick, and Mrs. Garrick's dancing. She walked a minuet in "the most graceful manner," and excited the admiration of all. This was but more of the good sense which waited on every act of the Garricks; another would have shrunk from the applause which recalled the awkward recollections of the profession. But "my sweet Mrs. Garrick," as Hannah More calls her, was above such affectations. A Frenchman visiting England later, spoke with rapture of another minuet that he had seen her dance. Of this Stratford minuet, one spectator wrote, that "it was the most elegant dance I shall ever see;" and, in the sarcastic rhymes that came out later, it was noticed as a charming feature—

> "None fairer in the ball were seen,
> One danced more like the Paphian queen,
> For Garrick has her grace."

Not until four o'clock did the ball terminate. It was thought that some 1,500 persons were present, and with it, virtually terminated the jubilee. The next day, indeed, there was the breakfast over again, and a horserace for the jubilee cup of 50*l.*; but the course was a foot deep in water. Lord Grosvenor, Mr. King, and others of note on the turf, entered horses; and the plate was won by a groom

* This little contribution to Boswell's life will be found in the *Scots Magazine.*

called Pratt, who declared that, though he knew nothing of Shakspeare, or of anything he had done, he would never part with it. Then all went in to dinner, "the French horns and clarionets attending;" and the whole wound up with fireworks—for the rain had ceased—and with another ball, which must have been languid enough. Thus the jubilee ended.

Indeed the whole must have been a scene of rather forced enthusiasm and enjoyment; and nothing but the good company, and personal connection of Garrick with the guests, could have carried it through. This fashion of celebration does not belong to our country, our climate, or our characteristics; we have not the neat and ready touch of our French neighbours, who, can extemporize a fête with all its accompaniments, hold it in perfect keeping with the object to be celebrated, and exclude everything mean or discordant. They, too, have the background and scenery ready made, charming skies, balmy air, and a steady climate that can be reckoned on. Above all, they have light and gay tempers, with a childlike relish for light enjoyments, and they do not "take their pleasures sadly," according to the manner of the English. It was not a pecuniary success; but without Garrick, it would have been a miserable failure. It cost him individually a great deal of money. Even his own presents to the town represent a good sum. His was the well-known statue by Roubiliac, which now stands in the town-hall, and the fine full-length of himself, by Gainsborough, which Mrs. Garrick thought the best likeness.

The theatres made capital out of this affair. Covent Garden led off with a theatrical jubilee.

called "Man and Wife," with a Prologue spoken by Weston, which brought in all the popular topics relating to the festival. It dealt with Garrick gently:

> "First, something in lingo of schools called 'an Ode,'
> All critics they tell me, allowed very good.
> One said, you may take it for truth, I assure ye,
> It was made by the little great man of old Drury."

Lacy, Garrick's partner, a man of plain and practical sense, had not relished the Stratford scheme, and had forebodings about his Drury Lane "properties." Still he had great confidence in the genius of Garrick, who presently had a Show ready for Drury Lane. He gave Dr. Arne the handsome sum of sixty guineas for the music to the ode, and at the end of the month, after the "Country Girl" was played, produced it, with the stage arranged like an orchestra—he himself reciting it in the centre. This, however, did not "take," and it was only performed seven nights. But he had thought of producing a grander *spectacle;* and accordingly wrote a humorous little sketch, and on the 14th of October brought out "The Jubilee."

Considering the state of the stage at that time, it was a wonderful production, pleasantly written, and combining both farce and spectacle. In it was shown the courtyard of the Stratford inn, with Moody, who was the official Irishman, having to sleep in a postchaise, with all the humours which might arise from the overcrowding of the little town. It alluded to the Shakspearean names given to the rooms in the inn:—"A waiter orders one to carry eight glasses of jelly to the little thin man who is with the tall lady, in 'Love's Labour Lost,' and bids another stop the quarrel in the 'Katherine and Petruchio.'" King played one of the

local country clowns, whose terrors and prejudices had furnished such amusement. The procession, through what represented a street in Stratford, must have been really imposing. There were sixteen drummers leading the way, a band of music, men carrying banners, and then a long train of actors and actresses, all dressed to represent the leading parts of Shakspeare's plays—each play being apart. Garrick walked as *Benedick*, King as *Touchstone*, Mrs. Abington as the comic *muse*, and Mrs. Barry as the tragic *muse*, drawn in a triumphal car. They were divided into "the Roman characters," *Cæsar*, *Coriolanus;* "Roman ladies dishevelled," *Brutus* and *Cassius*, "bearing daggers," with "soft music" and "grand music." Then came old English characters—*Prospero*, and "magical music," "drunken sailors;" *Oberon* and *Titania*, "in a nut-shell," to fairy music; *Hamlet*, "to solemn music," following the *Ghost*, with his sword drawn;" *Ophelia* in "her madness;" *Lear; Macbeth*, "with daggers bloody;" *Lady Macbeth* "asleep, with the candle and phial," to the "Dead March in Saul." Garrick, who knew the cheapness in the end of judicious outlay, spared no money on the "mounting" of the piece, and the result was, that for ninety-two nights the town went to see it in crowds. The whole must have been a wonderful and pleasing pageant; and it is surprising, that in a recently revived enthusiasm, some such display was not thought of at the theatres. Boaden, who died not very long ago, saw it from the two-shilling gallery, then a mere boy; and was perfectly ravished with the splendour of the *spectacle*.

Thus, in a certain sense, he did not lose by the

Jubilee, down at Stratford. But the jesting was endless, the ridicule killing. The newspapers and magazines were never weary of ringing the changes on what was considered a mere display of vanity, and meant for the glorification, not of Shakspeare, but of his priest. Warburton's contempt, which spared no foe, could not restrain itself, even in the instance of a friend, like Garrick. Of the Ode, he wrote to a friend, that Cibber's nonsense occasionally verged on sense; but that "*this man's sense, where he does deviate into sense,*" was always like nonsense. No better instance could be given, of Warburton's "ill-conditioned" soul. Worse than all, it seems to have stimulated the enmity of his old half-friend—but better half-enemy—Foote, in whose mind the monstrous "humbug" of the whole show, had almost the effect of scarlet on a bull. The complacent airs of Garrick, at these public comments, had a further effect. For a man whose profession and livelihood is satire, intimacy is more an invitation than a restraint; and though we have reviewed the circle of Garrick's friends and enemies in a previous chapter, I have reserved for this place a sketch of his relations with two men so important as SAMUEL FOOTE and SAMUEL JOHNSON.

CHAPTER V.

SAMUEL FOOTE AND SAMUEL JOHNSON

1769.

ANYONE sitting with Garrick at Hampton—say only a short time before his death—and asking what impression of life he had taken away, after his long experience within and outside the walls of his theatre, must have learned from him, how many a mean corner of the heart had been shown to him, and that he would take out of the world an impression of its "hollowness" and baseness—worse than ever conventional moralist had described it. He had found a few true friends—many bitter enemies, ingratitude more than usual—and had been blessed in his wife. This was all more or less, as of course; but what he must have recalled with most pain was, that some, whom all through his life he had striven to conciliate, who had treated him badly and ungraciously, whom he had forgiven and tried to conciliate again, should have laid themselves out to be unkind to him. There were a few from whom he bore everything with undisturbed good temper, but who could never forgive *him*, for being more prosperous than they were. No good offices could bind them. Those ungracious hearts he was never weary of trying to win, and chief among these were Samuel Foote, and, it must be added, Samuel

Johnson. The behaviour of these two, adds something to the humiliating history of the smaller human weaknesses, and at the same time contributes to the history of a mind that raised itself to a high station, by restraint, forbearance, a kindly charity, and perhaps a contemptuous indifference to petty malice. Foote's behaviour to him, all through, was the strangest, and though he felt himself bound by no feeling of loyalty to spare any friend, he seems to have had a special dislike to Garrick.

When the manager was acting his plays—accepting his services whenever he chose to give them—though, as we have seen, they were sure to bring embarrassment,—he could hardly restrain his envy or malice. He had held him up in one of his lectures as "penurious," and churlishly discouraging dramatic authors. But presently a dreadful shock was to fall on him, the first of the two great blows of his life. It was perhaps the lightest, as being physical,—the fall from his horse, at Lord Mexborough's, which so shattered his leg, that nothing but amputation could save his life. This mutilation was a terrible stroke for the man whose life was one broad grin, and whose jests and mimicries were set off with all the quick motions and spirited action, which carelessness and good spirits could prompt. He, who jeered at the ludicrous helplessness of others, moral as well as physical, was now hovering between life and death, and at best could only hope to emerge into the world, a maimed and helpless cripple, that would require all pity and indulgence. Weak, miserable, in agonies of pain, not being able to sleep without opiates, a kind and considerate letter from the "mean hound" he had so often slandered

came to bear him comfort. It told him how deeply all his friends took his misfortune to heart. Colman in particular was deeply concerned. Garrick offered his own labour and exertions, to look after the theatre in the Haymarket, and had taken care to put paragraphs in the papers to contradict false reports. The other's acknowledgment is one of the most dismal in the world. He was "a miserable instance of the weakness and frailty of human nature." "Oh, sir," he went on, almost abjectly, "it is incredible all I have suffered, and *you will believe me when I assure you, that the amputation was the least part of the whole.*" They flattered him with the hope of getting soon up to town. "Change of place to a man in my way, is but of little importance; but for one reason I wish it, as it will give me an opportunity, in person, of *expressing some part of my gratitude to dear Mr. Garrick for all his attention and goodness to me.*" Mrs. Garrick, too, had sent some kind messages which seemed to have touched him much. He could not sufficiently express his gratitude to her. When Garrick would lose her, he "would have more to regret than any man in the kingdom." We might pity him in this wretched state, did we not suspect it was the mere prostration produced by his sufferings. "Oh, sir, it is incredible all I have suffered." He should have thought of what he made others suffer; and when some years later he could drag the wretched Mrs. Dodd and her husband, on his stage at the Haymarket, he showed that such a lesson was thrown away upon him, and almost seemed to deserve the final chastisement which crushed him. A "return" of the accumulated amount of suffering and mortifications he contrived to heap on innocent persons, would be astonishing.

Nearly every piece of his owed its point to such personality.

A single story will illustrate the character of these two men, who were in such curious relationship all their life long. It is told by Cumberland, who was actually present. He, Sir Robert Fletcher, and Garrick, went to dine with Foote, at Parson's Green. At the end of dinner, Foote thought the baronet had gone away, and the moment his back was turned began, in his usual fashion, to ridicule his late guest. The baronet actually happened to be in another part of the room, and, much hurt, called out to him to wait, at least, until he had gone. The situation was most awkward. The unscrupulous wit was actually abashed. Then Garrick, with infinite address and kindness, came to the rescue, and set himself to reconcile the affronted guest to what had happened; and this he did with such exquisite art, and tact, and good will, throwing over all such a comic air, that he eventually succeeded. We know enough of Foote to guess how *he* would have inflamed the situation, and complicated the matter still more, with a malicious humour, and told the thing everywhere, as one of his best stories.

In one of his fitful returns of friendship he asked Garrick to dine with him, gave him a present of some geese, and was addressed by his guest, next day—always grateful for any signs of grace—in some pleasant rhymes. No doubt, the other had his rough jest about the "Garrick and the geese:"

"Dear Foote, I love your wit and like your wine,
And hope when next with you I dine—
(Indeed, I do not care how soon)—
I hope—nay, beg it—as a boon,
That you will get decanter six,
Ye various wines that number fix;

So may the generous grape you give—
(To give it may you ages live!)—
From bottle to decanter pass,
And not a cloud to stain the glass,
* * * *
I took my leave in such a hurry,
With drinking, too, in such a flurry,
With gibes and jests so crammed my mind,
Again we left the geese behind,
Which, by the bearer, please to send
To me, your very thankful friend."*

Not a cloud to stain the glass! That very soon gathered. Nothing could change the nature of the man, and he was presently—only the next year—ridiculing and "taking off" the friend who had addressed him in this warm and kindly way. This hostility really endured through Foote's life, and merely intermitted. The sure and steady course of Garrick's success, his growing progress in wealth and estimation, and above all, some of Garrick's complacent absurdities, were all so much exasperation to his strange soul. The food of that soul was a sort of boisterous jesting, which he called good-humoured satire, or rallying, and which, in another, might have been so considered; for, as in the case of Douglas Jerrold, there can be a reputation for "bitter things," and a kindly heart at the same time. But Foote's *behaviour* seems to be but too consistent with his speeches. His conduct to Garrick alone would prove this. The latter's kindness, his good-nature in overlooking the past, his assistance with money, might have been set down to fear; and it was not unnatural, that the sensitive Garrick should have an almost morbid terror of this theatrical highwayman, who was stopping every one on the road. Foote's tongue was never weary of retailing stories

* Hill MSS.

about Garrick's "meanness." Some of these were diverting enough—as his picture of the actor and Hurd, walking up and down the Adelphi Terrace, the former in an agony at seeing a waste in a candle in his dining-room, distracted between obsequious attention to the bishop, and economy. His bust was on Foote's desk, near his money: "but," said the wit, showing it, "you see he has no hands." This was good, and perhaps fair, if it did not go beyond. But from the man who had not the decency to spare his dead wife, not much restraint towards friends could be expected. Just after her death, he dined out as usual, with a large party where he affected a sort of grotesque sorrow, which amused the servants. When he added that he had been all the morning "hunting for a second-hand coffin to bury her in," he succeeded perfectly, and sent them from the room in convulsions.*

And now freshly returned from the Jubilee, and in dearth of a subject, he was everywhere telling his ill-natured stories.† A witty but malicious speech of his—an impromptu *fait à loisir*—was in everybody's mouth. "A jubilee," he said, "as it hath lately appeared, is a public invitation circulated and urged by puffing, to go post without horses, to an obscure borough without representatives, governed by a mayor and aldermen, who are no magistrates; to celebrate a great poet whose own works have made him immortal, by *an ode without poetry*, music without melody, dinners without

* Taylor, vol. ii. p. 362.

† He furnished Boswell with the occasion for a pun. Garrick had a happy knack at "turning" a prologue; but Foote could not spare even this gift, and said all Garrick's prologues had a culinary turn, and should have for a motto, *jamdudum patinis*. "He might be answered," said the Laird of Auchinleck, "Any pattens rather than your 'Piety in Pattens.'"

victuals, and lodgings without beds; a masquerade where half the people appeared barefaced, a horse-race up to the knees in water, fireworks extinguished as soon as they were lighted, and a gingerbread amphitheatre, which, like a house of cards, tumbled to pieces as soon as it was finished."* His behaviour seems almost inexplicable. He must have visited the festival solely to oblige Garrick. Yet he had no sooner left, than he began to ridicule it in every possible way. Every newspaper was said to contain satires and squibs directed against the celebration, from his hand. At last he carried his animosity so far as to meditate a piece in which Garrick was to be brought in, and "taken off." A lady asked him were his figures at "the little theatre" to be the size of life. "No, madam," he answered, "about the size of Garrick." To the list of those whom he had mimicked, or threatened to mimic, was now to be added the respectable name of the English Roscius.

The sensation pageant of the Jubilee at Drury Lane, with its extraordinary success, only quickened his burning desire to exhibit his friend; and he really meditated bringing out at his own theatre a sort of burlesque procession, in which there was to be a figure of Garrick, who was to be addressed by one of the mob in the often-quoted lines—

> "A nation's taste depends on you,
> Perhaps a nation's virtue too."

And Garrick's image was to answer, flapping its wings:

> "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

* The "ode without poetry" was a thrust at the man who had always been his friend. Even the forethought of providing "a good bed for Mr. Foote," deserved the little return of at least forbearance.

This coarse bit of wit quite took possession of his mind, and though he was not able to carry out his notion of the procession, he came back to the "cock-a-doodle-doo" idea very often and fondly. The project was much talked of and speculated over, a trick of his in all his "foot-pad" schemes to stimulate public curiosity. Garrick, naturally indignant, said to his friends that such treatment did not come handsomely from a man who at that moment actually owed him five hundred pounds—a speech that was soon reported to Foote, and rather disturbed his guilty conscience. He affected to be furious at such a disclosure, and with some exertion got together the sum,—borrowing it, however, from his friends,—to repay Garrick. In this way he fancied he was now clear of all restraint.

Yet Garrick dreaded this public gibbeting so much, that we can readily imagine he made fresh advances to soothe his enemy. There is a story of their accidental meeting at Lord Stafford's door, and of Garrick's asking, before they went in, "was it to be peace or war?" "Oh, peace, by all means," said the wit. That was but a truce—possibly during the dinner. Davies —no partial reporter—seems to hint that the forbearance was to be purchased by a new loan. They met at houses of their acquaintance, at whose tables Mr. Foote "rattled away." No one enjoyed his sallies more than Garrick, or laughed so much, or applauded more heartily. But it was noticed that the latter did not shine where Foote was present, being, not unnaturally, under some restraint. It was noticed, indeed, that there was a class of men of the boisterous sort, who had very much the same effect upon Gar-

rick. No one, the same authority tells us, was more illiberal in his attacks on the absent Garrick—in all companies "pooh-poohing" his merits as an actor, laughing at his writings, accusing him of trickery and meanness; in short, to use the reporter's strong expressions, "rendering his conversation disgusting, by his nauseous abuse of Mr. Garrick."

At the same time it must be admitted that there were failings about Garrick—his pride in the acquaintance of the great, his belief that he himself was the engrossing subject of the thoughts and interest of the public, his little airs of superiority—which to a man of Foote's temper and wit were an hourly challenge, and literally irresistible. Another matter to which due weight should be given, is Garrick's apparent placidity and endurance, which really might seem to suggest to Foote "that the hound" had not much feeling, and cared very little for such treatment. He was so accustomed to impunity, that he had literally lost the sense of restraint. This unkindness fretted Mrs. Garrick more than it did her husband, and when she was sitting for her portrait, Northcote, who was with Reynolds, could hear her complaining of this ceaseless and unaccountable persecution, which was embittering their lives. But she was to be comforted by Reynolds, who told her, it was the inferior nature that always thus indemnified itself.

If there be one impartial character of this period whom we could ask to arbitrate in such a matter, it is Reynolds, the amiable painter, who was temperate and firm, and above any little clouds that disturbed the atmosphere of the day. In that dialogue in which he affected to make Johnson describe Garrick's

character, but in which his own generous heart was speaking, true justice is done to both Foote and Garrick; and to the popular stories that went about as to their relations, which Davies and other slanderers were glad to repeat, that Garrick in society shrank from competition with Foote, and became silent. "The reason was," says Reynolds, "he disdained to compete with one whose style of conversation and wit was vulgar merriment, indecency, and impiety." Even in mimicry, where Foote excelled, he was far left behind by Garrick, who besides beating him in the nicest and most exact imitation of peculiarities, gave the tone of mind and modes of thought. "Foote went out of himself, but without going into another man."

He had presently discovered a fresh injury in Garrick's playing a round of his own favourite characters, which he affected to believe was done with the view of drawing away the public from his little theatre. Drury Lane had been kept open for a short time after its usual season for closing, which was another outrage. But, indeed, he had no title to expect consideration from a man he had so injured. He had begun by attacking him in the newspapers, in letters, fables, and such squibs—a form of annoyance to which he knew Garrick was sensitive. At that time, Garrick was suffering acutely from an infamous libel, written at him by the wretch Kenrick, and called "Lamentation for the loss of his Nikey," which had just come out, and which referred to the ruin of his friend Bickerstaff, who had fled from the country to avoid the consequences of an infamous crime. And while Garrick's friends were sorely distressed

for him, and the warm-hearted Moody "hoped to God that he did not suffer this injury a place in his mind, but let it go to hell from whence it came," the delicate Foote could choose this moment to attract yet more attention to Garrick's name. This seems to be about the worst trait in all his behaviour.

He was to open his theatre in February of the following year, 1773, and had prepared one of his best pieces of personality. This was called the "Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens;" and he again intended to introduce Garrick on so favourable an opportunity, as it was to be in his favourite shape of a puppet show. A mask and puppet had been made as like Garrick as could be contrived, with a man concealed inside. At the proper cue, he was to clap his arms to his side, and crow loudly, and thus revive the stale jest of "cock-a-doodle-doo." All this reads pitiably, and the jest was of the lowest sort. Perhaps it was so represented to him, for he seems to have abandoned it in *that* shape: not, however, before it had gone round all the coffee-rooms and clubs, what pleasant entertainment was to be made out of Mr. Garrick.* Good-natured friends soon carried the plan to the ears of Garrick, who was thrown into agonies by such a prospect.

When the night came round the crowd was so great, and curiosity was so intense, that the doors of the playhouse were broken open, and the streets about the Haymarket were impassable. Hats, swords, and cloaks,

* Cooke tells a good story of his exciting the jealousy and fears with which the manager was supposed to be tortured, by telling him of a new Roscius he was bringing out: and of his then having this puppet brought in. Garrick was still uneasy. "What, jealous of Punch!" said Foote.

and shoes were all torn off and lost. Hundreds got in without paying admission money. Many ladies fainted, and one girl had her arm broken. There was almost a riot. Foote excelled himself on this night in wit and buoyancy. It was wonderful to think of his retaining buoyancy and spirit, and yet only able to limp about with a wooden leg. Nothing more dismally grotesque could be imagined than to see him preparing to "go on" behind the scenes, propped up against a wall, while his servant came to fit on his false leg, which had been dressed to suit the character. The jester would look down ruefully as this operation was performed, but in a moment had hobbled off to the front of the footlights, and was convulsing his audience.

On this night, however, his efforts, admirable as they were, did not find such favour. It exceeded all his previous exhibitions of personality. Mrs. Yates was "taken off" in the "House-maid," *Polly Pattens.** No one escaped — Steevens the commentator was dragged in, Dr. Arne, and finally Garrick. He now had his revenge, and "took off" the great actor's manner admirably. He held him up as a manager in treaty with Punch's wife, Joan, with Garrick's exact tone of voice and manner. This was his revenge. But when he went on, and becoming more personal, began to give names, and mimicked Kelly, Cumberland, and Mr. Cradock, the audience got indignant, and a riot took place, which was with difficulty suppressed.

Yet within a few months he was borrowing stage

* Cradock.

dresses for his plays from Garrick, and had the coolness to ask the man whom he had held up at the Haymarket, to come to his house. The unfailing temper, the real worth of Garrick, may at times have had its influence on him; perhaps he felt himself all the time drawn to the man he so ridiculed, and perhaps—and this is not so unfair a supposition—his interest might have prompted him. Garrick answered him cautiously, in the third person, agreeing to go. "He has too long lamented the loss of Mr. Foote's society not to accept his invitation with pleasure." And at the end, he with true tact and graciousness, comforts Foote with a fine account he had received of Foote's new piece.* It was, he heard on excellent authority, the author's best performance, there was a full house, and "he never was better pleased." We can scarcely believe that Garrick was hearty in these gratulations, and it may have been part of his policy of conciliation. But it was gracious.

Foote answered him with—"My dear sir"—he was touched by such forgiveness—"I am exceedingly obliged to you for the kind conclusion of your letter. I promise I should not have hinted it to you"—*i. e.*, the plan for a party—"but in the confidence of your friendship, and if at the same time *I could not with the greatest truth say that I am most sincerely and affectionately yours,* SAMUEL FOOTE."

He was growing impatient of the slow gains which his trade brought him in, and of the weary journeys and endless labour it took him to earn his crust. A kind of despondency had come over him, which almost

* Forster MSS.

seemed the shadow of the calamity that was travelling on behind him. If he had not heart for bitterness against his more successful friend, it was from no awakening of generosity; if he wrote warmly and gratefully, and offered his hospitalities, it was from the ordinary decencies of gratitude, for money security just undertaken, and kindness, and, perhaps, want of spirits for attack. The "stingy little hound" had just endorsed Mr. Foote's note to pay one Sowden, who was pressing Foote, and in return received a copy of a compliment to Mrs. Garrick, in which she was likened to Madame De Maintenon.*

Garrick, always indulgent and good-natured, received all these advances tolerantly, and puts the maimed and dispirited satirist in good humour with compliments, telling how his speeches had quite upset Mrs. Baddeley, the actress, who, on the strength of them, wanted an increase of salary. "My wife sends her best wishes, and begs you will not keep too much company, nor make your pelly too pig with *entremets* and *hors d'œuvres*. It is a bitty you are so bleasant to so riot yourself to teth."† This was the usual shape of good-natured jest against Mrs. Garrick's foreign pronunciation.

Yet, after all his sham sympathy and his affected gratitude, his old envy could not be restrained. It was exhibited even at his own table, not very long before Garrick's death, and a curious scene it was. It shows that the old envy was incurable, and "speaks volumes,"

* Garrick's tone about Foote was always friendly. "Foote is in great spirits," he wrote to Colman, "but bitter against the Lord Chamberlain. The Duchess has had him in her closet, and offered to bribe him; but Cato, though he had one leg more than our friend, was not more stoically virtuous."

† Forster MSS.

as the phrase runs. Young Mr. Lyttleton, Lord Lyttleton's son—a fashionable scapegrace—was dining with him with two other gentlemen, and mention was made of Garrick. Mr. Lyttleton, to please his host ("For you must know," said Garrick, telling the story, "*that Foote hates me*") struck in, on the usual tack, "Garrick is *so mean.*" He was at once stopped—*not by the host*, but by one of the gentlemen present—"Sir, I shall hear nothing against Mr. Garrick; he is a man of honour, my friend, and you do not know him." And his spirited defence was seconded again, not by the host, but by another friend of Garrick's, who was present. The young man said, in reply, that this was not his opinion merely, but that of his father, Lord Lyttleton, who knew Mr. Garrick better than he did. They—*not Mr. Foote*—told him that if his father had said so, he knew about as little as his son did. This painful discussion at a supposed friend's table was reported to Garrick, and caused him deep pain, so much so that he could not give Mrs. Garrick the pain of knowing it. Lord Lyttleton was an old friend, and the speech may be dismissed as an invention of the son's. "*For you know Foote hates me!*" There was the truth at last, and a humiliating one it was.

Yet all this could pass from Garrick's mind like a cloud, when a second and more terrible misfortune than the loss of a limb, came to overwhelm Foote—the terrible charge of which, indeed, he was acquitted, but which ended his jesting. No sooner had this blow fallen, than all was forgotten. The sense of a hundred ungracious, unkind acts had passed away. The heart of the true Samaritan—that could see only the spectacle of distress and suffering, and nothing else—was there.

He was unwearied in his exertions. His great influence with the papers, with the "Chronicle," with the "Morning Post," and others, was exercised. "There was not a step in the preparation of his defence," says Mr. Forster, "that was not sedulously watched by Garrick." The unhappy man whose unlucky destiny it was to require some such trial to make him sensible to the common claims of gratitude, wrote, in a tumult of acknowledgment, "God for ever bless you, my dear, kind friend! Ten thousand thanks for your note. I shall make the proper use of it directly. May nothing but halcyon days and nights crown the rest of your life, is the sincere prayer of S. FOOTE."

He was saved, and, perhaps, owing not a little to the exertions of this kind and forgiving friend. Garrick himself was that year quitting the stage, and it was a little curious that the two men whose relations had been so strange, should have died the following year, within a few months of each other. But their end was very different. For Garrick's was the procession to Westminster Abbey, and the pall upheld by friends he had found and attached to him: but the poor jester, hurrying into exile, a lonely death overtook at a lonely French seaport—his last moments were watched by a servant, and a stage treasurer came over to see him interred.

Turning from this painful picture of human weakness and malice, we might at least hope that with Samuel Johnson—old friend, almost schoolfellow—he might have found true comfort and a hearty sympathy—possibly a kindly, and perhaps rough, admonition and correction; but in that quarter at least, none of the meanness of envy or petty spite. Since the failure,

or at best, the *succès d'estime* of "Irene," he had scarcely seen or heard of his old friend, whose play, however, he had taken care should be successful, at least as far as profit went. Yet Johnson appeared to be dissatisfied. Justice had not been done to his play. He had been busy with his periodical, "The Rambler," and though for a time he used to come behind the scenes, and mix with the actors, he soon withdrew himself, his contempt for players, with his roughly expressed opinions, not being likely to make him very welcome there. His excuse to Garrick of its temptations, was a mere *plaisanterie*. The man who wrote of the stage as "a condition which makes almost every other man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal," could not be popular with the profession. Knowing as he did, what weight was attached to his opinions—knowing, too, that his friend was the heart, the glory, of that profession,—such language seemed indelicate, especially as there were many who might apply it more pointedly.* There was so much that was fine and noble in Johnson, so much that has endeared him to us, that even when duty to Garrick makes us dwell on this strange behaviour, we may have the excuse that all this was mere ebullition. But when ebullition takes the shape of action, extenuation becomes more difficult. Garrick had such ebullitions, but he never allowed temper to vent itself in the shape of action. Once, indeed, Johnson gave way to a generous burst, and

* "Now, sir," he said to Boswell, "to talk of *respect* for a *player!*" (smiling disdainfully.) . . . What, a fellow who claps a lump on his back, and a lump on his leg, and cries, "*I am Richard the Third!*" He was clearly thinking of Garrick. A ballad-singer, he said, was a higher man.

did hearty and cordial justice to his friend. "Sir, it is wonderful to see how little Garrick assumes. Garrick had applause dashed in his face, sounded in his ears, and went home every night. . . . Garrick has made a player a higher character. All this, too, was supported by wealth of his own making." He added that he himself in such a position would have had a couple of fellows walking on before him with long poles, to knock down any one that stood in his way. Cibber and Quin would have jumped over the moon.

When Garrick was talking of retiring, it was plain to every one who knew him that he was "tired," mentally and physically. Yet Johnson was the one to say coarsely, "Garrick begins to complain of fatigue! Sir, the man that bawls turnips may complain," &c. The hostility was indeed surprising, and unaccountable. It almost seemed as if Garrick's placidity and calm temper challenged the impatience of rougher natures; and the even course of his prosperity, to which everything appeared to contribute, made others, not so fortunate, fretful. Johnson, the great moralist, the teacher, the reformer—who had passed through probations and trials, and even misery, that gave evidence the preacher could practise what he preached—had toiled for his crust like a day labourer, earning what Charles Lamb would call a miserable "per sheetage." In this apprenticeship all the "delicacies" had passed away from him; and when he saw the calling he despised—that of a "stage player"—bringing affluence, and even wealth, while he, immeasurably greater, was forced to struggle, the comparison was irritating. All through his life, this sense of inferiority, as to success, seems to have galled

him; and he found a satisfaction in indemnifying himself, by perpetual thrusts and sneers at his friend's prosperity. The tranquil affluence of Garrick was a daily irritation. Sometimes he would break out, in a mixed company, with a malicious and over-coloured allusion to their early trials—to that "three halfpence in your pocket on coming up to London"—reminiscences which made Garrick wince before his friends. But Garrick bore such ill-bred reminders with unvarying sweetness of temper. From Garrick was to come the capital compliment to his friend on the completion of that marvellous monument of labour and knowledge, the "English Dictionary," a work, it may be said, as entertaining and amusing, as it was instructive:

> "In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope,
> Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
> And Johnson, well armed, like a hero of yore,
> Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more."

In return Johnson's surly remarks were perpetually travelling to Garrick's ear. He was never weary of carping, and that, too, in a fashion very different from the tone of good-humoured grumbling and fault-finding with which a surly friend will indemnify himself for real acts of affection. It was said, indeed, that he would allow none to abuse Garrick but himself—at best a very questionable shape of attachment, and to be perfectly explained by his favourite principle of arguing in support of a proposition, which he would oppose if any one else brought it forward. Warm admirers of "grand old Samuel," as he had been affectedly called, will feel something like pain at coming to a harsh conclusion, as to this behaviour to his early friend,

which seems *uniformly* ungenerous, petty, jealous, and envious. He never could get over the feeling that he had been passed in the race, by the "lad" he had patronized at Lichfield and taught at school—and above all, by a "player" who had become wealthy. Does Boswell repeat to him a saying of Garrick's, that if he were now beginning, he should not play low characters, like *Abel Drugger*, Johnson sneers, that he was not in earnest. "Then why did he say so?" "Why, sir, to make *you* answer as you did, namely, that his strength lay in playing such opposite characters," and Johnson added that he had probably made the same speech some twenty times before. This was no less unfair than unkind, for Garrick's remark was perfectly genuine, and produced by vexation at the amused surprise, and even contempt, of a French nobleman, who had seen him in *Drugger*, and could not believe it was "*le grand Garrick*." When it was said, that a little compliment of Garrick's to the queen, introduced on the stage, was "mean," he broke out, "How is it mean in a player—a fellow who exhibits himself for a shilling?" But Sir Joshua calmly, and admirably, set him right, and defended the profession of a player. Instances would be endless. He had to own that his "enemy," as we may call him, was liberal, and gave away more money than any man in England that he knew of. But then—no one's liberality depended so much "on the humour of the moment." What could be more unfair or ungenerous than the following? He came in to Davies's house, loud in his complaints of Garrick's stinginess, who had refused him an order to the theatre for Mrs. Williams, because he thought the

place would be worth three shillings on that night. When Boswell incautiously said, he was sure Mr. Garrick would not refuse *him* such a trifle, Johnson told him, haughtily, that he had known Garrick longer than he had, and therefore knew him better. Knowing him, then, so much better, and so long, he might have recollected, that a short time before, Garrick had given this very blind Mrs. Williams, not three shillings, but two hundred pounds! But it was Garrick's lot that he should be called "stingy" by exactly the persons who had least title to do so.

This depreciation was constant, and can be traced through the whole of their relations. When Garrick, after his marriage, had moved to his new house in Southampton Street, and was engaged with all the trouble, and pleasant cares, of a new establishment, he had rather lost sight of Johnson, and meeting him one day "gently complained of his neglect"—how like Garrick!—and insisted he should fix a morning to come and breakfast. The manner in which he was then welcomed, Johnson chose to interpret as "condescending," and patronizing, and his sensitiveness was so touched, that he sat down, and in one of his "Ramblers," sketched a character so personal that no one could mistake it. It is melancholy to read of such petty malice, and still more in one whom Boswell has taught his readers to love. Prospero had invited his blunt friend Asper to breakfast. He came, but found that the impatience of his host arose, not from any desire to communicate his happiness, *but to enjoy his superiority.* Asper gave his name at the door, but the time the footman was absent, gave him reason to suspect there was deliberation going on. He was

then shown up the staircase, "carefully secured by mats *from the pollution of my feet.* The best apartments were then ostentatiously set open, that I might have a distant view of the magnificence which I was not permitted to approach; and my old friend receiving me with all the insolence of condescension at the top of the stairs, conducted me to a back room, where he told me he always breakfasted, when he had not great company."

The floor was covered with a cloth, which the servant was ordered to lift up. "I did not gratify his folly *with outcries of admiration*, but *coldly bade the footman let down the cloth.*" They sat down. Then as Johnson absurdly says, "he had hoped that pride was glutted with persecution"—when his host, restless and anxious, observed that the cover of Johnson's chair had got awry, and begged he would let the servant arrange it. He added, that he had ordered some chairs for ordinary use, but they had not come home. Johnson, restraining himself, praised the tea, but the host said he had a much finer sort, of which only a little was left, which he must keep for those "whom he thought himself bound to treat with particular respect." Another time, however, his guest should taste *that.* He then observed his host's attention wandering, he gave his servant directions about the jeweller and silversmith, and that if "Lord Lofty" called, he was to be shown into the best parlour. Some rare Dresden china was then produced to be admired, which the visitor determined not to look at, but his curiosity getting the better, he was entreated to set them down, "as those who were accustomed only to common dishes seldom handled china with much care."

Asper was philosophic enough at this insult "not to *dash his baubles* to the ground." The host then fell into a quiet fit of meditation on what was, after all, the vanity of these things—they did not add much to human happiness; that he still recalled the old old days, when they began this struggle together, mutually assisting each other in their exigencies—"when he and I were upon a level." The guest was meditating some "bitterness of reproof," when the host suddenly recollected he had an engagement to attend some ladies in the Park, and offered to take his friend part of the way; but the other took his leave, without any intention of seeing him again, "unless some misfortune should restore his understanding."

Johnson then makes some reflections to qualify these bitters, that it could not be intentional, and that it was better to take no notice, &c. The whole is inconceivable, and the fury absurd; and from the ludicrous phrenzy of hoping "that pride was now glutted with persecution," *i. e.*, on a carpet being uncovered, we may rest perfectly assured, that the whole is an exaggeration, born of a diseased sensitiveness, and that Garrick, though he might call his old friend's attention to some evidences of his prosperity, was the last person to have done so, from the mean motives here imputed. He was perhaps a little solicitous about his furniture, for Johnson's careless and rude habits were well known. His showing his Dresden china was not to exhibit pomp or state, and his solicitude about it, when in Johnson's rude fingers, was very excusable.

Some five-and-twenty years later, when talking over the actor,—grumbling at him, "his reputation for avarice saved him from hatred; you despise but do

not hate an avaricious man;" he then added, "Garrick might have been *better attacked for living more splendidly than suited a player. That might have galled him* more." For the moment he forgot Prospero, and that he himself had actually attacked him in that weak place. At the same time, it is plain, he did not mean more, than to satisfy his own private resentment by this little bit of spite. It might be a good hint to his friend, and show his anger; but he did not expect that the whole town would discover, and apply, the likeness, and was really shocked when he found it was so.* Long after, he affected to complain to Mr. Thrale, that Garrick had never forgiven him. That surprisingly even-tempered nature forgave not only that, but much more—and even a second ungracious attack.

When Johnson was preparing his edition of Shakspeare, he announced that the principle that would guide him, would be the collation of all the early printed editions. Garrick was known to have an unrivalled collection—certainly not to be matched in England—and Johnson knew the special advantage he would have in the use of these treasures. Garrick, when he heard of his seriously taking up the plan, sent word that his library was open to him—the key left with the servant,—and that a fire would be always kept ready—perhaps the most welcome and unrestrained way in which the use of books could be offered. Will it be credited that the ungracious Johnson saw here a fresh attempt to *patronize* him, "the fellow wanted to be courted."† He should have

* Cradock.

† Garrick, after this injustice, actually called the man-servant in to Hawkins, and made him repeat the instructions so carefully given to him. "I was

collected these rare and priceless books, packed them up, and sent them to be strewn about the garret, where Johnson worked. The latter's treatment of books was notorious. Garrick found Johnson one day in his private study,. where was his choice collection of elegantly bound presentation copies, busy throwing the books down one after the other, and strewing the floor. The owner was naturally angry, and said it was his private cabinet. "I was determined to examine your collection," said the other insolently, "and find it consists of three sorts—stuff, trash, and nonsense." There must have been great sweetness, on Garrick's side, that could put up with this treatment.* Johnson nursed his fancied injury. When the Shakspeare appeared, every one wondered at seeing no allusion to the Roscius of the age—who had done so much for Shakspeare—the *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Richard* of the era. When asked about this omission, Johnson would say in his easy way, "Garrick, sir, has been liberally paid for anything he has done for Shakspeare." On another occasion he was again pressed for the reason. Did he not admire Garrick? "Yes—as a poor player that frets and struts his hour on the stage as a shadow. My dear sir," he added, impatiently, "if I had praised him, I must have praised many more," which was a poor pretence, as

told, sir," said the man, "to let Mr. Johnson have any books he wanted." Sir John "conjectured" that Garrick's "object" was thus to get "thanks, and perhaps some additional compliment."

* He used even good-naturedly to take off his friend, asking him, in his solemn tones, "David, have you a Petrarcha?" "Yes, sir." "Don't sigh, David. Send it to me." Burney tells us the handsome volume was lent: and Boswell, later, described the Doctor holding that very book up, at full arm's-length over his head, in a sort of rapture. It slipped and fell on the floor, with its back all strained and dislocated. This little point shows how minutely accurate—even to the name of a book—was Boswell.

Garrick stood quite apart from all the rest. But this was nothing: merely a matter of taste. He went further. He tortured Garrick's offer of his books into a refusal, and Garrick, to his astonishment, found himself again held up to the public, in such a passage as this: "I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more: but have not *found the collectors of these rarities very communicative.* Of the editions which *chance or kindness* put into my hands, &c." This *active* exercise of dislike speaks of a deeper something, that approaches vindictiveness, and seems inconceivable in one who could give such "grand" lessons on morals.

Garrick never forgive him! Only a few months later, there was a dinner at Boswell's, in Bond Street, "where he played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health he then seemed to enjoy. Boswell had set a passage in the "Mourning Bride" above anything in Shakspeare; and Garrick, in alarm, defended his demigod, saying, we must not make the poet suffer for the badness of their memories—making "the sage" smile at his eagerness. This little scene—one of the prettiest in Boswell—shows Garrick in his most charming guise—playful, affectionate, and forgiving. Perhaps, after all, we may have a faint hope that this was only Johnson's "way," and that the two understood each other. Yet there is more to come; and Johnson's singular behaviour about the Literary Club, shows the same secret grudge. That society was founded in the year 1764, with Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier, Nu-

gent, and Hawkins, as original members. Garrick did not return from abroad until a year and a half later, and with such friends, might fairly claim admission—at least as well as Hawkins, or Chamier. When no proposal was made, he began to be a little restless and fidgety, would stop at Hawkins's on his way to Hampton, and ply him with questions,—Had he been at the club last night?—Did they talk of him?—Was Johnson there?—Now, did he say that Davy was a pleasant fellow enough in his way, but no poet or scholar? *

When he first heard of the plan, Garrick said, "I like the notion. I think I shall be of you." A foolish speech, but not an unnatural one. It was scarcely prudent of the placid and friendly Sir Joshua, to repeat it—"*He'll be of us!*" roared Johnson, delighted to have him on the hip. "How does he know we will permit him?—the first duke in England has no right to hold such language." This was his tone to Reynolds. To Hawkins, who was willing to admit Garrick, he objected, "*he will disturb us by his buffoonery.*" And finally, when Mrs. Thrale started the subject, he broke out with: "If Garrick *does* apply, I'll blackball him. Surely one ought to sit in a society like ours,

Unelbowed by gamester, pimp, or player."

Here are three distinct significations of hostility, addressed to three distinct witnesses. Hawkins adds, that he so contrived matters, that the actor was never formally proposed, and by consequence, never admitted.

* Sir John Hawkins—almost as entertaining in his way as Boswell—took these inquiries very seriously—was quite "vexed,"—and lectured Garrick solemnly on his curiosity.

In this he is a little mistaken: Garrick's admission did not take place for eight or nine years, and it is not uncharitable to suppose, that Johnson's opposition and influence, was at the bottom of this long postponement. The whole chapter of this unworthy hostility must be a shock to all admirers. Johnson's behaviour to him was uniformly unkind. To him Garrick was as uniformly gentle. Boswell, reporting his "vanity" and Johnson's "envy," said the actor "was always *jealous* that Johnson spoke lightly of him." Hawkins adds, that Garrick used to complain that Johnson "was capricious in his friendship, and, as he termed it, coquettish in his display of it; and when Boswell good-naturedly reported to him some little praise by Johnson of his knack of writing prologues, Garrick could not conceal his delight and joy at the unexpected encomium. Stockdale, the foolish clergyman, brought tears into his eyes, by reporting to him a poor compliment of Johnson's. These are trifles: but they show a surprising evenness and sweetness, a kindly and simple nature —an amiable return for such behaviour. When Garrick would give a good-humoured imitation of his friend, even here he showed his anxiety as to this one matter. Taking him off, he would make him say, "Davy has some convivial pleasantry about him, but is a futile fellow." In return, Johnson, after coming from behind the scenes, would tell his friends, "I met Davy behind the scenes last night, dressed for his part. I was glad to see him, but I believe he was ashamed to see me." Johnson repeated this story, in various shapes. It was when Garrick was dressed for *Scrub*, or *Drugger*, and I

think we can see in it, a harmless delicacy—a wish not to disturb the more dignified image of his histrionic self, which he wished to rest in the mind of the friend he so respected—that of *Lear* or *Richard*. Indeed, the presence of Johnson could have been no welcome addition behind the scenes. When every eye in front, is wet with tears at the sorrows of *Lear*, and even Clive, at the wing, is sobbing out, "d—n him, he can act a gridiron!" the great actor is disturbed by the loud voices of Murphy and Johnson, laughing and talking over something else. As he comes off, he remonstrates gently, and tells Johnson he distracts his feelings. "Pshaw! sir," says Johnson, coarsely, "*Punch* has no feelings!" *

This to the manager, before the other players, and from a friend, was unkind. The speech was recollected, repeated, and enjoyed.† Wilkes, repeating the stupid slander of stinginess, said, in Johnson's presence, that Garrick "would play *Scrub* to the end of his life;" then, brought on a discussion, which extracted from Johnson an admission that Garrick

* Johnson, though he had a contempt for players, did excellent justice to his acting. "*Who* can repeat *Hamlet's* soliloquy, 'To be, or not to be,' as Garrick does it?" said Boswell, foolishly, and with that wrongly placed praise which so nearly depreciates. "Anybody may," said Johnson. "Jemmy, there, 'a child,' will do it as well in a week. Garrick was no declaimer; yet he was the only actor I ever saw whom I could call a master both in tragedy and in comedy; though I believe him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguishing excellences." This was his real excellence, and not the poor recitation of "To be or not to be,"—perhaps his weakest part.

† Garrick and his associations were always, by some fatality, unpleasant for Johnson. Thus, when Walmesley's old letters of introduction to Colson, now nearly forty years old, came to light, having been carefully treasured by Abraham Newling, Steevens wrote to Garrick, "If I had called, as I sometimes do, on Dr. Johnson, and showed him one of these, where he is mentioned as *one* Johnson, I should have risked, perhaps, the chance of *one of his ghastly smiles*."

gave away more money than any man in England. But others were then *attacking*, which was sufficient to make him anyone's champion. We can put no confidence in his acceptance of Boswell's excuse, of his allowing no one to abuse Garrick but himself, which could be refuted by many instances.* After a fine panegyric on Garrick's liberality, and his wonderful self-restraint under the tempest of praise "dashed in his face"—"Sir, a liberal man; a little vanity, indeed; but he has shown that money is not his first object," he might seem liberal. Yet, when Boswell quotes Foote's stupid jest about his going out with an intention to be generous, and its all vanishing in the street at the ghost of a halfpenny candle, Johnson agrees complacently, "*That* is very true, sir. No man ever so much depended on the *humour of the moment.*" It would be far more true to say, that it was *not* on the humour of the moment that he was generous, that he reflected, and perhaps wrote a letter; and thus, his benevolence was measured, and infinitely superior to the mere charity of impulse. No "ghost of a halfpenny candle" had come between Foote and his kind assistance.† "The humour of the moment." No. It was a humour that lasted all his life—a humour not by any means of the moment: as most applications for money came to him by letter, he had time to deliberate. We can mark every year of his life by a series of generous actions and of thoughtful aid.

* The kindly Reynolds made this excuse for him, that Johnson considered Garrick as *his property*, and would allow no one to attack or praise him without contradiction. He wrote the two well-known dialogues in Johnson's manner to show this.

† The reader will recall one instance at least where, too, Foote actually complained that the money was not given at once, so that Garrick had time to reflect.

From the same hostile quarter came the grudging testimony, that he was the first man in the world for sprightly conversation, though he thought that conversation light. Even after the actor's death, as will be seen, his encomiums were conventional and ill-applied. What were Garrick's real faults, escaped him, and it was reserved for Goldsmith's nicer observation to hit off those social histrionics, the blemish of Garrick's life. "He had friends, sir," Johnson said, after the actor had passed away, "but no friend. He was too much diffused. He found people always ready to applaud him, and for the same thing, and so saw life with great uniformity"—a distinction not very intelligible. He ought, at least, to have found *one friend* in his own schoolfellow and companion—whose foolish plans—the school, and the play—he had helped, to the best of his power.*

And yet, after all, it almost seems as if Garrick's regard and affection for him, are his best extenuation. We know what a struggle was always going on in that fine, strong, powerful nature—how Johnson prayed and wrestled with himself and the meaner passions, which so often overpowered him. Sometimes, therefore, in dealing with Garrick, the generous feeling prevailed, and he did him more than justice; but the next moment he was thinking of the success, and of Gar-

* Even in trifles we see instances of Garrick's thoughtful kindness. Boswell and Johnson pay a visit down at Lichfield. Johnson was scarcely at home there; but a letter arrives to Peter Garrick, enjoining him to pay every attention to the visitors. Johnson's hostility was persistent. It turns up in every direction. When a great honor was paid to Garrick in being sent for to read for the King, Johnson chuckled over the coldness which the Royal host had shown at the entertainment. He dwelt on Garrick's mystification and disappointment—then went off in the old stock charge—avarice and love of praise.—*D'Arblay's Diary.*

rick's social artifices, which to him were contemptible; and then the less worthy feeling seemed to prevail. After all, this may be the solution; and all hearty admirers would be delighted that such strange behaviour could be reconciled with Johnson's really fine temper.

At the end, when Garrick had passed away, some such better influence prevailed. "Garrick was a very good man," he said; "the cheerfullest man of his age—a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness." The cheerfullest man of his age! This is something pretty and appropriate in that epitaph, something so nicely describing Garrick, something so inviting, that we condone all, and fondly believe that Johnson, his old schoolfellow, *then* understood him—but, alas! too late.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ADELPHI.—COUNTY VISITS.

1770.

THE same old taste for high life, and this rather foolish ambition to do as those did who were above him in rank and wealth, made Mr. Garrick now prepare to leave his house in Southampton Street, where he had lived more than twenty years. They were but two, —their house was large and handsome enough; well situated, too, for one of his condition. But he was eager for something grander, and more "fashionable." Four brothers, of the name of Adam—two of whom were architects of *repute*, who have left some respectable works behind them—had entered upon what was then considered a colossal undertaking. They had bought the old Durham yard—where Garrick long before had his wine vaults—with the sheds and buildings about it, and conceived the daring scheme of throwing out a handsome terrace, raised on a series of arches, over the river side. In a spirit of nationality that seems ludicrous, they had brought all their masons and bricklayers from Scotland, and the work was stimulated by the monotonous drone of the bagpipe. The labourers, however, soon found that this cheerful music made them, insensibly, give more work than was quite profitable: and with a spirit, in its own way as national as

that of their employers, they presently struck work. The now dingy and forlorn terrace, called the Adelphi, was then considered a splendid undertaking. The name was given in compliment to the brothers; and the two dingy approaches, John Street and Robert Street, represented their Christian names. The arches are solid and substantial; the houses handsome, and decorated with the poor and meagre Italian tracery, that were then considered in the best classical taste. It was a long façade, a centre with two small wings, pilasters, and courses. Garrick was taken with the situation, and through Lord Mansfield's interest obtained the promise of one of the houses, on advantageous terms, even before it was completed. These mansions were then really sumptuous in their finish. It proved to be a costly venture, and was a great deal above his resources, perhaps above the position of "a player;" for the other houses were taken by men of rank and wealth—like Beauclerk and Mr. Hoare. But one of Mr. Garrick's little weaknesses, was to do as people of rank and wealth did.

What is now number four, was the one he chose, and he fitted it up almost with magnificence. The *plafond* of the drawing-room was painted by Zucchi, with Venus and the Graces; and a rich Italian marble chimneypiece, said to have cost £300, adorned the fireplace. All his choicest pictures hung round upon the walls. Yet, like many a house built to be "architectural," it turned out a failure. There was too much light in front, from the river and the sun, and the back rooms, where the pictures were, were dungeon-like, from the shadow of the neighbouring houses. It is conceivable that the situation had a charm—from the gaiety

and animation of the river, the passing boats, and the hum and bustle of the Strand close by, yet shut out, and remote. Even now, that deserted terrace—lonely and grass-grown as it is—has a quaint air; it belongs not to the age; the houses, with their grimy Italian arabesques, seem like an old scene from old Drury Lane; and it does not take much imagination to conjure up that not unpicturesque evening when Boswell and Johnson strolled there, and leant on the rails, looking over the river, and talked of the friend that had once lived in the house they had just left.*

In the March of this year, an act of friendship was to draw him into one more unpleasant conflict with the public. Kelly, the *ci-devant* staymaker, had brought him a new piece, which Garrick's tact must have told him could not have been brought out, without danger. Kelly had written bitter satires on the players of both houses in succession, in feeble imitation of the "Rosciad." He had talked of "Clive's weak head or execrable heart," and spoken of Mrs. Dancer as "a moon-eyed idiot." This was mere scurrility. Garrick, with infinite difficulty, had smoothed away these green-room resentments; but the author had since enlisted under Government, and had been writing down the popular side, and Wilkes's friends had determined not to let so tempting an opportunity go by. The friends of the manager, and even those who had

* It is now the office of the Literary Fund, and business is conducted in Garrick's fine drawing-room. It would have made him "turn in his grave" had he thought that David Williams's Society was to have its home in his house. Garrick interested himself to obtain one of the new houses at the corner of Adam Street, for Becket, a publisher, that worshipped him. His earnest letter, given in one of Hone's "Books," shows how eagerly and sincerely he went to work to ask a favour.

some terror of the "hack's" pen, mustered strongly, and the first scene of "A Word to the Wise" was the signal for an outrageous riot. Through the combined efforts of the two parties, not a word was caught of the piece. When it was concluded, the author himself was anxious that no more should be heard of it, and that a new play should be announced for the next night; but an alarming deputation of some gentlemen, supporters of the manager, waited on him behind the scenes, and threatened to *sack the house*, if the new play was not given out—which was accordingly done.

It may be conceived what a promise of riot this held out. And as soon as the prologue began, on the following night, both parties rushed to the attack. In vain Garrick appealed to them, with a *request* from the author, that his play might be withdrawn. His "friends," with an embarrassing partisanship, insisted it *should* go on. In vain the author himself implored that his piece might be withdrawn. He was not listened to. The night closed in utter riot and confusion.

Garrick and Mrs. Garrick now set off on a visit to friends at Kington in the Isle of Wight. These friends were the Fitzmaurices, who were the centre of a pleasant *coterie*, with "Mr. Barwell," Dr. Harrison, Lord Clanricarde, the admiral of the station, and others. The Governor, Mr. Stanley, who did not know him, sent his compliments to Mr. Garrick with a hope that they would come to stop with him at Steeple, and offered his yacht during their stay. They were indeed made much of. They left behind them memories of a delightful gaiety, and badinage. Mrs. Garrick was pronounced "the queen," and her health was drunk every day after her departure, with a fond recollection.

It was insisted by the little *coterie* that Mr. Hewson, the clergyman, when giving prayers at Shanklin, laid a special stress upon the words, "our gracious Queen *Charlotte*," to prevent his friends making any mistake as to the queen they were to pray for. Wherever they went, they always left behind them the same playful memories, and affectionate regard.

His mode of life seemed to change with these high pretensions. The visits multiplied. There were all sorts of entertainments at the new house. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were seen at balls and masquerades—at Mrs. Cornely's famous one in 1770, where the great actor was seen dressed as a Macaroni Doctor, and his "lady" as an Italian peasant.

Now he was to be asked down to Wynnstay, in obedience to many a pressing invitation.* Going down to this house, he met some flattering proofs of his popularity. For at Shrewsbury the whole town was in a ferment, and the Raven Inn, where the party put up, was besieged with the curious. When he appeared, there was a crowd, who made free and rustic remarks on his person, eye, hair, &c. He travelled quite *en seigneur*, with six horses and four men-servants, which seems a state more befitting a man of rank than

* A present of cheese came to him from Sir Watkyn, with some pleasant verses in answer to some of Garrick's :—

"How filled were the Welchmen with envy and shame,
How each bard for his character feared,
When first they were told how immortal a name
In the list of all poets appeared.
* * * * * *
They send you their compliments greeting,
That if you'll permit them to hear you declaim,
They'll stay from the next turnpike meeting," &c.

I also find among his papers, a parody on the well-known Welsh song, and beginning "Of a noble race was Sir Watkyn."

even a wealthy player.* Whether it was that he was thus absorbed by fashion and pleasure, or that a real theatrical decay was slowly coming, the affairs of the theatre seem now to lose much interest.

* Forster MSS. In letter dated from Wynnstay. It is franked by Sir Watkyn Wynne. There are many little hints of this growing taste for gaiety —more verses, more letters. I have seen his hair-dresser's—Gast's—bill for the last year of his management, for wigs, dressings, "pomadums," and it is very large.—*Bul. Col.*

CHAPTER VII.

JUNIUS—KENRICK'S LIBEL—MURPHY—HAMLET, WITH ALTERATIONS.

1771—1772.

Now came an event, which to his sensitive soul must have been like a shock, and have robbed him of his rest, at nights. One day, a terrible letter reached him. It was only a few lines long, but it warned and threatened, and was signed "JUNIUS." When we know that in his heart he shrank, from the cheapest, and meanest anonymous rascal, who wrote to him, we may imagine the effect of this awful power who was striking in the dark. He had done a foolish thing. Woodfall, the printer, had mentioned carelessly, in one of his letters, that *Junius would write no more*, and Mr. Garrick had sent this joyful news with all speed to the king, by one of the court pages, Ramus, whom he knew very well.* In fact he thought it so important, that there was scarcely a letter he wrote during that time, which he did not fill up with this interesting information. The king, however, mentioned the matter to his friends, and perhaps to those whom it most seriously concerned, and it thus speedily came to the knowledge of the *unseen* power. His warning to Garrick ran originally some-

* Woodfall receiving this SECRET, alarming warning: "Beware of David Garrick! He was sent to pump you, and went directly to Richmond to tell the king I would write no more."

what in this shape: "I am very exactly informed of your *impertinent inquiries*, and of the information you so busily sent to Richmond, and with what triumph and satisfaction it was received. I knew every particular of it next day, through the indiscretion of one, who makes it a rule to betray everybody that confides in him. *Now mark me, vagabond!* Keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer! It is in my power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with JUNIUS."

Woodfall, who had some regard for Garrick, remonstrated humbly with the tremendous writer. But he received a stern order; "the letter to D. G. must go forward,"—all he allowed was, that "impertinent inquiries" should be changed into "practices." But Woodfall went further and cautiously took out the allusion to the king, through fear it would compromise himself. Garrick was aghast. "Mark me, vagabond!" was offensive enough,—a hint of an Act of Parliament, still in the statute book, and very significant. After some deliberation, he wrote to Woodfall a curious letter, which was dignified and confident, and yet seemed to appeal to Junius's forbearance, with many artful compliments of superior strength, talents, &c. "However mighty may be the power with which he is pleased to threaten me, I trust with truth on my side and your assistance, to be able to parry the vigour of his arm, and oblige him to drop his point, *not from want of force to overcome so feeble an adversary as I am.*" He then explains the matter, and justifies himself. "I beg you will assure Junius, that I have as proper an horror of an informer as he can

have, that have been honoured with the confidence of men of all parties. *I have always declared that were I by any accident* to discover Junius, no consideration should prevail on me to reveal a secret productive of so much mischief." This was sent forward by Woodfall, and it elicited a half-satisfied acceptance from Junius. "If he attacks me again, I will appeal to the public against him; if not, he may safely set me at defiance." This was thrown in contemptuously, in a letter full of more important subjects, but from such a quarter it seems a good deal, and must have comforted Garrick's sensitive heart. Junius alluded also to Wilkes, no friend of Garrick's, though he wrote him letters full of false *bonhomie*, and compliments, and a jovial affection. Horne Tooke accused him of having sent Garrick a threatening letter, telling him not to play "Jane Shore." Wilkes replied, denying the accusation. He said, indeed, that it was noticed that Mr. Garrick had altered his manner of playing *Hastings*, and leant with undue emphasis on certain passages which could be applied to Wilkes' case. And also that some "warm friends" talked of showing their disapproval, and had waited on Mr. Garrick. This looked very like "intimidation." Garrick replied, simply, and with spirit, that he had made no alteration, and continued to play the piece in the same way. This furnishes a glimpse of the true character of the demagogue, and of the sort of "liberty" that was meant by "Wilkes and Liberty." How Wilkes and Johnson could talk together over their dead friend has been seen.

All this was vexatious enough; but his enemies were now to be delighted with news of a fresh trouble, which

must have tried him, and his gentle wife, sorely. It was hard for him, certainly, to be gay and diverting at those great houses, where he was made so welcome.

For happy as the manager of Drury Lane might be considered, wealthy, prosperous, enjoying the friendship of the best and noblest natures in the land, few knew what secret trials he had to endure, and what persecution his own yielding, or perhaps weak, temper invited. The brigands of Grub Street, the scoundrels who found a profession in publishing, or suppressing, libellous pamphlets, who were to be hired as lords used to hire bravos, to waylay and beat actors whom their dignity would not allow them to challenge—the whole tribe of Kenricks, Purdons, Smarts, knew that in his complacent and timorous nature they were sure to find their account. Of these Kenrick, or *Dr.* Kenrick as he was always deferentially called, was the most unscrupulous and infamous. He stands apart from his fellows, is a marked character of the time, and like one of the bullies who sometimes infested the taverns, is seen striving to fasten on men like Goldsmith, Johnson, Colman, even Boswell, and on Garrick himself. A manager who had influence and riches, was a far more profitable object, than needy poets or journalists. He began with the usual advance, a play, which Garrick, on his return from abroad, brought out at once. It was called "Falstaff's Wedding," and intended as a continuation of "Henry IV.," but was promptly damned. Later he came with another piece, which Garrick could not bring himself to refuse. A few years later, he came again with a comedy; but here Garrick was obliged to make a stand. He gave excuses about being pledged to other plays, promised that he would

consider it carefully, and if suitable, would accept it. He then declined it, and turned the man he had been trying to conciliate, into a furious assassin. At the first opportunity, a scurrilous and unscrupulous onslaught might be looked for, and that opportunity came speedily.

Bickerstaff, a man of undoubted talent, and with a true vein of pleasant comedy, who has given to the English stage many fresh agreeable pieces, was, as we have seen, one of Garrick's most useful aides-de-camp. The manager found him serviceable in a hundred ways. He could alter an old comedy like the "Non-juror" with fair skill, and fit it to the fashion of the day. Garrick always treated him with true kindness, a perfect equality, and a delicacy, quite characteristic of himself, towards one who was really a dependant.

Yet he, too, was following the desperate calling of the hack, now begging, now borrowing, and at last, in this very year it became known on town, that Bickerstaff had fled suddenly, to avoid the certain penalty which would have overtaken him, for a shocking and monstrous crime. There were, no doubt, plenty who thought this was no more than incident to the degrading life of such creatures; but the scoundrel Kenrick was on the watch. He knew of their friendship; and, in a few days, a malignant and scurrilous pamphlet, full of dark yet unmistakeable hints, had appeared, entitled "Lamentation for the loss of his Nykey." *

* From the miserable wretch who was hiding at St. Malo came a piteous appeal to Garrick, in which shame and despair are strangely blended,—"Si votre cœur a conservé jusqu'à présent, la moindre trace de cette prévention que vous avez autrefois avoué pour un homme, qui est aujourd'hui le plus

The insinuations in this production there could be no mistaking. It was followed up by another entitled, "Love in the Suds," which seems to have gone through four or five editions. In this there was an attempt to explain away the meaning put in the first libel, while even worse was insinuated. He ridiculed the actor's defects—pointed to the general decay in his gifts, and said that he had been hissed, he had "died" so tamely in *Richard.*

"'George, didn't I hear the critics hiss,
When I was dead?' 'Yes, brother, yes.'"

He ridiculed the flatterers — the "shambling Becket."

"Loud, loud he cries,
At each theatric stare, 'See, see his eyes!'"

And made Roscius gloat over Foote's accident:

"Curse on his horse! One leg, but one, to break!"

Yet there was a crafty and tortuous scheming that accompanied this open ruffianism—a secret by-play, which is a highly curious feature in the business. In the papers, appeared some queries, coming, as it were, from a friend of Garrick's, accusing the libeller of cowardice, and saying that George Garrick had waited

malheureux qui soit sur la terre, je vous supplie de me faire la connoitre par trois ou quatre mots. Pénétré avec un chagrin le plus amer, qui peut blesser le cœur, soyez persuadé, que je n'ai rien de demander de votre bonté, que de vous écrire plus au longue : si vous n'êtes pas dans ce sentiment de me permettre, imaginez que cette lettre vient d'un mort au vivant : jettez la dans le feu, et n'en pensez plus. Je n'ai pas le moindre doute que mon chagrin me hâtera au tombeau, mais par un chemin peut-être plus longue que je ne le souhaiterai . . . . J'etois loin de soupçonner que la dernière fois que j'entrois dans votre libraire, serait la dernière que j'y entrerais de ma vie, et que je ne reverrai plus le maître." Garrick endorsed this appeal, "From that poor wretch Bickerstaff. I could not bring myself to answer it."

on him to demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. The libeller then replied to himself, saying, that the challenge was general, with no time or place spoken of. Nearly at the same time an anonymous letter was sent to Garrick warning him, as "a sincere friend," against "that desperate villain Kenrick," which "cowardly villain," to retrieve his reputation, was going about, declaring in all places that he was now ready to give Mr. Garrick the satisfaction of a gentleman; and, "to cover his cowardice, now swaggers with a sort of hussar spadron by his side, and hints, to people that laugh in his face, that he wears it to fight Mr. Garrick." Then came a number of charges against Kenrick, of having been insulted by a Swiss, and having shown cowardice; also of his having been a spy of Lord Chatham, and of his being dismissed in disgrace by Mr. Pitt. "So that it is now hoped, that Mr. Garrick will bring him to condign punishment." Garrick seems to have traced this actually to Kenrick, and its clumsy object was plain —to tempt the actor into making some rash charge which he could not substantiate. Kenrick was indeed going about, bragging that the player was afraid to meet him. He himself had a wife and children; but if Mr. Garrick would settle half his fortune on his family, in case of an accident, he would meet him at once. This effrontery was quite in keeping. Yet Garrick had the inconceivable folly to think of temporising, and privately remonstrating. "Sir," he had written, "I am really sorry for the figure you made in the late transaction with me. Could not you have finished a little better, for the sake of that honour which so readily drops from your pen? What! talk

of dangers and attacks which were never conceived, and which even you could not be frightened enough to believe! Your suggestion about Becket is a poor tale. . . . . Do you imagine I would have risked my reputation to have acted unlike a man, even to him who has been ungratefully vilifying me? No, sir. I would have honoured you by giving the satisfaction of a gentleman *if you could* (as Shakspeare says) have screwed your *courage to the sticking place* to have taken it." Then he proceeded to justify himself about the comedy. He *would* have acted it, had it been sent to him in time. "But it is vain and needless to answer all these inventions, for you cannot wish to be convinced of what you never believed." Fortunately, his better judgment made him change his intention, and this paper was never sent.* In the whole transaction, he seems for once to have been goaded out of his usual self-restraint; and the sending such a fellow a challenge, which he seems to admit he did, was a grave mistake.† He took the more sensible course of an appeal to the King's Bench, which would have dealt summarily with the libeller. But here again the indulgence, or perhaps weakness, of the actor intervened, and his prudence deeming conciliation more profitable than punishment, interposed, and he accepted the rascal's humble apologies. The whole is, indeed, curious; as showing a class of annoyances and persecutions, against which the public man had to

* It is endorsed, "This not sent to that scoundrel Dr. Kenrick. . . . It was judged best not to answer any more of Dr. Kenrick's notes; he had behaved so unworthily."

† This may have been the hasty prompting of his brother George, who himself was not slow to challenge.

defend himself as best he could; and which, indeed, seem to have been, as it were, licensed.*

Barry, whose health was now failing, and who was indeed a martyr to infirmities, the delicacy and kindness of the manager considered in every way. His and his wife's joint salary had been raised by two hundred pounds; he was left free in the choice of parts; his ease and health were consulted; and he was never called on to do anything, which would displease, or degrade him. This kindness was indeed what was to be expected from the manager, who could be loyal and faithful to old friends, and could put up with their pettishness.† It was a happy idea to think of fitting Barry with a character, aged and broken, where his pathetic tones would be heard with fine effect.‡ For this story Murphy went to the rather poor fountain of Valerius Maximus, just as he had before consulted Tacitus for another play. Garrick was delighted, and spoke to him of it in a genuine and hearty strain of pleasure, which should have convinced a less suspicious man of how groundless had been *all* his imputations. "Mrs. Garrick," said her husband, "was more affected than ever I knew her to be with any play. The part of the daughter is one of the finest for an actress, in all the dramatic circle. I wish you and myself joy. Finish

* Mr. Forster has given the story of Goldsmith's persecution by this ruffian, at length.

† There is one scene connected with Barry's decay, which is almost pathetic. When he was playing, and, tottering to a chair kept at the wing for him, said, in allusion to his infirmities, "I am now old ——," there was a jeer, from the galleries, and a coarse laugh. Sheridan was present.

‡ Not, however, in the strange language of Jesse Foote, Murphy's biographer, "a voice like Barry's, which has never been excelled, and which is among the first qualities of an actor, *issuing from a cell*, in a tone of distress," &c.

the fifth act as fast as you can." Here was no malice, no recollection of the past; nothing but simple kindliness. The play was very successful, and even now keeps the stage, as it is called—that is, so far as any of the older pieces may be now said to keep the stage.

A new question was about his play of "Alzuma," which was then actually in rehearsal. Murphy wished the leading part to be taken from Mrs. Abington and given to Mrs. Barry. His morbid fancy saw a conspiracy between the manager and the actress, and that Garrick and she were plotting to revenge themselves on him by destroying the chance of his success. He at once sent to recall his play; nothing would change him; he raked up all his old griefs; no business of his, he told Barry, was ever done in a candid manner, except that of "The Grecian Daughter." "My peace of mind on that occasion I owe to you and Mrs. Barry: upon every occasion Mr. Garrick *has been a thorn in my side.*" This was an ungenerous and unjust imputation; but he thus artfully tried to draw Barry into the quarrel, and actually told a whole string of old accusations against Garrick. "If the intention of this crooked dealing *was not to thwart Mrs. Barry*, the whole is pointed at me. The attempt to hinder me from writing a comic character for her is new; but the public universally admire her genius, and I beg to be one of the number." The parts were then sent back. Garrick did not lose his temper, though he said, "I am too old and too happy to love altercation." He was in hopes, he wrote to Barry, "that after eighteen years' acquaintance, we should at least have finished in harmony and goodwill. I am afraid that he has unwarily got into some misunderstanding with Mrs.

Abington, and thinking a quarrel with an actress about a part would be too trifling a reason for taking away his play, he has chosen to exhibit a complaint against me; but I defy the malice of my most inveterate enemies to prove the least intentional injury from me to him, since our first knowledge of each other: *can Mr. Murphy do the same?*" But, always temperate, and with an eye to bringing the matter to a practical issue, he offered to refer the matter to any legal friend — not mutual — *but Murphy's;* to Wallace, Bearcroft, Cowper, Tighe — or any of his Lincoln's Inn friends—the condition to be, that if they decided the matter against Garrick, he should forfeit a sum equal to the profits of a new play; but if otherwise, Murphy should ask pardon "for his unjustifiable, unfriendly behaviour, and unwarrantable suspicions." To this fair and, it must be said, very unequal proposal, the only answer was a furious letter of recrimination for Garrick:

"If Mr. Garrick considered it as his duty to forget what he thought former injuries, how did it happen that he told a relation of Mr. Murphy at Bath two years ago, 'Yes, I could do great things with his play, *but you know he has written against me.*' If I remember former injuries, it is because the wounds are opened by the hand that gave them. To store up resentment for occasional use was the black character of Tiberius." He then declared the reference "ludicrous." "I have much esteem for the gentlemen named, but must take leave to think myself a competent judge in my own affairs." Garrick had reminded him of their eighteen years' acquaintance, and of the quarrels and penitence, and the reconciliations which Murphy himself had

sought, as Murphy's own letters could prove. This last allusion seemed to sting him to fury. *He* had hoarded no man's letters! *He* had written none that he could be ashamed of! Supposing he *was* the first to seek a reconciliation, was it wonderful, when his adversary was a manager, and armed with an exclusive patent? "I was then very young, and little aware of a stroke of policy which I have since perceived is very refined, but I think of little value. *I mean the policy of obtaining letters from an author in the hours of success, or the warm moments of a manager's professed friendship, in order afterwards to make that very author feel a theatrical tyranny, and should he resent the usage, to present his own letters as a contradiction to all he has to urge.*"* This seems like phrenzy.

We shall have but one more glimpse of Mr. Murphy; and it is a relief to be able to finish with one who has played so unworthy a part in Garrick's life, whose own life was such an alternation from bullying to fawning, from bluster to obsequiousness. There is no more unpleasant figure to meet the eye, as we look back on all that time. Even as we turn to his portrait—taken when he had grown elderly—we can discover this air of false good humour, overlying a something that is ill-conditioned and vicious. For the twenty years or so, during which he survived his old enemy, his life was much of the old character—now dedicating to Lord Lauderdale, "animadverting severely on his lordship's character," now doing hack work for the booksellers, translating "Tacitus," which he modestly

* Garrick hoarded no man's letters "for theatrical tyranny" or any such purpose; but religiously preserved every note and notelet that reached him, even those of the poorest interest.

styled "a gaol delivery from Gordon," slavishly obsequious to Johnson, who in return was said to have pronounced him the beau ideal of a fine gentleman. Later, he actually contracted the Doctor's overbearing manner in conversation. It was known that Mr. Murphy, who was the late Mr. Foote's friend and admirer, was meditating writing a life of that humorist; but he hinted to his friends, that when he came to the last unhappy charge which really hastened Foote's end, and which no rational mind could doubt was a calumny, he should merely state, without further comment, that he had been acquitted by a jury of his countrymen! Gradually his necessities became more pressing, but the adventurer's good luck often came to his rescue. Now he is left a legacy; now a "Mrs. Plunkett" gives him an allowance; but his most curious piece of fortune was, that one who had been held up with him in the "Rosciad," the

> "Pert prim prater of the Northern race,
> Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,

and who is represented as urging Murphy's claims to promotion to the chair, should long after—as Lord Loughborough—have come to his aid substantially, and given him the profitable, but temporary, office of Commissioner of Bankrupts. A better "thing" was a small pension, procured by Lord Sidmouth, for this "steady friend and supporter of our unrivalled Constitution." But nothing seemed to help him, and to the end he was always to be the old Arthur Murphy. Before he died, "he had eaten himself out of every coffee-house between Temple Bar and the West-end." From Mr. Rogers he obtained money, and when payment was talked of, assigned him over all his works as a security, which the

creditor presently discovered to have been already assigned away to a bookseller. To the end, too, he had always the satisfaction of abusing Mr. Garrick. If it was asked in a club why did not Mr. Garrick acknowledge that amusing farce, "High Life below Stairs," he could explain it: "Sir, he stole it from me. I sent it to him; and afraid of detection he got that clergyman Townley to father it." To the end he maintained that singular estimate of the merits of Garrick: "Off the stage, sir, he was a little, sneaking rascal; but *on* the stage—O, my great God!" *

From this point to the end of Garrick's management it does seem as though Drury Lane had begun to languish a little: a sort of respectable monotony seemed to set in. Nothing striking or novel in the way of drama or actor seemed now to rise, though there were new actors and new plays in plenty. The manager growing more and more *recherché* by his friends of high rank, acted only at intervals, to bring up the receipts—and it must have been flattering to him to think his name was *always* a talisman—or else to oblige his noble friends. He would play scarcely about twenty times in the season; a great change from his old industry, of over a hundred times. Yet he was not idle. His hands were full. Vexations and worries behind the scenes were setting in. The fine old school of players, who had been trained under contempt, and in adversity, had nearly all passed away. The newer generation wanted docility and humility, and had excessive ideas of their own worth and consequence. He himself was beginning to want the energy and spirit

* "I have heard him," says Mr. Taylor, "utter these words several times during the evening, without any variation."

necessary to deal with such pretensions, and there was now rising a decided insubordination, principally led by the actresses. The actors, indeed, gave trouble, though they were amenable to reason, and in the end submitted; but the withdrawal of Pritchard and Clive had left him completely at the mercy of that "worst of bad women," the unscrupulous Abington. There was no one to take her line of parts, and no one so popular, in special characters. Hence set in for him a new class of troubles, which he must have detested—wrangles with women. This disorder was to be inflamed by the re-appearance of one like Murphy, who, not content with his old taste of doing battle singly with the manager, was now to get into the green-room with a play, and contrived to fight with Garrick about Abington; then fought with both Abington and Garrick together.

We may therefore hurry over the dramatic incidents of the remaining period of his connection with Drury Lane. The good comedy of the "West Indian," by Cumberland, in 1771, introduced a good writer to the stage.* There was also the turgid "Braganza,"† considered by many excellent judges of the day to be quite equal to Otway and Shakspeare,‡ and a dreary "Almida," by a lady he had met abroad, and whose civilities became a claim for the bringing out of a play. There was also Burgoyne's cheerful piece—a soldier dramatist—"The Maid of the Oaks," which, strange to

* "D—n his dishclout face!" Northcote overheard Garrick say, as he rattled on when sitting to Sir Joshua; "only that I touched up his plays, and wrote prologues and epilogues for them, they would never go down." Between the painter and actor there was the freest speech.

† Produced in 1775.

‡ "Vigorous and warm he comes from Shakspeare's school."—*Murphy.*

say, was a dramatic reproduction of a *fête* at Lord Derby's, and for which he was obligingly lent the decorations, dresses, &c., used by the noble host. A new claim for his judgment was the introducing of the cheerful "Runaway,"* in which Mrs. Cowley tried her powers, before attempting the better known "Belle's Stratagem," a piece written in a good key, and belonging to a good school, but not of the first rank.

There was one act of folly in his life to which Garrick might look back with compunction. This was that famous and gothic mutilation of "Hamlet," the outrageous hewing to pieces of the noble play, which seems inconceivable in one who had such reverence. His excuse was, that there was no guide—even for the best intentioned. A "first folio" might be in the hands of one or two of the "curious," and Garrick himself possessed some of the rare early editions; but the commentators were, as Warburton said, a tribe of arrant blockheads. The Capells and Steevenses took yet more outrageous liberties than the dramatists, and were as free in importing their own stuff. Neither may we judge of that day by our own. The marvellous multiplication of copies and editions had not then set in. The editions were few and very costly. The mass of persons reverenced the poet more as a great classic, whom it was part of the British creed to believe a better man than the French could turn out. Garrick himself had been very busy with alterations, and in the best faith. There was scarcely a stage play of Shakspeare which he had not touched, and, it must be said, with some delicacy. But with regard to "Hamlet,"

* Produced in 1776.

he had a sort of feeling that was almost morbid, and which had grown stronger every year. It was with him a kind of diseased hobby; and stimulated by confederates, and cautiously reflecting over it, he had brought himself to think, that the later acts of "Hamlet" were a mass of hideous deformity, and so much rubbish.*

It would have been hard to withstand the encouragement he received from the men who were supposed to be the familiars of the great poet. The airs and patronage of these men in reference to the subject were insufferable. Steevens looked forward with delight to the hacked and hewed "Hamlet." The alteration was "a circumstance in favour of the poet," which he had been longing for. There might be variety in this play; but in his humble opinion that variety was often impertinent, and always languishing on the stage. After the third act the genius of Shakspeare "retires, or only plays bo-peep through the rest of the piece." With some wit, however, he likened it to a looking-glass exposed to sale, which reflected alternately the funeral and puppet-show, the venerable beggar soliciting charity, and the blackguard rascal picking pockets. He suggested throwing the remainder of the piece into a farce, to appear after it: it might be called "The Gravediggers," with the pleasant humours of Osrick the Danish macaroni. His friend Doctor Hoadly enjoyed the prospect also. He was afraid too little was going to be done, "and only twenty-five lines added!" He too had turned over

* Murphy is astray again, in placing this alteration in the November of 1770. Boaden, who is fond of correcting Murphy, is himself astray, putting it in 1774.

the folios of this play, and proposed to aid in the "tinkering." When *Ophelia* talked to her father of "repelling *Hamlet's* letter," would it not help the action to have one produced, which he might take to the king? All which could be done by the insertion of the following mock Shakspearean:

> "*Oph.* There's his last letter to me;
> This packet, when the next occasion suits, I shall return.
> *Pol.* Go we with this to the king.
> This must be known."

Then *Hamlet's* behaviour to *Ophelia* was always unmeaning and cruel. Would it not be better that he should show, that he was discouraging her love purposely, as he had other dreadful purposes on his mind? Here was the Hoadlyan version:—

> "Softly now,
> The fair Ophelia! I have made too free
> With that sweet lady's ear. My place in Denmark,
> The times' misrule, my heavenly-urged revenge,
> Matters of giant stature, gorge her love,
> As fish the cormorant.
> * * * *
> My heart! Could I, in my assumed distraction,
> Drive her sad mind from all so ill-timed thoughts
> Of me, of mad ambition, and this world!"

It was suggested that a good deal of the "rubbish" had been put in at the suggestion of "the Hopkins of the day"—Hopkins was Garrick's stage manager—to suit various seasons and actors; and the whole had been printed, without discrimination, on the authority of that officer. Murphy, looking back on the whole proceeding, affects to deprecate, in his odd language, that the light airy Osrick should be "expelled from his situation." But his heart was with the restorer. The fencing scene "was a wretched expedient." If Garrick had there used his pruning-knife,

and added, "*from his own invention, something* of real importance to bring about *a noble catastrophe*, he would have shown his judgment." It is melancholy to read such criticism from an official critic; who may be fairly placed in the profane band, whose pleasure and occupation is knocking noses and fingers off old statues, like barbarian tourists. Mr. Malone's whitewashing the coloured bust at Stratford was only symbolical of the greater Goths, who treated Shakspeare's works in the same outrageous way. Some of Garrick's folly may therefore be fairly apportioned among the "judges" who encouraged him.

In December, 1772, this precious composition was brought out. A more extraordinary medley could not be conceived. The dreamy inaction of *Hamlet* was got rid of, by plenty of exclamations and "business." He was in perpetual motion. The *King* defended himself bravely, and what Garrick himself called the "rubbish of the fifth act," which included the grave-diggers' scene, was all shovelled away, with the diggers' own mould. His friends were afraid of "the galleries," who might have the bad taste to wonder what had become of their old and humorous friends. But it was pronounced contemptuously, that these groundlings would be too ignorant to remark the change. An acute Frenchman, De la Place, who knew the English mob, owned that he trembled for their temerity in depriving the stage of the "*Fossoyeurs qui de tout ont fait ses delices.*" What a happy compliment to the despised groundlings! But the whole was received with indifference and languor in the performance. It was a pity indeed that one of Garrick's last acts should have been, at the lowest, a blunder. It caused

much amusement in the town, where it was considered to approach a burlesque.*

Murphy, his *friend*, had prepared a ponderous satire of great length, in ridicule of these alterations, which he was wise enough not to publish—a series of scenes between Garrick, George Garrick, Hopkins the stage manager, Johnson the property-man, and Becket the bookseller. It is a poor and laborious piece. The

* A very happy dialogue appeared in the papers between Garrick, as *Hamlet*, and the *Gravediggers*, part of which was to this effect:—

"1*st Gravedigger.* Since you have thrust us out of your play, sir, be so good as to say where you would have us dispose of our tools, and what we should put our hands to next.

"2*nd Gravedigger.* Aye, and what we should do with the ready-made grave. There it is. I know you don't like to have property lie dead, and I am afraid no man living will take it off your hands.

"*Gar.* Truly, gentlemen, that is a consideration; 'tis a pity men's labour should be lost. Suppose you step into it yourselves.

"2*nd Gravedigger.* Twenty-and-five years have I knocked Yorick's scull about this floor, and never thought any other scull would take up the quarrel. Under favour, why did you leave us out of your play?

"*Gar.* Because the age does not like to be reminded of mortality; 'tis an unseemly sight, and very disgustful to a well-bred company.

"1*st Gravedigger.* It won't be amiss, however, to keep the grave open; 'twill stand in place of a theatrical fund, and be a lasting provision for actors retiring from the stage.

"2*nd Gravedigger.* Or for a poet retiring from damnation: 'twill take him and his works ——

"*Gar.* Yes, but these curs, the critics, will be scraping 'em up again.

"2*nd Gravedigger.* Somebody else will draw them off—yourself as another; a living author is their game."

Then the spirit of Shakspeare rises, and the piece grows serious. He approves of all that has been done.

"Freely correct my page:
I wrote to please a rude unpolished age.
Thou, happy man, art fated to display
Thy dazzling talents in a brighter day.
Let me partake this night's applause with thee,
And thou shalt share impartial fame with me." †

† New Foundling Hospital for Wit, vol. ii. p. 189.

This would seem to allude to a dreamy project of Garrick's, which he had often spoken of to French friends—an edition of Shakspeare. For this end he had made that wonderful collection of "old plays," which are now in the Museum, and which Elia pored over with delight, and the gems of which he picked out, and set so daintily, like a Cellini of poetry.

usual defence for attacks of this sort, directed by "friends," against Garrick, was that they were all mere "squibs," and full of good-natured "fun," and that they could do no harm. This was Foote's excuse. But in all these attacks is to be found a malicious sting, which cannot be so defended.* In Murphy this medi-

* When the prompter asks, "Are all the places let?" he is answered—

"'Tis the manager
Settles that matter: 'tis he that lets
The boxes for those nights. It makes our king
Of greater pith and moment: lords and ladies
All send their cards to him: he plays the parts,
Not for the public, but for his private friends.
But this must not transpire: 'tis ours, you know,
Still to deceive the town, and make 'em think
The boxes are with equity disposed."

Murphy then takes care to ventilate his own wrongs:—

"Why such constant vent of brazen lies
And epigrams as implements of scandal?
Why such impress of scribblers, whose sore task
Doth scarce deserve the freedom of the house?"

The explanation is an unworthy insinuation:—

"Drury's king
Was, as you know, by the author of 'Alzuma'
Dar'd to fight: in which our prudent monarch,
Declining open combat, most wisely chooses
By covert stratagem to annoy his foe."

They then see the ghost of Shakspeare, and tell Garrick.

"*Gar.* A branch of mulberry bore he in his hand?
Becket. He did.
Gar. I would I had been there.
His collar—say, was it unbuttoned?
George. It was, as I have seen it in the abbey,
Quite loose and open."

When the ghost takes leave of Garrick, he is made to say—

"Fare thee well at once:
You window shows the morning to be near;
And thy once glowworm eyes, with age grown dim,
Begin to pale their ineffectual fire.
Gar. Hold, hold, my heart,
And *you, my sinews, though you are grown old,*
Yet *bear me stiffly up.*"

Yet at the very time he was penning down this collection of unkind insinuations, he himself was on the most familiar terms with the manager.

tated attack was treacherous, for as we have seen, he approved of what had been done.

This wonderful composition held its ground for almost eight years; was acted even after Garrick's retirement, then gave place to the purer Shakspeare in 1780, and will never be heard of again. But Garrick's *Romeo*, Cibber's *Richard*, and Tate's *Lear*, are not to be so easily got rid of. As it was at this point that the slow decay of the stage seemed to set in, we may now take a glance at its fine company—the grand, strong, cohort which Garrick trained and directed—the noble procession which was fast beginning to grow thin, and fade out in the distance. No such procession ever came again.*

* Dr. Doran has collected all that is important as to the lives of the English players, in his "History of the English Stage." What follows in the next chapter is another view, and will, I think, be found interesting, *viz.*, a series of little sketches from recollections and eye-witnesses, and which will give us a good idea of what their characteristics were.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREAT ACTORS.

1772.

ZOFFANY, the theatrical artist, has painted a very characteristic scene of Drury Lane green-room, in which are grouped all the leading performers.* The manager himself sits to the left, in an easy attitude, his legs over the arm of a chair, declaiming some part for their instruction. Hogarth is in the middle, pointing to the instructor; while Mrs. Garrick sits with the rest, demurely listening—as though she belonged actually to the company. Even their little dog is there, and George Garrick, the faithful henchman, stands obsequiously, with his hand on his brother's chair, and, characteristically enough, is the only one of the company who is not seated. The whole has an almost domestic air: the manager's wife always came down to rehearsals—brought her work—listened—and was deferentially asked her opinion by her husband; and though this devotion was often smiled at, and his favourite excuses to a claimant, "Well, well, I'll speak to Mrs. Garrick," often mimicked, there can be no doubt but that her presence and interest in the

* There are present Beard, Baddeley, Woodward, Aicken, Smith, Macklin, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Abington, and O'Brien.

business, was founded on good policy, and had the happiest effect. For it brought order, dignity, and self-respect: and as the chief and his wife, imported these courtesies and decencies of life, so they had insensibly the effect of bringing about a similar tone among their subordinates.

Yet Zoffany's selection seems arbitrary. It does not fairly represent the strength of Drury Lane,—that wonderful company—which, for nearly thirty years continued so strong, sterling, and varied in its talents, with an almost classic solidity in their dealing with a part. This was indeed the merit of this excellent set, who were a perfect "school," with all that honest work, labour, study, and talent could train them in. No clap-trap would be endured, and if we look at their portraits—such, at least, as have been done by the skilful touch of Reynolds and Zoffany—we shall see what a power of highly developed expression they could infuse into their faces.

Garrick, while he ruled Drury Lane, might be said to have controlled two different generations of actors. The older one was by far the most remarkable, and was the choice and brilliant corps with which the splendid successes of Drury Lane were achieved. It included Macklin, Barry, Woodward, Mossop, Sheridan, King, Foote, Smith, Yates, Shuter, and Ross: with Pritchard, Clive, Cibber, Woffington, and Yates. The newer generation who came during the last years of his administration, were, Parsons, Dodd, Bensley, Shuter, Weston, O'Brien, Powell, and the two Palmers; with Miss Pope, Miss Younge, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Abington, and Mrs. Siddons. Towards

the end of his reign, when his retirement had been talked of for some time, a sort of insubordination and irregularity set in: the indulgence in "airs" and humours, which have always been the curse of the stage, the good salaries, and petting of the town, began, and tempted the overbalanced histrionic soul to kick. Nothing, indeed, can be clearer, than that it was Garrick, and Garrick alone, that did all for the stage. At the other house, where there was no such control, there was constant disorder and decay: and the moment he retired, the gradual decadence which has continued almost to the present time, set in.

What a company to act great plays! what a green-room! It was, indeed, a fine classical school, where all were masters—not rude, raw creatures, taken as it were, from the plough—but who had served long years in the ranks. What full, round, brightly coloured figures! They stand out—we seem to know them—like historical characters. The parts in which they played filled the minds of the playgoers who were fortunate enough to see them, and came back as something wonderful and satisfactory to think on. It is in looking over the wonderful series of theatrical portraits of that time—those noble mezzotints of McArdell, Smith, and others, who worked under the inspiration and direction of Reynolds and Zoffany—that we catch an idea of what true expression, and dramatic character, was then. As we look on these incomparable works, we seem to be looking at the play itself; the stately, sumptuously dressed, women; the wonderful faces and figures (figure, as well as face, teeming with expression) of the Kings, Woodwards, Footes, Westons,

and of Garrick himself. For the moment, we get a glimpse of the old lost art, see the story, the situation, and have a dim idea of how these great artists filled their stage, and made a character tell and in a vast house, where there were no footlights, and only the imperfect means of illumination then known, could train their faces to an amazing power of expression, and make their figure and motion become the figure and motion of the character they were playing. The old quotation, "So when a well-graced actor leaves the scene," expresses this fine ideal perfectly, and applied perfectly to those times. We turn over these old prints, and see the secret; see Woodward, as the Fine Gentleman in Garrick's farce—a figure most characteristic, in dress least of all, but in attitude, face, motion, all he meant to be; and Foote's curious and half-Irish face, earnest, mischievous, and a little malevolent about his drawn mouth; his eyes earnest, his head on one side. Or King with Mrs. Baddeley, in the scene from the "Clandestine Marriage,"—a noble print, so true and dramatic, that we seem to be looking on at the play. Everything about the old Lord; his hard, old, bony face composed to a leer of hopeless admiration; the stiffness of his old joints; the sumptuousness of his embroidered suit; the spasm of adoration, seen even in his wrists: all this in fine contrast to the stately Baddeley beside him, smiling and amused. The picture itself seems as true as the play itself. In such times, well might the Chelsea china works send out little statuettes, of that precious material, of Clive, Woodward, and Garrick, in all these characters; for the china had then something to express.

The women, too—the Clives, Bellamys, Cibbers,

Woffingtons, Pritchards, and Yates'—what artists! What finished, trained creatures, each in their own walk; each something to look at, and study; each having a style, a force, of her own, just as a Sainton, or a Joachim has a style of his own.* Here was the unique *Lady Macbeth*, Pritchard, with a plain, yet intellectual face, "of whom we should entertain a very high opinion, had she left us nothing but the face in her portraits," said Leigh Hunt. She was vulgar, certainly—"Pritchard's genteel," Churchill's ironical compliment settled the question—though not "a vulgar idiot," as Johnson, with characteristic bluntness, called her. He heard her talk of her "gownd," and declared loudly that she never travelled beyond the "lengths" of her own part.

We hear the enchanting tones of another of Garrick's heroines—Cibber. It was curious her face should resemble his, so remarkably, that she might have passed as his sister. Never were there such tender melting notes, such passion, such grief, and in the true pathos of Otway she was at home, and unapproachable. Yet her favourite "demi-chant," pitched rather high, yet still keeping its musical sweetness, seemed to belong to the conventionality of the old school, and it is surprising that under Garrick's teaching and companionship, she should have retained it. Her tenderness was natural, for it was said that in pathetic parts, she wept genuine tears; and that her agitation turned her face pale, even through the

* Mr. Smith, of Dublin, is fortunate in the possession of a collection of these treasures, all in "choicest" condition. Turning them over, we see, far better than any tradition or description could show us, what those great players were like, in expression and attitude.

rouge.* She was not what is called "a fine woman;" but she had that look of interest and sympathy, which is a superior charm. Later playgoers gathered an idea of Cibber from Mrs. Siddons, for there was thought to be a likeness between them. Miss Seward heard both, and seems to have preferred the latter, as having more variety, and less monotony. But there was a "sensation" around Mrs. Siddons, which carried away every one; and subdued tenderness and exquisite pathos are not so likely to impress the crowd.† Cibber was the unique *Cordelia*, the unique *Ophelia*, the unique *Mrs. Beverley*, and represents a type of acting unhappily too rare.

Garrick was indeed rich in his heroines; nor did the line ever fail him. When Pritchard and Cibber were gone, there was Mrs. Yates still at her maturity, and Mrs. Barry; and when they began to fail, Mrs. Siddons rose at the right moment. With an antique cast of face, and a stately magnificence in her figure and bearing, Yates was a true and gorgeous auxiliary. In parts where good sterling tragedy was wanting, or rage, jealousy, and fury conspicuous, these gifts served her, and gave her a distinct department. She had more warmth and emotion than Pritchard. Her voice was strong and powerful. She transported with delight two veterans who were alive a few years back, and who had seen her in all her days of glory, —John Taylor and Mr. Godwin.‡

* Davies. Cumberland says that she almost sang *Calista*, and that it reminded him of an improvisatrice.

† Tate Wilkinson was also struck with the likeness. In these sketches I have tried to secure the impressions of those nearest our own day.

‡ The former told Mr. Campbell that he thought her the most stately and dignified actress he had seen, until Siddons came. Godwin, so late as

To read of these old triumphs, seems like reading of some lost art; measuring it by actual experience of an existing stage, it seems exaggerated. Here, too, was Mrs. Barry, who could put surprising and piteous tenderness into a voice naturally a little unmusical, whose *Rosalind* was charmingly playful, animated, and loving to a degree; and who could play the *Widow Brady*, sing her Irish songs, and dance, with singular versatility. She had to feel the painful reminder of decay, the most cruel trial of the histrionic world; and Mr. Taylor was present at a memorable scene, when she and Mrs. Yates, then almost veterans, met for the first time, on the same stage, in "Jane Shore." This wonderful combination crowded the adjacent streets with a crowd larger than any known on "royal nights." But it was a sad change for the heroine of the silver-toned Barry. Instead there were only two elderly women—the enchanting Mrs. Barry with a coarse, croaking voice and the "face of an old man," and Yates, weak and faded.

Here was Woffington, "dallying and dangerous," faithful and loyal, with a surprising spirit which carried her through everything; and Clive, like Shakspeare's toad "ugly and venomous," but with a jewel of liveliness and spirit, in her head—a bustle and animation, the established titular-chambermaid, and hoyden; which in our time might have privileged her to lose all restraint and self-respect, and allowed her to play any trick or buffoonery. But with her, it was all nature, and the stage to her, was a room at her

1834, rapturously recalled, as the perfection of acting, the admirable reconciliation scene between her and Garrick in the "Wonder,"—the "mixture of majesty, condescension, and love, which brought both the Court and audience to her feet."

own lodgings. There, too, we see Miss Pope, the real link between the palmy Garrick-era and our day,—between Churchill and Leigh Hunt. "Pope," says Lamb, "a gentlewoman ever, with Churchill's compliment still burnishing upon her gay honeycomb lips:"—

> "See lively Pope advance in jig, and trip
> Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
> Not without art, but yet to nature true,
> She charms the town *with humour just, yet new.*"

Leigh Hunt, too, saw her with delight, and recognised the old excellence that had drawn forth the praise of the Rosciad. How strange, and what a stretch of time it seems to cover, to have been criticized by Churchill, and also by Leigh Hunt!* He thought the portrait of Clive applied to her with even more point:—

> "Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod."

"Her genius," says Hunt, in that pleasant criticism, valuable because criticising Garrick's school, "is of a very lasting nature, for *it does not depend upon bodily exertion.* The stage appears to be her own room; she never indulges in that excess of action, which is intended to supply the want of active countenance, and which would be so astounding to Englishmen, in real life. She never talks to her audience. One of her great beauties is a most judicious emphasis of speech; that unites the qualities of reading, and of talking, for it has all the strength of the one tempered by all the familiarity of the other . . . . This is

* "Miss Pope, the very picture of a duenna, a maiden lady or antiquated dowager,—the latter spring of beauty, the second childhood of vanity: more quaint, fantastic, and old fashioned, more pert, frothy, and light-headed than anything can be imagined."—HAZLITT.

peculiarly observable in her performances of *Mrs. Candour*, in "The School for Scandal," in which her affected sentiments are so inimitably aided by the natural turns of her voice, that it is no wonder her scandal carries perfect conviction to everybody round her." These are precious and true principles of acting. She was trained from a child under Garrick's own eye, and she thus gives us a faithful idea of his school.

There, too, was Miss Younge, "with a voice," says Elia, in a fine passage, as he gazes at the Garrick Club pictures, "which might have competed with the silver tones of Barry, so enchanting in its decay do I remember it; of all her parts exceeding herself in the *Lady*. There earth touched heaven!" The oldest in the service were, perhaps, the Yateses; he, an admirable and solid actor, with a solemn manner, full of humour, unassisted by twist or grimace. His manner was "of the dry or grave humour, but perfectly natural; his speech slow; he knew he had his audience, and therefore took them at his leisure." There were those who recollected seeing him at Bartholomew fair, on the platform of a booth. But he rose from this, and found his way to the little Ipswich Theatre, where he had played long, long ago, with "Mr. Lyddal," in "Oronooko." That acquaintance brought him great profit: for Garrick never forgot his friends. Drury Lane was their home; yet they took airs, and when Garrick wished Mrs. Yates to help him, in his hobby of the Jubilee, she went off and acted at Birmingham without his leave. Latterly he heard, and we may be sure there was truth in the story, that they furnished ridiculous notes of him to Mrs. Brooke, who was writing a novel. Yet he was glad to welcome them

back to his theatre, when they wished to return. Drury Lane was fortunate, too, in the training and principles of its company, at this era. Her husband had caught so much of Garrick's theory, as to "think out" a conception of a part. When he received a new one, he set himself to recal some living model which he had met, and taking this for a basis, thus worked it up.

Sometimes is seen there, though fitfully, chiefly when he comes over from Ireland to play for his intelligent daughter's benefit, charging her, however, with the expense of the journey, a hard, strange figure,—the oldest of the old actors, Macklin. That curious face—the nose and chin gradually drawing together, as he grew, like that of Punch—those features which seemed to disdain each other—that harsh voice, which "largely deals in half-formed sounds," were familiar to Drury Lane green-room. To the end, Garrick was willing to befriend him; to give him or his daughter an engagement, or to act his Plays. But nothing could conciliate him. There is no more unpleasant picture than the old age of this player, who is said to have died at the age of 107, and in whose old age, all the old ill-nature was developed.* To the end the name of Garrick would quicken his faculties, and he contrived to pour into the ear of the two persons who wrote his life, the story of his unforgiving hatred. Among the old man's papers they found some sketches which he

* Angelo describes him instructing a professional candidate, putting his dreadful face forward, as who should say, "Look at me." "First, sir," he would croak, "you should have a *silvery voice:* and secondly, sir, a pleasing face." Even when his memory began to fail, he, unconsciously, would make his host and admirer uncomfortable, by taking one of his guests for his entertainer, and addressing all his remarks to him. Taylor has some curious stories about him.

had no doubt failed in getting into newspapers, or magazines, and which are shocking for the concentrated malignity they show.* At the same time there

* "*Garrick's Character.*—His eye was dark, but not characteristical of any passion, but the fierce and the lively. To friendship with man, or love and friendship with woman, he never was disposed; for love of himself always forbid it. Envy was his torment—ever dreading merit in the lowest of his brethren, and pining at the applause and fortune that their labours procured them.

"He had a narrow, contracted mind, bounded on one side by suspicion, by envy on the other, by avarice in the front, and by pale fear in the rear, with self in the centre. Out of these limits he never expatiated, unless fear and ostentation exerted their functions conjointly.

"He never could enjoy the convivial felicities of society, especially with those persons who were most capable of tasting and contributing the free inquiries of ingenious minds. He had read that the more refined minds, of all ages, had a particular pleasure in the mental intercourse of the ingenious few. Of this custom he was resolved to avail himself; but it was just as an hypocrite avails himself of religion, by ostentation and imposture; for he herded constantly with wits, and was, in letters, a professed *Tartuffe* to all.

"He had a hackneyed kind of metaphorical, theatrical, tinselled phraseology, made out of tags and ends, quotations and imitations of our English poets; and, indeed, from the Greek and Latin authors, as often as his memory served him with the scraps and mottos it had quaintly picked up; for he knew no book of antiquity, nor, indeed, of modern note, Prior, La Fontaine, Swift's poetry, and a few more of that kind excepted; these he constantly imitated, plundered, disguised, and frittered in occasional prologues, epilogues, and complimentary poems upon parrots, lap-dogs, monkeys, birds, growing wits, patrons, and ladies. But what he most excelled in was in writing epigrams and short poems in praise of himself and his productions, and in defamation of a rival actor, or of any of those poor people of the stage whom he wished to be unpopular. With such shreds and patches he constantly fed the daily papers, the reviews, and magazines. Each of his associate wits had a peculiar quaintness of phrase and greeting, such as 'My sprig of Parnassus, let me pour my incense!'

"He laboured for private esteem, but always in vain! Fear, envy, and avarice were seen even in deeds that appeared convivial, benevolent, and liberal! He was a maker of professions, but a slave to interest! He was honoured as an actor, hated as a man, and despised as an author! He ever made friendship a footstool to his interest and ambition. The two men that he was most obliged to he always hated and feared. He ruined the one and planned the destruction of the other! He could have no lasting intimacy with anybody. He was totally void of any kind of address to men or women, in any rank or circumstance of life, that the judicious, and those who had thought on that art, called genteel or wellbred.

"In private life, had this man been interdicted the use of mimicry, of simulation and dissimulation, he would have appeared what in reality he was, a superficial insignificant man. But with the help of those arts, he was entertaining, and appeared sagacious, learned, good-natured, modest, and friendly to those who had no dealings with him; but to those who had, he was known

are some acute touches in it, which are a distortion of some of Garrick's failings. Other papers were also found,—"The Garrick Bane," and the like,—which showed that he had a morbid feeling in his case. If there was a man he disliked next to Garrick, it

to the very heart; for his attachment to interest in dealings made him as obvious as if Nature had made a window to his heart.

"The paltry actions of this man are well known: his intimates I need not describe. The tree is known by its fruit.

"A stronger instance of its influence—*i.e.*, envy—sure never was known, than in the person we have now under consideration; for, not satisfied with endeavouring to destroy the fame of every contemporary actor, he attacked even that of the actresses, and succeeded. Nor was the traducement of the living fame of male and female, of every age and rank upon the stage, sufficient to gorge the maw of envy; it flew to the dead! and insidiously broke open the hallowed tombs of Betterton, Booth, Wilks, Nature's favourite children; these very spirits would he slyly bring upon the carpet; mimic, though he never saw them; tell anecdotes of them, and traduce their immortal fame, by stigmatising them as mannerists, and denominating them as persons who spoke in recitative. Thus would he serve them up to ignorant people, who believed and wondered; and to dependents and flatterers, who retailed the libellous anecdotes, invectives, and quaint conceits, and concluded that the art was never known but by the narrator, who, with an apparent modesty, and a concealed impudence, made himself the hero of the historical criticism.

"His mind was busied upon the external and partial looks, tones, gaits, and motions of individuals in their ordinary habits. Of the passions, their degrees and kinds, and of their influence upon the organs, and their impressions upon the body, he knew but little, very little indeed! His mind and knowledge were, like his body, little, pert, acute, quick, weak, easily shocked and worn down, subtle, plausible.

"By this external partial imitation of individuals, he continually exercised his mind and body. This wretched buffoonery comprised his knowledge, his humour, his learning, conversation, wisdom, virtue, elegance, breeding, and his companionable qualities. His mimicry, both off the stage and on it, served him instead of figure, grace, character, manners, and of a perfect imitation of general nature.

"Whenever a manager sets up his own power, taste, or avarice against the power, judgment, or entertainment of the people, he forfeits every right to their favour; nay, he merits their contempt and resentment. Garrick never obliged the public in any one article during the time of his management; on the contrary, he took every step by which he could erect himself into a tyrant, to crush the spirit and genius of merit both in actors and authors; to corrupt the public taste; to fill his own coffers; and to make his own judgment the standard of every species of dramatic merit.

"His wit always wanted strength, his descriptions humour, his manner pleasantry, his conduct integrity, his disposition good nature, and his deportment decency."

was Sheridan; and to Sheridan he was nearly as intemperate.

In the green-room they must have been often merry at the pompous enunciation of the great Dublin player, who thought he was quite equal in power and gifts to the manager. A smile must have gone round, as he talked of a servant, as "a minion!" Even in the days of the "Rosciad," when he had been playing nearly twenty years, his was pronounced "a doubtful name."

> "His voice no touch of harmony admits,
> Irregularly deep and shrill by fits;
> The two extremes appear, like man and wife,
> Coupled together for the sake of strife."

A doubtful name it still remains, like that of many other players, whom jealousy or wounded sensitiveness has overset. Self-restraint is as necessary to an actor, as elocution itself. Sheridan was always in battle or discontent. As we look at his picture, "Mr. Sheridan in his great part of '*Katto*,'" with his bare throat, his wild face, we call up exactly his style—the untiring lung, the swinging arm—

> "Why must impatience fall three paces back?
> Why, paces three, return to the attack?
> Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,
> Save in motion semicircular?"

Simply because he wanted warmth and sympathy, and the true histrionic fire, worth all elocution, its rules, and its whole manual exercise. Nothing could have been more mortifying than this decay of popularity. Macklin's rude tongue was the first to tell him. "Poor Sherry has been acting mad, haranguing mad, teaching mad, reading mad, managing mad. . . . . England soon found out his incapacity, the dissonance of his voice, the laboured quaintness of his emphasis, the *incessant*

flux of his speech, his general appearance. He has been despised as an actor. His audiences laughed him to scorn; he has tired out Bath and every theatre in London. The public would not attend him." "If any one has a doubt about his insanity, let a subject be started, and let him be drawn into a conversation. Observe his confidence, his haughtiness, his peremptoriness, his utter inattention to what others advance in argument, and I think they will conclude that he will die in a madhouse." *

Angelo recollected this mortifying neglect when Sheridan and Henderson joined in public recitations,—the delight of the audience at "John Gilpin;" but their unconcealed impatience, as the old actor made his way through the crowd, to give Dryden's ode. To the last, however, he believed in himself.

Here we see the lively Abington, with a small *piquant* face, rendered smaller by the loftiest head-dress, a sly *under-look*, and an arch manner of speech. The true *Lady Bab* or *Lady Betty Modish*. "Worst of bad women," as she was to Mr. Garrick, in her own line she was irresistible. It must have been some whim that made her so earnest in taking up Dr. Johnson, and forcing him to her benefit, and to her house. No one could deliver a smart speech with such severity. Yet she could not touch the highest point of airy comedy. She had been fetched out of the dregs of the town, and lived four years as a tavern girl. Mr. Murphy could tell a curious story or two, about Beau Tracy, and this era of hers.† It was infinitely to the credit of her tact and *esprit*, that she should have raised

* This indecent attack was published by Macklin in Dublin.

† The gossiping Taylor picked up a good many anecdotes about her.

herself, and, like Woffington, have learned refinement and accomplishments. She could tell of the strange society in Dublin, when ladies of first fashion were at her feet, imploring hints about their dress. The "Abington Cap" was in all the milliner's shops. Her manner was bewitching. No one could play a fan so delightfully; and it was noticed she had some odd little tricks in her acting, such as turning her wrist, and "seeming to stick a pin at the side of the waist." Mr. Abington, "a neat, gentlemanly little figure," played in the band, and Mr. Needham, then a Buck of the City, was the favoured admirer behind the scenes.* Poor Mr. Abington was playing away in front, and perhaps indifferent. This curious lady, when she was flush of money, hired her own house in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park; but, when a worse season set in, accepted a mean lodging cheerfully. For her the praise of being the first *Lady Teazle*, and of having sat often to Sir Joshua. When her acting life was over, we see her at her house receiving company, and out of the season carefully closing the shutters, but still living there, so as not to be suspected to be in town. At her little parties, where came Dora Jordan, it was noticed that she was unwearied in dwelling on the praises of Garrick, and his gifts. Those were the old glories which had made hers, and she had long forgotten the hours of mortification and vexations she had caused him.

Now sweeps in the splendid Hartley, whose face, with a small chin, seems to recal that of Emma, Lady Hamilton. "A finer creature," said Mr. Garrick, in raptures, "I never saw. Her make is perfect!"

* "Abington caps for those that need 'em," was the jest of the pleasant Dublin.

Moody, who had gone down to report on her, was not favourably impressed, and gave a portrait of what seemed to him a mere country actress. "She is a good figure, with a handsome small face, and very much freckled; her hair red, and her neck and shoulders well turned. There is no harmony in her voice; but when forced (which she never fails to do on the least occasion) is loud and strong, but an inarticulate gabble. She is ignorant and stubborn. She talks lusciously, and has a slovenly good nature about her that renders her prodigiously vulgar."* We follow her and Abington, in their gorgeous dresses, spread over with rich coloured rings of lace and embroidery, sweeping past us, to go on. Then comes Bellamy, so "very beautiful," as she seemed to young O'Keefe, "with her blue eyes, and very fair." "I often saw her splendid state sedan-chair, with superb silver-lace liveries, waiting for her at the door of Liffey Street Catholic Chapel." Her house there was in Kildare Street. With all her pettish insolence and airs, we may suspect Mr. Garrick was good-naturedly partial to her, and made allowance. And next her, the charming Baddeley, whose gaudy and fitful career reads like a troubled dream, and robbed the stage of a graceful actress. No stranger picture of life can be conceived than her singular story; her short and showy course, across which flit royal dukes, infatuated lords, rough and rude colonels, strange elopements, "settlements," quarrellings, and the gradual fall and degradation, when a Footman winds up the procession. Even the dull and decent George Garrick she drew into a duel with

* The reader will note in what a good graphic style the players of those days could write.

her own husband. The well-worn saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," certainly holds; but infinitely more does it hold behind the scenes.

Here was Ross, a large, plump, unwieldy man, with solemn and "proper" manners, giving out, and with truth, that he came of one of the best families in Scotland; Love, the admirable Falstaff, who was thought to surpass Quin; Smith, "the genteel," "a fine gentlemanly man;" and Lewis, of whom it was written, with a nice distinction, that his line was the gentleman of "that *higher kind* of comedy, which hardly now exists, *which Smith has in the exterior*, and which O'Brien might have attained." There was Shuter, whom it was said Mr. Garrick pronounced the greatest comic genius he had ever seen. It struck one who had seen him in his leading parts, that a simplicity and a luxurious humour were his characteristics. Yet it must have been disfigured by what is known to stage slang, as gagging. According to Churchill,

> "He never cared a pin
> Whether he left out nonsense, or put in."

Nothing, indeed, gives a better idea of what actors were, and what the stage was—when Garrick's influence still reigned, though he had passed away himself—than Elia's retrospect, and fond recalling of *his* palmy days of the drama. His description of Bensley's playing—an exquisite analysis itself, and almost a bit of acting on paper—shows what a world of indicative expression, meaning—of *acting* in short—has been lost to us. What actor now would be made to follow, or even comprehend, that delicate reading of *Malvolio*. "He was magnificent from the outset, but when the decent

sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love gradually to work . . . . how he went smiling to himself! With what ineffable carelessness would he twirl his gold chain—what a dream it was. You were infected with the illusion . . . . you had no room for laughter . . . . the man seemed to tread upon air, to taste manna, to walk with his head in the clouds."

Dodd's wonderful face, the same skilful touch paints for us, the face that "looked out so formally flat in *Foppington*, so frolicly pert in *Tattle*, so impotently busy in *Backbite*, so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in *Acres*.* . . . . In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last, to the fulness of a twilight conception . . . . He seemed to keep back his intellect . . . . *A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and then go out, for lack of expression.* A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder." Here, again, is the lost art,—which excited the house and brought tears of laughter; not the grimace—the speaking with a twang out of the mouth corner, which is the height of humour now. If we look at the wonderful *Abel Drugger* face, by Zoffany, we shall have a glimpse of this facial struggle, this picture of emotion. †

* "Dodd, in *Acres*, who had the most extraordinary way of hitching in a meaning, or subsiding into blank folly, with the best grace in nature."—HAZLITT.

† Elia's observation was always nicely accurate. Hoadly's sketch of Dodd—some thirty or forty years before—is also good. "He has more the stalk

So with the Palmers, admirable comedians, with a real style, a fashion of giving the airy gentlemen of comedy,—what Lamb called "the highly artificial manner" of "Jack Palmer." Now these nice refinements seem lost. There is the one conventional way of giving the gentleman of fashion, the one way for the villain, for the comic fellow, and the rest. "In sock or buskin," says Elia, "there was air of swaggering gentility about Jack Palmer . . . . When you saw *Bobby* in the 'Duke's Servant,' you said, what a pity such a pretty fellow was only a servant . . . . Jack had two voices, both plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating, but his secondary or supplementary voice was more decidedly histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator . . . . The lies of young *Wilding*, and the *sentiments* in *Joseph Surface* were thus marked out, in a sort of italics to the audience."

There too, was Davies, always whispering and plotting. This bookseller actor had his grievances too—was dissatisfied that he was not allowed to mouth *Bajazet* as "curs mouth a bone." The manager was often, as he said, "agitated," and thrown out, by his

and *menage* of a dancing-master, than the ease of a gentleman. . . . I speak of his legs. He has a white, calf-like, stupid face. . . . His voice is good. . . . He seems sensible, alive, and attentive to what is going on, and properly so. He sings agreeably; though there is a formal kind of parade kept up by his singing gently (not to be easily avoided in the strange, unnatural circumstances and attitudes that the songs and their symphonies place him in, in the front of the stage), that hides and disguises nature, but *which he reconciles better* than I remember anybody. His pauses are sensible, and filled with proper action and look." His etching of Mrs. Dodd in *Mrs. Oakly* is equally good: "She was not a moment out of the character, and amazingly proper and ready in the repartee, and *taking up the half sentences before they fell to nothing, which abound in that natural comedy, as in all easy discourse.*" When there was such nice criticism, no wonder there was good playing.

habitual want of readiness in his parts, and had to reprimand him severely; but the unlucky Davies explained that once during the run of "Cymbeline," he caught a sight of the awful apparition of Churchill's face in the pit, which quite overset him. He went to Dr. Johnson, and told all his grievances, how Mr. Garrick's persecution had "driven him from the stage." Yet, as a matter of course, he had been lent money by Garrick; and seems to have deeply resented that fifty pounds more was not lent—though this sum was not absolutely refused—and Mr. Garrick said that if the matter was pressed he would do so. It is amusing to see how slight was the cause that produced this tide of reproaches and pent-up grievances. When he left the theatre, Garrick one day told Colman to collect some moneys due to him from the "St. James's Chronicle," in which he was a partner. Davies was his trustee for that property. "What is this," said the indignant actor to Colman, "but to brand me as a fellow not fit to be trusted with the receipt of his money? . . . . I am ready to show my books, and to settle with him whenever he pleases. If he is tired of his kindness, in God's name let him withdraw it." Garrick wrote to him, calmly, "I shall not put myself to the unnecessary trouble of convincing you of your unprovoked ill-treatment of me. . . . I shall only say that, upon my honour, I never once suspected your integrity, and till I heard of your last conversation with my brother, I never had the least doubts of your veracity. I shall most certainly withdraw myself, as you are pleased to command, and am as willing, and ready as yourself, to settle the account between us." This dignified answer brought a cooler reply from the

actor. "*By desiring the account between us might be settled*, I did not mean to pay the balance immediately. .... However that will not so much distress me, if Mr. Garrick will please to stay until my auction be over.... I find it was wrong to complain.... I now sincerely thank you that you have condescended to clear that point." Garrick's reply was as though he was addressed by a perfect equal, and shows the admirable power he possessed of analysing the smallest human motives and workings of the mind. "Those," he said, "who have too much the weakness of sensibility about them, confess their mistakes with a degree of contrition, *whilst you, sir, can find yourself wrong* with a superior indifference and self-approbation," &c. Nothing can be better than the following reproach, in reference to Davies being driven from the stage by Garrick's temper.* "But why would you expose my infirmities at a time when you were asking and receiving favours from me, and when I was exerting all the little interest I had in your service?.... I am ashamed to mention these things, but I repeat them to you, as the last words of a dead acquaintance." Davies had the "last word," however, and satisfied himself by a torrent of reproaches, and bitter recapitulation of his wrongs. In another sense he had the last word too: for when his foe had passed away, and could neither lend nor demand back his money, he sat down and wrote his "Life," without the fear of a reply before him.†

* It was notorious that it was Churchill's attack that preyed upon his mind. Stockdale says he lost £500 a-year.

† I have seen an obsequious letter of Davies', venturing to suggest that the coronation of a French king would be a more effective pageant on the stage than that of an English one; and also thanking him for his "generous sub-

He does not seem to have ever forgiven Garrick. Even in his later trouble with the jealous Henderson, he was whispering that Garrick had only made a feint of recommending him; which was refuted by one, who was present when Garrick praised his acting, and had warmly pressed on Sheridan the duty of engaging him at once. The "Life," by which he made money, was full of insidious strokes at his former patron, though at the end, when he came to sum up the character of his hero, he found himself obliged to do him justice.* Yet Garrick had generously allowed him a benefit night, for old acquaintance' sake, and he played *Fainall*, in "The Way of the World," when Mr. Taylor and many friends were present. He seemed "an old formal-looking man, with a dull gravity in his acting, and a hollow rumbling in his voice." He made a speech, owning his inability, but hoping his good will would be accepted. He seemed to decay gradually, and it was not a little

scription to Wanley." Garrick endorsed it "*Mr.* Davies—once an actor—now a conceited bookseller; nor is that all, *Anti-Mendax.*"—(Bullock MSS.) "Anti-Mendax" was the signature to some personal attacks on him, in the papers. We can conceive Garrick—knowing the secrets of these false friends and their false compliments—making this bitter endorsement. No man ever had such material for being sarcastic on human nature. Children alone he could except: kindness to them was always a feature in his character. Angelo, the fencing master's son, used to be invited for the day to Hampton, with a companion; and the good-natured actor—then *en retraite*—would read stories to them after dinner. In time he would fall asleep, and they recalled Mrs. Garrick cautiously and jealously guarding them against disturbing him, and fondly putting a handkerchief about his head. It was like *Lady Easy* in the comedy.

* He was greatly surprised that Mrs. Garrick was displeased at his attacks. The life was read aloud in portions to a select club of booksellers at the Devil Tavern. He was much dissatisfied at the curt notice of "The Gentleman's Magazine," and wrote to ask another,—which was given him, but did not satisfy him. He complained of being treated like "the old woman who tells her stories fluently with a pipe in her mouth." He died in 1785, in reduced circumstances,—the "pretty wife" in 1801. It is said she became actually destitute, and spent her last days in the workhouse.

singular, that all those who had profited by Garrick's friendship, and then turned against him, should have gradually sunk and ended badly.*

Here was the odd "Dagger Marr," who thought himself equal to Garrick, and would fold his arms scornfully, and look after him with a scowl, saying, if he had but his eyes, he would play him for any sum. And here was the useful Cross, long prompter at Drury Lane—and Hopkins, the stage-manager—old retainers, who worshipped their captain: with Waldron, who played in *Scrub*, and who, long after, in the Kemble days, used to praise that great actor—but always added: "But Mr. Garrick—bless my soul!—*that was quite a different sort of thing!*" Here was Havard, a good useful actor, with "an easy, vacant face," and Holland, who copied Garrick. "Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan, He borrowed and made use of as his own." Isaac Sparks, Packer and Ackman, were all humble and serviceable players, useful as rank and file.† Havard

* As Steevens said of him, "A proud man who has a heart averse to honest obligation, will generally hate the person who has it in his power to serve him."

† Here is a glimpse of the strange creatures that hung about Drury Lane. Garrick employed an oddity called Stone to pick up "supers," as they are called:—

STONE TO GARRICK.

"Thursday, noon.

"SIR,—Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday, and behaved very shabby to me. I only *ax'd* for my two guineas for the last bishop, and he swore I shouldn't have a farthing. I can't live upon air. I have a few Cupids you may have dirt cheap, as they belongs to a poor journeyman shoemaker who I drinks with now and then.—I am, your humble servant,

"W. STONE."

GARRICK TO STONE.

"Friday morning.

"STONE,—You are the best fellow in the world. Bring the Cupids to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea apiece for them. Mr. Lacy will pay you himself for the Bishop. He

was one of his "old guard," and was always faithful and true, and when leaving the stage had the unusual grace to write his old master a grateful and kindly letter. He was linked with the old days. Garrick had been truly kind, and after his last benefit, made him a present of a horse. The grateful actor wrote to him in language not familiar to those whom Garrick was in the habit of loading with his favours. He had given him all thanks behind the scenes, yet he must formally, and upon paper, express all he felt. The style is that inflated style to which all actors have a leaning, and which they seem to catch from the scraps of dramatic "fine" language flōating through their brain. "Believe me, sir," he said, "these feelings are wrote upon my heart, and must continue as long as the frail tenement that contains it. May your health, and Mrs. Garrick's continue perfect, *at least with so small a difference that it may only add a relish to the future enjoyment of it*, as the absence of friends the more endears their next meeting. May every circumstance of your lives be easy, and

is very penitent for what he has done. If you can get me two good murderers I will pay you handsomely, particularly for the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill; the cut in his face is quite the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two for 'Richard,' if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you for a fat, comely mayor. The barber will not do for *Brutus*, although I think he may succeed as a thief, in 'The Beggar's Opera.'

"D. G."

The Bishop had rehearsed the part of the *Bishop of Winchester* in "Henry the Eighth," with such good effect, that Garrick often addressed him as "Cousin of Winchester." He however never played the part; the reader will see the reason from the two subjoined letters:—

STONE TO GARRICK.

"Sir,—The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear, and swears he'll be d——d if he acts to-night.—I am yours,

"W. Stone."

ANSWER.

"Stone,—The Bishop may go to the ——. I do not know a greater rascal, except yourself. "D. G."

every wish completed! And now my heart is somewhat lighter." The prayer of this excellent old actor and really grateful retainer, is original and ingenious, namely, wishing one's friend only just so much inconvenience in the way of sickness as to give a whet to the enjoyment of health. This kind benediction could not, however, secure such a tempered indisposition for Garrick, who was to suffer acutely by-and-by.

Here too was Woodward, great master in "science of grimace," as Churchill a little unjustly puts it, taking only one side of his humour, which could be tempered by the sound association of the school around him, and exhibit fine comedy in such parts as *Bobadil* and the *Copper Captain*. Smith, "the genteel, the airy," was a type lost to us now, invaluable in those gay comedy gallants and men of fashion, who indeed are not on the stage now. "I fancy," says Elia, "he was more airy, and took the eye with a *certain gaiety of person*." King, too, that admirable and solid actor, Elia had seen, and admired for that *artificial* air which he imparted to *Sir Peter*.*

It would be tempting to dwell long on this fine cohort, as well-disciplined as they were fine. These little sketches will just give us a hint of what characters they were, who moved round Garrick.

* "His acting left a taste on the palate sharp and sweet like a quince, with an old, hard, rough, withered face, like a john-apple, puckered up into a thousand wrinkles, with shrewd hints and tart replies." There is a perfect picture in this description.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

1772.

In those days, too, the principles which regulated the administration of the stage were of a dignified kind, and worthy of a great profession. Nothing, as I have said, was more surprising than the respect enjoyed by actors, or their importance. Garrick went regularly to Court; and this was expected, and commented on, if omitted.* Here was an official recognition of a great theatre, and the company whom the manager represented—the choicest, best-trained corps of comedians in the kingdom. Now there is no cohesion—a leading actor or a "star," is the Company; any stray atoms—shifting and changing—do for a corps: the officer is the attraction; any cheap sweepings will do for "privates." In those days too, the Drury Lane players had a scarlet dress—as being attached to the Royal Household.†

The great actor's own behaviour showed the respect, that he felt was owing to himself, and to the public. In his green-room, in the intervals between his scenes, he never gossiped, but kept a little apart, as it were living

* Even now the manager of the Dublin Theatre Royal is expected to present himself at levees.

† Dr. Doran mentions that Baddeley was the last who wore this uniform.

still in his assumed character. This was, of course, set down to pride and self-importance. He told a friend, who was by no means inclined to conceal his faults, that he was never free from a certain nervousness and sense of responsibility. Any day that he was to play, he never dined out, but remained at home quiet and undistracted, taking some light repast at two o'clock, and admitting no visitors.* This was his custom to the end, and shows how little of "a trade" he considered his acting. It was remarked, that none of the great players, like Barry or Clive, could be induced to show themselves in the boxes, during the after-piece; but went home decorously, so as not to impair the impression left on the audience. Here was a wholesome and significant principle. There was then no cheap contact with the groundlings, no exhibition at fancy fairs, where the vulgar curiosity of seeing the grand professors in the cool air of daylight, so fatally impairs all respect, and certainly the value of the profession. Once, and once only, he owned that he had come on the stage intoxicated. He had been persuaded to dine at a great house, and had taken too much liquor. When he came on as *Lord Chalkstone*, he appeared all exhilaration and spirits, laughed as he tried to act, but could not utter a word. Friends in the house tried to cover this exhibition with exaggerated applause, and the greater part of the audience did not perceive what had happened, but he was dreadfully mortified, and it was a lesson to him never to be betrayed into such a failing again.†

On the stage, then, there was an admirable tone and discipline—a perfect respect for the audience, more

* Stockdale. † Cradock.

than repaid by that audience by a respect as perfect for the actor. The familiarity known as "gagging" was kept under an almost ascetical restraint. How happy, how profound and nice, was their instinct, may be seen from a remark of one who was a very acute observer indeed.* Tolerant in most points, Garrick was known to be rigid in matters like this. Once, however, when playing in "The Way to Keep Him," with Mrs. Clive, that lady whispered some private joke, which so completely upset him that he could not finish, but was obliged "to make his bow, amid a roar of electrical laughter." But this was an accident.† It was often repeated how Roscius had told Shuter, "*not to be too comical.*" Advice for a whole line of Shuters.

He was unwearied in "drilling" his actors—whatever their rank—and they had learned the custom of taking instructions from him with docility. Indeed, it is surprising to see what infinite power his prosperity and success in direction, his wealth and good gifts as an actor, gave him in the theatre. How much a play gained by this *unity* of conception may be conceived. To this was owing the unequalled success of "Every Man in his Humour," which was rehearsed for months: and the manager was known to rigidly apply the same principles to

* "O comical actor!" says Wilkinson, "it is a debt, and a dangerous debt, not easily forgot or forgiven; for how can the performer think that though, perhaps, *the town last night laughed*, and gave indulgence, that he is free? Far from it; he has lost the golden ore, their good opinion, and it will take a long time to regain it. For the actor is dreadfully wrong, who thinks, because himself and friends laugh at what is termed jokes, out of *all time, place, and character*, it is forgiven in general." There is admirable truth as well as philosophy in this.

† Wilkinson owns that, something of the same sort having happened to him, he tried it again *on purpose*, on the next night—when there was a general hiss. "And I have remembered the lesson," he says, "ever since."

himself. *Benedick* he had studied, and gone over patiently for many weeks before he could please himself. Other parts he studied as long, and then abandoned, being doubtful as to their success. It is the old story—labour and study make up a good portion of what the world calls genius.

Through his life we have seen much of what seemed his "finessing." Yet he was at the head of a great establishment, with a serious responsibility. A false step—a sudden and hasty quarrel with one of his corps—a dismissal in anger—would be a fatal injury. He had to deal with, literally, hundreds of complainants, suitors, and grievance-mongers. He, besides, felt their power; if they combined, they could injure; even their little idle stories wrung his soul. It is inconceivable what he suffered through his morbid nature. He was, besides, precipitate in temper, and he knew this. From all these composite dealings, he had *learned to believe that his only safety* was in a sort of diplomacy, in letter-writing, and hearing of private reports and rumours, and being directed by them. This was foolish, and it grew to be an incurable habit. Such eager craving to know what was said of him brought him infinite suffering. Small, low creatures found their account in this failing. It was one more physical than moral. As Davies, who often has a happy turn of expression, says, "all sorts of news he greedily swallowed, though, at the same time, he was laying a plot to hurt his own mind. Many things will be said of every man, *that no man should be solicitous to know.*" Certainly, as we have seen before, no one could have had such strange points of contact with the odd side of human nature,

and never, before or since, was the player's world so large, important, and full of vitality. He was in the very centre. On the whole, he treated the dependents on him with the most surprising *justice*. Sometimes, indeed, in this direction, he gave way to temper, and used language he was sorry for. He was now and again "worried" by something into heat, but, says Davies, "of this impropriety he was generally sensible, and *made ample reparation to the person whose mind he had disturbed.*" It was said he was "jealous" of other actors. I have no doubt that he was—taking it in the sense of "uneasiness" at the success of rivals, which in any profession is the first step towards decay. Who must not feel this—and how much greater the honour for him, who forces himself to aid, and honour those, from whom such danger is to be apprehended? To Mossop, Barry, Sheridan, and Powell—all put forward offensively, as rivals—he behaved ever generously.*

He had many ways, besides that of actual money assistance, of helping those under him. He would buy things from them—china, books, and the like. A kindly shape of aid, which would not bring with it any sacrifice of honest independence.† His players ought to have loved him. Yet it is curious the gloss that was put on everything he did. His "greed of praise" was said to be so great that he would accept it from the humblest hanger-on of the theatre. Stockdale, saved from ruin

* Davies says, "I never remember to have heard him speak warmly in the commendation of any actor, living or dead." Others, however, heard him praise Barry in the warmest way, saying, "he was the only lover on the stage." Of Sheridan he said, "he had never known so able a collaborateur." Powell he instructed and praised to every one. But Davies knew him very little.

† In this way he offered to take from Davies a copy of the *Museum*

by his patronage, dwells on this, ungratefully, and tells how he would ask some small fellow from the theatre, "Well, Hopkins, what did they think of me last night?" "Oh, sir," the answer would be, "you were never greater!"* This was a practice of his, and seems to show more a compliment and a kindly courtesy to those who were in subordinate place—to appear anxious to have their opinion. For on the stage, beyond any other profession, *praise is convertible with success.* When praise begins to grow faint, success is failing also. The confidence, too, that he had in his own unsurpassed gifts, made him utter incautiously, such speeches as, "that when he left the stage, the stage would be in a very low state indeed"—a prophecy that he saw fulfilled.†

A curious little scene once took place at his house. On the York circuit, a Mr. Frodsham had a high reputation, and played the whole round of light

Florentium, in satisfaction of a debt. The following little receipts will be interesting :—

"DAVID GARRICK, ESQ., to E. SHUTER.

"1760.		£	s.	d.
"*Aug.* 4.	To a Sett of Table China	13	13	0
	To a Bottle and Bason	1	5	0
	To a p^{r} of Candlesticks	0	16	0
	To two Caudle Cups	0	10	6
		16	4	6

"Rec^{d} y^{e} contents in full, ED. SHUTER."

"Received of David Garrick, Esq., the sum of eighty-four pounds (read eighty-four), being the value of a Diamond Gold Buckle, as by appraisement.

"*London, May* 25, 1757. "B. VICTOR."

Of course it would be said that the "knowing Davy" found his advantage in these transactions; but the reader will note that the article was duly valued. —*Bullock MSS.*

* What the great manager was accustomed to in his green-room may be conceived from the following :—"Well, now; hey, Cross! don't you think my brow and eye as Bajazet—how do you think I should play it?" "Oh, sir," said the prompter, "like everything else you do—your Bajazet would be incomparable!" to which we all bowed and assented.—WILKINSON.

† Stockdale.

comedy characters and leading tragedy parts. He was so petted and admired that his conceit became amusing. One year he went up to London for a holiday, to the great concern of the York audiences, who were certain that if Mr. Garrick once saw him, it was all over with the York stage. He sent in his card to Garrick, as "Mr. Frodsham of York," a free and easy description that amused Garrick. Garrick asked had he seen *him* play. The other answered that he had seen Mr. Garrick himself, in *Hamlet*, and added, airily, "that it was his own favourite character." "Well, now," said the other—"pray now, how did you approve, Frodsham? I hope I pleased you." "Oh, yes, certainly, my dear sir," the other answered; "vastly clever in several passages—but as *a whole*, I can scarcely endorse the public opinion of London." Garrick was a little taken aback at this candour.

The country actor arrived next morning to breakfast, and was welcomed by his host and hostess. Carrying out his rather rude and ignorant *tactique* of *nil admirari*, he made no allusion to the play he had seen, until Garrick himself asked him what he thought of his *Sir John Brute* last night. "Now no compliment, but tell Mrs. Garrick. Do you think it would have pleased at York? Tell what you think." "Oh, certainly, certainly," said the other. "I was highly delighted. But, you know, I had been told *Hamlet* was your best character, though I flatter myself I play it almost as well. But your *Brute*, Mr. Garrick, was excellence itself. You stood in the drunken scene flourishing your sword. I am sure you saw me in the pit at the same time, and seemed to say, 'D—n it, Frodsham, did you ever see anything like that at York?'" Garrick

laughed a little affectedly at this candour, to which he was so unused; and to change the conversation, "Well, now, hey!" he said, "for a taste of your quality, and, Mrs. Garrick, bear a wary eye." The other, without the least concern, struck at once into *Hamlet's* first soliloquy. He spouted it in his own York way; while Garrick darted his fiery eyes at him, and seemed to search his soul. This was a favourite habit of his in presence of inferiors, and was a little homage which he paid to those wonderful orbs. When he had done, the great actor told him there were some "tones" in his declamation which he did not relish. The other answered, with some tartness, that Mr. Garrick was not accustomed to his style. "I can assure you, when I first heard you and Mrs. Cibber, I thought you had very strange 'tones;' but I suppose I should get accustomed to them." This was free speaking indeed. "Why, now," said the great actor, wondering, "this is—why, now, really, Frodsham, you are a d—d queer fellow. But I tell you what, you shall have a fair trial on my stage, in any part, and then we shall talk of terms." "Oh, my dear Mr. Garrick," said the other, "you are quite mistaken if you think I am come to beg an engagement. *I am a Roscius down at my own quarter.* I just came up to see a few plays, and thought it only a becoming compliment to call on a brother actor;" and then, with a negligent bow, took his leave. There was true comedy in this little scene, and no one was more likely to be disconcerted by such ostentatious indifference than Garrick. Mr. Frodsham often told at York how he had thus "checkmated" the great London Roscius; and the story, no doubt, caused

great enjoyment. Mr. Garrick told the story also, which showed how little his vanity was touched; and would even add, that he never met such a mixture of genius and eccentricity.*

This was the pleasant side: yet it is inconceivable the sum of troubles, trials, and cares, the control of his histrionic corps brought him. No one can have an idea of all that went on behind the scenes of Drury Lane—the sulks, the pettishness, the vanities, the open revolts of the regiment a hundred strong, who served under "King Davy." A great deal of all this, it must be owned, he brought on himself. He wished everybody to think well of him, and to think him right. He could not resist listening to the whispers and stories of his inferior dependents.

The cloud of players' fanciful wrongs, and miserable complaints and whinings to be found in a hundred little episodes in his "Correspondence," is a sure proof of his capacity, and exquisite tact behind the scenes. During those thirty years, all through those grievances, rejoicings, defiances, wounded sensibilities, open attacks, secret insinuations, to be followed almost invariably by the most servile and degrading submission—in short, the player's traditional programme—we see him the same, always—calm, temperate, and with right upon his side; masterly in discussion, firm where he feels that his goodness has been too far tried, and above all, generously making no account either of their angry menaces and haughty language, or of the grovelling submission with which that language was

* At Liverpool were two actors, Gibson and Ridout, who were considered there superior to Roscius. A deputation going up to London on local business, were charged to see this London player, who was so much talked of, and reported that he was not to be compared with Gibson and Ridout.

sought to be atoned for. No man was ever less likely to exact a humiliating *amende*. The annals of this theatre, as preserved in the "Correspondence," are a fatal record of the pettiness behind the curtain; and the manager could nowhere else have learnt such capital lessons in human character. No matter what motives were imputed, or even what language was used, he was sure to forgive, and "think no more of it." A more "amiable" character, without at the same time the least tendency to "softness" or weakness, could not be conceived. A glimpse will be amusing. Every one was flattering him and intriguing for his favour. There were those, too, who knew well his morbid sensitiveness, his nervousness as to what was said against him, and at the same time his eagerness to hear it. Did King the actor express himself hastily in the green-room about a new play—there was Mr. Hopkins, the prompter, ready to carry these remarks straight to the manager, who, much hurt, and no doubt brooding over it, required an explanation in writing: "Mr. Garrick's compliments to Mr. King, though he is seldom surprised at what may happen in a theatre, yet he should be obliged to Mr. King if he would let him know, by a note, what he was pleased to say about him and the farce of 'The Invasion,' to Mr. Hopkins. Mr. Garrick assures Mr. King that he will not send his answer to the prompter, but to himself." King, an excellent actor, but knowing his own value, gave him infinite trouble. He would periodically break out in an enormous letter of peevish grievances, firing, as Garrick said, a long gun at him. Garrick had talked in a friendly way of his always staying at Drury Lane,

and had added, "O damn it! never fear, I'll take care of you,"—this brought out a whole catalogue of wrongs. Mrs. King had been engaged, "not with good grace;" he himself was made a sort of "hack of," thrust in after "command nights," made to fill gaps, where other actors were allowed not to play, actors who were "shamefully better paid," and who were "periodically sick, or impertinent, about the month of April." He was put into unfit parts—Woodward, of Covent Garden, had more, Smith more, and both less to do. He could only agree to certain haughty conditions. He was not, he hinted, to have an unworthy advantage taken of his friendship towards Mr. Garrick.

Garrick sent an answer which is admirable for its moderation. He summarises the complaints. "These," he says, "are the allegations of my friend, Mr. King, in the midst of our friendship, and when he was possessed of my entire confidence; however, all these hardships do not seem to yourself insufferable, for, with only an exception or two, you are willing to submit to them, if the manager of Drury Lane *will give you your price.* Have you not, Mr. King, been conscious of some breaches of friendship to me, and are you not producing these allegations as excuses for your own behaviour? Have you not, instead of an open, manly declaration of your thoughts to your friend, whispered about in hints and ambiguities your uneasiness? All which by circulation have partly crept into the newspapers; and though you have disclaimed being privy to their circulation, yet you have certainly been the first cause of it; while I aver, so lately as a fortnight ago, you came to my house at Hampton, showed no signs of displeasure, but rode

with me to town with all the cheerfulness of ease, and in the warmest spirit of confidence. Was your friend to be the last to hear of your complaints or to suspect them?" Yet the other renewed what might be called his "whine." He fell back upon the "disinclination" shown to receive Mrs. King. His name in the play-bill had been squeezed into a line, or huddled away too close by the large capitals of the play-bill.* He demanded that the bill of the "Merchant of Venice" should be produced to substantiate the charge. Such were an actor's grievances.

Smith, the comedian—the "Gentleman Smith," who had been brought up at Eton, with noblemen and gentlemen, and who stipulated with managers for a regular furlough every year, to go to Newmarket—who really loved Garrick—would also take his turn at trying the manager's temper. He had been always saying, that he was dying to be at his theatre, and would come to him upon any terms. When a place was found for him, he then began to "haggle" about guineas, instead of pounds, and finally said that he would accept, but would be "miserable." Naturally Garrick did not relish this tone, after what he had meant to be a compliment. As usual, he had all the reason and argument of the case, upon his side. He had even offered to make up the difference "out of his own pocket." "As

* Yet with these troubles and anxieties he could bear generous testimony when it was deserved, and in a preface to a little farce he wrote for King, he told the public he did it to show his regard for a performer, "who during a long engagement has never yet, unless confined by real illness, disappointed the public, *or distressed the managers.*" Whatever had been their little private bickerings, it was "handsome" in Garrick to make this avowal. Indeed, he was delighted always to convenience, help, indulge, those who were at all gracious to him. So, too, Miss Macklin, daughter of his old enemy, he was delighted to oblige, telling her that she had every claim on him, from her behaviour to him.

our company was full, I most sincerely advised you to be satisfied with your situation; upon your quarrelling with Mr. Colman, and your situation becoming a disagreeable one, I resolved to show my regard, and extricate you from it. *I fear you unluckily thought it was* policy made me listen to a treaty with you, in hopes to break your present connexions; how little you know of me, or of what I know!" The other was presently penitent, and would not offend him for the world. "If, to have idolized you, deserves your resentment, no one can have been more guilty than yours," &c.*

Garrick engaged him on handsome terms; but in a few months the old dissatisfaction broke out. A lady was at the bottom of it. On a Saturday he assured Garrick that no terms or offers from the other theatre had anything to do with the separation; but Garrick discovered, that on the Thursday he had been making up a sort of contingent treaty with the manager of Covent Garden. Thus on all sides he was met by this underhand deception. He was allowed to stay at the theatre, but only to break out again. The manager had goodnaturedly given him leave of absence for some days, and on his return Mr. Smith was indignant that a certain play had been played in his absence. Garrick's tone shows how much he was worried. "I shall not describe my distress and troubles for many days past on fixing upon plays. I have waited three and four hours at the playhouse before I could ascertain a single play for the next day. . . . . Indeed these frequent billets of complaint betray an unsatis-

* Gentleman Smith was almost amusing as "a humbug," with a little of the *Joseph Surface*, in his playing on the boards of real life. In this "airy" way he made that scandalous elopement to Dublin with the splendid Hartley. His letters on the subject of this "fall," are really comic.

fied mind; and I am as little able to account for this dissatisfaction, as I find that no art of mine is able to remove it." Even at a revival of the Jubilee, when Garrick asked him to walk in the procession he refused, begging piteously to be let off, saying it would make him "miserable."* The manager had certainly crosses of his own in dealing with all these humours.

But his dealings with the ladies of his kingdom, whose lively insubordinations and pettish mutinies required delicate and diplomatic management, were more serious. The men players had, to a certain degree, to be humoured like women, but the women required a firmer touch. Their airs and grievances are almost amusing; but they always found the manager, while calm, even gallant, but firm as a rock. The lively "Pivy" Clive, the stately Mrs. Barry, Pope, the "established" Hoyden of the theatre, Miss Younge, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Abington, all tried the effect of a modified revolt upon the manager's good temper; and it is instructive to see how skilfully he managed these useful, but refractory, ladies. Mrs. Clive, whose ringing laugh and almost boisterous activity was invaluable where a piece had to be "carried" through by bustle, was perhaps the most difficult of all to deal with.

For so valuable an actress, Garrick had her services on easy terms—only £300 for one hundred and eighty nights. On so mercurial a lady a "light rein" was necessary: the least indulgence would develop into licence. In a good-humoured way Garrick would warn her that any neglect of theatrical duty

* In a letter to Taylor, Smith long after wrote,—"I never can speak of him but with idolatry, and have ever looked upon it as one of the greatest blessings of my life to have lived in the days of Garrick."

must be severely punished. "Take care," he said to her, "or you will be surely 'catched.'" On the following Saturday this lively creature went down in a friend's carriage to a merry-making at Greenwich. In her absence "The Devil to Pay" was suddenly put up, and she was sent for. Her maid, like herself, was out for the day, and had the keys of the wardrobe. Nor was there *in* the wardrobe, the proper dress for the part. In fact it was altogether a surprise, as she had long before pertly sent her compliments to the managers by the prompter to beg that it might not be done "till the weather was cool, as the quickness of the shift puts me into a flurry, which gives me a violent swimming in the head." Down at Greenwich she was disturbed by the messenger of the angry manager, and one of the gentlemen was so obliging as to relieve her mind, by sending in one of his grooms to say, that she would come after all, if she was wanted.

For this offence she was heavily fined, and she wrote a pettish, indignant letter of expostulation, which was *all* bad spelling. It must be said, she made out an excellent case, that it was *never before expected* of a performer to be in waiting, when their names are not in the *papers* or bills; and she reminded him that "she had never disappointed him four times, that she *always had good health*, and had been ever above subterfuge." "I hope," she goes on, "this stopping of money is not a French fashion. I believe you will not find any part of the English laws, that will support this sort of treatment of an actress." His dislike to her was as mysterious as the reason he gave the Rev. Laurence Sterne for it, who was behind the scenes often. The Rev. Laurence, of course, told the actress

what Garrick had told *him*. No one, of course, kept confidence with the good-natured manager. She had done everything to oblige him. Did it not cost her five pounds in coach hire, coming up and down to school Mrs. Vincent when she came out in *Polly*? "I have never envied you your equipages nor grandeur, the fine fortune you have already, and must still be increasing. . . . . I have great regret in being obliged to say anything that looks like contention. I wish to be quiet myself, and I am sure I never laid any schemes in my life to make any one uneasy or unhappy." At the end she gives him warning that "they are *people of consequence*, who know the truth of what I say, and who will be very much surprised to hear how I have been treated."

It would be hard to be wroth with this true woman's letter. We may be sure the fine was taken off. No wonder that a little later she should think that he always had "a sneaking kindness for your 'Pivy,'" and she could own that he could be charming when he was good.

But a more dangerous rebel than "Pivy" was Mrs. Abington, whose insubordination was not relieved by the good nature of Mrs. Clive. Mrs. Abington was an actress of great effect, in the good standard comedy parts; but she was always captious, making difficulties. "Could I put you on the highest comic pinnacle," he said to her, "I certainly would do it; but indeed, my dear madam, we shall not mount much, if your cold counteracting discourse is to pull us back at every step." When it was discovered that the play for the night must be changed to "The West Indian," as Reddish was ill, the lady took the usual airs. She was

weak and ill: at three o'clock it surely was too much to expect her to read her part, get her dress ready, and find a hairdresser. The tale-bearers had as much as told her, that the manager was complaining angrily of her behaviour. She wrote to him hotly that he behaved with such incivility, that her health and spirits are quite hurt by it; if Mr. Garrick really thinks her such, as he is pleased to describe her in company, he can readily find the remedy, by relieving her from her engagement.

The manager, however, as usual, has the best of it. She had played the character before in the season, he said, therefore she could not want much preparation. The message had been sent to her in the morning, not at three. "You knew our distress yesterday almost as soon as I did, and did not plead the want of a day's notice, clothes, hairdresser, &c. Though you were in spirits, and rehearsing a new farce, you suffered us to be obliged to call on the lady of another house, to do your business, when neither our distresses, the credit of the theatre, or your own duty and justice, could have the least influence on you. Those are serious truths, madam, and not to be described as the lesser peccadilloes of a fine lady." And as to her releasing him, his only hope was that he would be soon delivered from "the capriciousness, inconsistency, injustice, and wickedness of those, to whom I always intended the greatest good in my power." Well might he recal the old loyalty, the sense of *duty*, of Woffington and Clive.

Another time, she finds she has enemies about Mr. Garrick. She was called on to play to empty benches. Then she was jealous that Mrs. Barry was to have a better part, and appealed to the man whom she had so

worried, to stand her friend. He answered her, "Let me be permitted to say, that I never yet saw Mrs. Abington theatrically happy, for a week together. "I am willing," he concludes, "to do you all the justice in my power; and I could wish you would represent me so to persons out of the theatre, and indeed for your own sake; *for I always hear this tittle-tattle again, and have it always in my power to prove that I am never influenced by any little considerations to be unjust to Mrs. Abington, or any other performer.*"

Nothing can be happier or more significant than this turn. Nothing was more true, than that all this disagreeable "tittle-tattle" was sure to be borne to him. This tone had the best effect. For the lady wrote back, that his letter was "very cross," and there was in it "a coldness and severity" which added greatly "to the afflictions of your distressed humble servant, Frances Abington."* It was no wonder that his heart was sickened with these discussions, recurring over and over again; for the same grumbling was sure to turn up presently, and the old unreasonableness had to be refuted all over again. Later on she told the prompter—"You will be pleased to let the manager know, that I am ill, though I thank God *I have not lost the use of my limbs, as he has been pleased to tell the public.*" The actors and actresses fancied that everything in the papers was inspired by Garrick.†

* His tone with these fretful beings is a model. "I cannot create better actors than we have, and we must both do our best with them. Don't imagine that the gout makes me peevish." Again: "If you imagine that I in the least countenance, or am accessory to, any scribbling in the papers, you are deceived. I detest all such methods of showing my resentment."

† Nothing was more untrue. Even papers over which he had a sort of influence, like Baldwin's and Woodfall's, would turn on *him*.

His opening of a treaty with Mrs. Yates was characteristic. "If you have no objection to enter into a treaty with me, be pleased to name your time and place, and I shall be as punctual as I ought to be to so fine a woman, and so good an actress." The lively Mrs. Yates answered in the same sprightly tone, but with a perfect view to business. Considering her "novelty," to say nothing of her beauty, she required £700 a year; and as she loved to be well dressed—£200 a year for clothes. He agreed for £800 a year, including everything; and "Dickey," her husband, was to have £12 a week for one year. But in a few months came the usual airs. The first night she was announced she did not play, without giving any reason; and during the season she appeared but thirty times in all. Reasonably annoyed, Garrick wrote forcibly to her husband, protesting against having the business destroyed by these fancies. Only the night before, he had heard her acting with all animation; yet in the morning, a message was left with the prompter, that they were "to think no more of her"—or that she would send to let them know. At one time, she expressed a wish for some comedy parts, and those she named, were at once given to her. Then she declined them, "because they were in possession of another actress, and she was not indelicate enough to interfere with that lady." Yet the very next thing the manager hears, is her seizing on the part of *Belinda*, though it had long been the property of a leading actress in the theatre!

About three weeks later, she again took offence and unreasonably refused to play *Almeria*. Garrick sternly rebuked her, as he could well do, when he

pleased. The players had taken a fancy for playing a particular part, only on the night of their benefit, by which the house suffered. "I hope, therefore, Mrs. Yates will not be the only one to oppose so reasonable an order of the manager. I must, therefore, entreat her to comply with my request." The answer was in an extraordinary tone. "In respect to *Almeria*, I think it a part unworthy of a capital actress; but if my playing it for a few nights will oblige you, I am ready to do it. I cannot help concluding with a few lines from your favourite author:—

'. . . . O! 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength,' &c."

This insolence, indeed, and the constant trouble in removing these fanciful grounds of offence, it is quite plain, had a great share in disgusting him with the stage. Even in this instance, he had come home ill, and, worn out with six hours' rehearsing, was trying to restore himself by a sleep in his "great chair," when this petulant note was brought in, and had to be answered.

It was nearly the same with all the ladies. Miss Younge, "the idol of Bristol," had been also in revolt. She refused to play *Viola*. "Madam," wrote the manager, "if you are able to play *Viola*, I suppose you will, as his Majesty of England—not the copper one of Drury Lane—commands it. If you should not find yourself fit, I will do the best in the power of yours, &c.—D. GARRICK." This, though a little ironical, was still good-humoured, and did not deserve the angry answer: "I do not understand what you mean by his Majesty of England, or the copper one of Drury Lane. I have on all occasions, without airs or

finesse, come out to do my business, and felt it my pleasure, as well as duty; and therefore cannot think myself humanely treated, when I complain and feel the bad effects of a cough, that you should send me this haughty style of letter"—with more to the same point. Garrick wrote back bitterly, and thoroughly disgusted,—"I am very warm, and sincere in my attachments; but if I find any actor or actress distressing me, or the business, unjustly or fantastically, I will withdraw my attachment the moment they show me *they* have none." He then complained, justly, that the theatre was growing quite demoralized by this new fashion, and reminded her, with great truth, of the conscientious drudgery and sacrifices, by which he had won his position:—"I was long the slave of the stage. I played *for everybody's benefit, and even revived parts for them, and sometimes acted new ones.*" No one was gracious enough to make such sacrifices for him. He might well be pardoned for reminding her that "there was a time when, by myself, I could fill a house; that favour, luckily for me, the public still continues, or we might play to empty benches."

It must be confessed, however, that he dealt out a little hard measure to Miss Pope, so long one of the pillars of Drury Lane, the original *Polly Honeycombe*, and creator of a host of gay parts. After many years' service she proposed a new engagement, with an increase of salary, which Garrick declined in some polite letters. The managers would be very sorry to lose her; her place would be with great difficulty supplied; but they hoped, she would continue with them at her present agreement. She took their compliments impatiently,

and wrote back hastily, that, as to her merit, it had been more than overpaid by the public, "*without even a paragraph to prejudice them.*" A foolish stroke at the supposed influence of the manager on the press. Such suspicions, they knew, always wounded him deeply. She was determined, she said, to shake off all affection, and, like the Swiss, perform only with those who pay best. It is not surprising that the answer she received was a cold one—a reminder that they had lost Mrs. Barry to keep her, and a refusal to engage her.

But some months after came repentance—at least the repentance that arose from want of an engagement elsewhere. She sent Raftor, Mrs. Clive's relation, to intercede; but Garrick was firm. She then got an offer from Ireland, which she shrank from, as it cut her off from all her friends. This was their first disagreement in fourteen years; and with humiliation she laid it to the account of the little vanity which is inseparable from the profession. She implored of him to forgive an error, not proceeding from a bad mind, but a foolish one. "As I know no excuse to palliate my wrong conduct, I must rely upon your generosity to forgive, and still to be my friend." It seemed hard to resist so piteous an appeal; but Garrick, with a sternness not common with him, was immoveable. The expressions, want of affection, *turning Swiss*, he said, were as harsh, as unexpected. Her letter had given him great pain. Still, after her final answer, he had given her two months, in the hope of her seeing her mistake, and returning to her business; "and let me add, in spite of your frequent incivility to me, to your best friend," for he had

always tried "to be not only just and friendly, but fatherly, to Miss Pope." Now it was too late. Her parts had been given away—new engagements had been made. It was, therefore, impossible to give her a situation "at the theatre that could possibly be agreeable to her." This might seem a little harsh on the manager's part; but he was tired out with these vagaries, and perhaps disgusted by ingratitude.

She went off to Dublin, miserable. But she left behind her a faithful friend and intercessor. When the manager was retiring, and shuffling off the galling load of cares, green-room intrigues, and players' airs and fancies, Kitty Clive, not now "fair and young," but old and raddled, pleaded hard for the exile, her poor unfortunate friend, Miss Pope. She remembered only that fine, just, upright heart, so little sensitive to the shadows of an old grudge or spite. "By this time, I hope you have forgot your resentment, and will look upon her behaviour, as having been taken with a dreadful fit of vanity, which, for that time, took her senses from her; and having been tutored by an affected beast, who turned her head: *but pray recollect her in the other light, a faithful creature to you, on whom you could always depend;* amiable in her character, both in her being a very modest woman, and very good to her family; and to my certain knowledge, has the greatest regard for you. Now, my dear Mr. Garrick," pleads hard the good-natured being, "I hope it is not yet too late to reinstate her, before you quit your affairs there: I beg it, I entreat it: I shall look on it as the greatest favour you can confer on your obliged friend, C. CLIVE." This was not to be resisted. The poor actress wrote humbly from Dublin, that as "every

interested view" was at an end from his leaving the stage, "she could lament that without suspicion of flattery, and own that he had been the father of it. I am not sorry that this was my year of banishment, since it would have given me much greater pain to have been present." She did not know what was in train. A few weeks later, the glad news reached her. Garrick, whatever he did, always did it handsomely, and bade her name her own terms now. Her heart was too full, and words could only faintly express her joy. If she should have once more the pleasure of seeing him, he will receive her as his prodigal daughter. "Pardon my detaining you so long; but I am so happy, and in such good spirits, I had quite forgot myself." *

This little picture is creditable to all. Clive is the real figure of the situation—a woman of true stuff and true heart, and whom Garrick's fine temper could appreciate at her real worth, in spite of many outbursts of temper and serious insults; for such discrimination and allowance was one of his real virtues, and real charms. Yet there was something disheartening in this ceaseless struggle with women—this endless remonstrating against airs and humours, which began again in one so soon as they were baffled in another. At his time of life, such contests became inexpressibly wearying and dispiriting. And though three women did not drive him from the stage, they sickened and fatigued him.

Clive must have been most diverting in the green-room: her gifts, her temper, her humours, her airs, her noise. Every one was delighted to note how the

* I perhaps ought to make some such apology to the reader; but these little touches are of real interest, and are all the time working out the view of Garrick's character.

manager quietly slipped out of her way, when she was in one of her "fits;" and how she was seen rushing here and there, looking for him. For she thought he planned everything on purpose to annoy her: as when he added a new character to his farce of "Lethe," and which he introduced to set off her benefit, his name only was given—"the new character of *Lord Chalkstone* by Mr. Garrick."* Her hostility was, indeed, often carried beyond decent lengths, as when he entered on the first night of "Barbarossa" in a "glittering silver-spangled tissue *shape*." I shall give the amusing Wilkinson: "when Mrs. Clive, *instead of court adulation*, cried out, 'O my God! room, room! make room for the royal lamplighter!' which rudeness disconcerted him much for the remaining part of the evening; and certainly it was too free, and not well timed, as he was tremblingly alive all over, on the first night of a new play." Yet Clive had the good old

* This was most pardonable in the case of an afterpiece. Yet in the bill, her name *is* set down! Wilkinson gives the scene in a few dramatic and spirited touches. "Madame Clive at noon came to the theatre and furiously rang the alarm bell; for her name being omitted was an offence so serious that nothing but Blood! was the word. Could she have got near him, and he had been severe in his replies, I dare say she would have deranged King David's wig and dress, as adorned for *Lord Chalkstone*. Mrs. Clive was a mixture of combustibles: she was passionate, cross, vulgar, yet sensible, a very generous woman, and, as a comic actress, of genuine worth —*indeed, indeed*, she was a diamond of the first water. When her scene of the Fine Lady came on, she was received with the usual expression of gladness on her approach, as so charming an actress truly deserved; and her song, from the Italian opera, where she was free with a good ridiculous take off of Signora Mingotti, was universally encored, and she came off the stage much sweetened in temper and manners from her first going on. 'Ay,' said she, in triumph, 'that artful devil could not hurt me with the town, though he had struck my name out of the bill.' She laughed and joked about her late ill-humour as if she could have kissed all around her, though that happiness was not granted but willingly excused; and what added to her applause was her inward joy, triumph, and satisfaction, in finding the little great man was afraid to meet her, which was of all consolations the greatest." There is a singular charm of quaintness and simplicity in these pictures of Wilkinson's which will make the reader excuse me for quoting so much of them.

honest loyalty to her profession which Woffington had, and which, in Garrick's eyes, redeemed so much.* Her eagerness to be thrust into parts, where she would be thrown with the man she was always battling with, was most characteristic.

They were all, in truth, growing spoiled. The musicians even took their turn. Arne, the composer, was absurdly sensitive, and once ludicrously complained of Garrick's "irresistible apathy to him." †

Last comes the ill-fated Mossop,—as he may be called,—whose manner Wilkinson has so happily "taken off" for us, and who in *Zanga* and *Coriolanus*, was unrivalled. His "port was majestic and commanding, his voice strong and articulate, and audible even in a whisper, and a fine, speaking, dark, hazel eye." In the expression of anger and disdain lay his forte; in the former he was thought terrific. We can hear him "blowing" and muttering under these fierce emotions. Yet it may be doubted if he was of the true line. Unluckily for him, there was one day discovered one of his old "parts," carefully prepared with notes

* How good-natured and amiable her advice to young Miss Pope, who had been well received on her first appearance. She called her aside in the green-room. "My dear Pope,"—("a sweet appellative, indeed, from Clive," remarks Wilkinson)—"you pleased particularly well on Saturday, as a young actress. . . . Now, take from me a piece of advice: to-night you must endeavour to act better, and expect to receive less applause; for if you let your young heart be too sanguine, and rest on the caprice of public condemnation or praise, and find yourself disappointed, you will foolishly let it damp your spirits, and you will sink beneath yourself." All the players of this era seem thus marked in character.

† He once sent in an opera to Garrick, and at the same time sold him a horse. Garrick's intended answer was so good, we may regret he did not send it. "I have read your play and rode your horse, and do not approve of either. They both want the particular spirit which alone can be a pleasure to the reader, and the rider. When the one wants wit, and the other the spur, they jog on very heavily. I must keep the horse, but I have returned you the play. I pretend to some knowledge of the last; but as I am no jockey, they cannot say the knowing one has been taken in."

for his private study. And it all but helps us to see the rolling eye, and sawing gestures, and bears out the accurate observation of Churchill of his "military plan," and his treatment of the monosyllables and epithets—

"In monosyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul."

Eyes upwards. Surprise and peevish.
"*What* should this *mean*? *What* sudden *anger*'s this?
Sudden turn of voice—quick.
He parted frowning from me, as if *ruin*
Smart. Wild.
Leap'd from his *eye*. . . . . .
Voice quick and loud.
I must read this paper;
Transition. Much breath. Opens paper very hastily.
I *fear* the *story* of his anger.—'Tis so—
Strikes it quickly. Vast throbs of feeling.
This paper has undone me. 'Tis the account
Of all that world of *wealth* I've DRAWN together
Cunning and head nod. Dislike, teeth quite close. Lips partly pressed;
To *gain* the Popedom. O negligence!
Quick and high. Wild, sudden, spitefully and peevishly.
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross *devil*
Hurried spirit, and all in a breath.
Made me put this MAIN SECRET in the packet
Pause.
I sent the king?—Is there no way to cure this?
Face full to audience,
Side look. Cunning, fretful and musing—swelling inward.
No new device to beat THIS from his brains?
Force. Loud. Pause. Then sudden turn.
I know 'twill *stir* him strongly.
Opens letter.
What's this?—To the *Pope*.
Still look to the letter. Rest. Breathe out, slow step, and head declined.
The *letter*, as I live, with all the business
Quite calm and resigned.
I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
G tone, with feeling, but low.
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
No jerk.
And, from that full *meridian* of my glory,
Finger G tone.
Under feeling. pointed down. Sudden pause.
I haste now to my setting; I shall fall
Solemn. Mournful.
Like a bright *exhalation* in the evening,
Weak manner. Feeling restrained. Wildness of old man.
And *no* man see me more."

Nothing more amusing can be conceived. The "G tone," the "weak manner," the "swelling inward," are delightful. These old shrivelled arts are thus exposed to us, and show us properly what he, and what his "school," was.*

But it is hard to laugh at the old tragedian. He had fallen on evil days. At Dublin during his brief reign it was his stately practice to light his theatre with wax, whenever the august genius of Shakspeare was invoked. Then with his brief struggle and slender prosperity, soon came decay, in spite of the "Lady Patronesses, the Countess of Brandon, Lady Rachel Macdonnell, sister to the Earl of Antrim," and the rest. His story seems almost piteous: his desperate difficulties, his arrests, his dismal end in London. Anticipating a little, I shall tell this melancholy finale of Mossop in another chapter.

* This was given in the *Opera Glass*, a now forgotten periodical.

CHAPTER X.

MOSSOP'S END—GOLDSMITH—HENDERSON.

1772—1775.

In this episode Garrick was to appear in a character full of dignity and compassion, and in which, too, from one whose life had been spent in vilifying him, was to be wrung a death-bed *amende* and acknowledgment of repentance.

He had for some time lost sight of this tragedian, whose very name must have always brought back unpleasant associations to him. When Mossop quitted Drury Lane, we have seen that he went to Dublin, where the fatal craze for "managership" took possession of him; and the desperate and costly struggle between him on one side, and Barry and Woodward on the other, is one of the most exciting chapters in the history of the Irish Stage. We have seen, too, how Garrick helped him there. In the end, the fortunes of all were wrecked, and after a miserable contest of some years, the combatants had dispersed, overwhelmed with ruin; and Mossop found himself back in London, quite broken in spirits, health, and fortune.

He had some friends, who strongly pressed him to appeal once more to Garrick; but the tragedian had still his pride to support him, and disdained to make such an advance. He said that Garrick knew very well that he was in London. No man had less pride

of that sort than Garrick, but he knew what was due to his own dignity and interest. In this state of things, no application was made, no offer came, and the season went by.

A friend then proposed that he should go abroad with him, as a sort of companion, which he did, and he enjoyed the luxury of the Grand Tour. He returned in about a year's time, but, it was noticed, was now quite changed, having grown shattered — dilapidated, wasted, solitary and gloomy. The lustre of his eye, which had been so effective in tragedy, was dimmed. Again it was pressed on him, that he should make overtures to Garrick, but he once more declined to stoop to what he thought such a humiliation. We may have some sympathy for this dignity in the broken actor; for he had been born a gentleman, and educated as such, and something must be allowed for the stiff old "Irish pride." Among the friends who interested themselves for him was a certain young fellow "of parts," Welsh, later to be a dissenting minister, and who frequented the theatres. He was always with Mossop, hearing from him the story of his wrongs. He was known to Goldsmith, and others of that coterie; but most frequented the circle where the small snarlers and sneerers at Garrick's reputation were busy. It was said, indeed, that he had sent in a drama, on a Welsh subject, to the manager, whose rejection—and the rejection of a play seemed to be the grossest of known human injuries—inflamed the author's enmity. He took up his friend's case, and in the most bitter and personal pamphlet, made a savage onslaught on Garrick. It was quite plain, that in the materials he was prompted by Mossop, as he himself was a mere

youth, and his memory could have furnished him with but few stage recollections. There was something violent and impetuous in his nature; and those who not so long ago could recollect the placid, unimpassioned face of the Unitarian minister—his tall figure in its deep purple velvet suit—would hardly suppose that he had figured in the fierce theatrical wrangles of a past generation.*

This production was entitled "A Letter to David Garrick, on his conduct as a principal manager and actor at Drury Lane Theatre (1772);" and there were portions of it so *near* the truth, or so near what the world thought to be the truth, as to give Garrick sore annoyance. It told him, how strange it seemed that every actor was "shot at" in the public papers from some corner, while Garrick always escaped. When, too, any article dealing severely with Garrick was offered for insertion, it was curious how it was always declined. He had discovered the secret. Mr. Garrick was the proprietor, or part proprietor, of most of the journals. There was a grain of truth in this. "Hence, I am afraid, the inimitable Mr. Garrick, the faultless actor," &c. But he forgot that enemies could indemnify themselves in pamphlets, as *he* was doing. Too many persons were inclined to attack Garrick's reputation. "Would to God I could defend you!" How unworthy were the arts, by which the manager and actor tried to crush every one with talent. First, he resorted to mimicry. It is well known that Quin was long the object of this ridicule; but he was too strong. Others of less power and ability were crushed and

* Taylor.

ruined. "You will recollect the cases of Ryan, Delane, Hallam, Bridgwater, Giffard, Sparks, Sheridan. If a brother in the profession is praised in company, either his face, figure, or virtues, you are *stretched on the rack*." Their private character was misrepresented by an adroit anecdote. In this way were treated Mrs. Yates, Woodward, Smith, Abington, all to please fops and persons of quality, "who admire everything from the mouth of that dear Garrick." His conduct as a manager was all to the same end—depreciating others. The best actors were huddled into processions, and raree shows. This was to feed his vanity, and avarice—though more his vanity, than his avarice. "I have laughed to hear you say, that you wished to retire at once, if any successor could be found, but there was no one else who could draw a house." * How unworthy was his depreciating the splendid abilities of the departed Cibber, "and the chorus of wits who listen, take up the cue, and say she whined and walked with her elbows stuck close to her sides. Why she was all nature and tenderness. You are mere stiff acting, and excite only admiration. I have seen you in 'Romeo and Juliet,' you all correctness and formality, she all melting tenderness; and yet they tell me, you talked in a room of acting your *Romeo* 'to a post.' Why is Barry thrust into parts wholly unsuited to him? Is it to exhibit him to contempt, as the ruins of a great actor? *Why was Mossop excluded?*"

Then it went off into a very plain and personal account of the great actor's defects, and peculiarities.

* It was true, nevertheless. If there was any falling-off in the houses, his name was sure to draw them again.

This was done in a shockingly gross manner. It dwelt on his manner of grasping his forehead, and on his "strange twitches." "You are perpetually in the extreme," always struggling to show the whole face and "glare of your eye" to the audience. That face was now all wrinkled. The motive of this attack might seem apparent. It was popularly ascribed to zeal in the cause of his friend. But when Garrick's desk and pigeon holes gave up their stores, a paper was found among them, addressed to Garrick, just after its publication, which shows the treacherous and Condottieri spirit that was at the bottom of all party warfare of the time. It was written, as it were, in a sort of friendly tone, and had the air of friendly warning. It was anonymous, and spoke of the new pamphlet just published, and of the danger to be apprehended from it. For it was "elegantly wrote," by a young man, who was "making himself a first-rate genius." He then gives the grounds of his suspicion as to the author, "whose name is Williams." He had been in his company, and heard him say that "he intended to revise you in the winter; that he was sorry to think you a thorough bad man; and that he thought it the business of every one, to prevent you debauching the public taste and manners. This piece was elegantly wrote, *and, to do you irreparable mischief, only wants to be generally known. I really think he intends to pursue his blow. You will fall into unmerciful hands;* and I, who know your merits as well as your faults, would *wish you would take some method to undeceive this young man.*" Mr. Garrick might suppose the adviser might have some interest in this caution, but "it was all from regard to the young man. *He*

might be better employed, and his humanity better directed." *

This clumsy device was almost transparent. It actually came from "the first-rate genius" himself—and we can see it in his own handwriting, among Garrick's papers, to this day—who, after slandering the manager to show his ability, was now willing to be bought off from further attacks! It is the most curious specimen of the dangerous and unscrupulous tone of the "hack-writing" of the time, whom the feeble law of libel turned into bludgeon men, and garotters of society.

The stages in this little affair were like the scenes in a comedy. Both were acting. Garrick, however, was seriously scared, and true to his timid, and it must be said, unprofitable policy, of conciliating such secret enemies, actually prepared a letter to Williams, as it were, asking his advice on the matter. "Give me leave to put a case to you, and entreat your reason and your learning (of both of which I have a great opinion) to determine for me." In conclusion, he said—"Such a complicated scene of treachery and falsehood was scarce ever heard of. Will you give your advice, whether you think it would be best *to publish the whole matter*, with the evidence to *expose the monster*, or whether you would advise the injured person to desire a meeting with the party, and, as he is *a man of abilities, make him conscious of his evil doings*, and, like a true Christian, forgive him? A line directed to P.M., at the Somerset Coffee Room, will be safely delivered to your well-wisher and ad-

* Forster MSS.

mirer. The writer of this letter will see you whenever you please."

This letter, however, was not sent. He, perhaps, thought it beneath his dignity to make such an appeal. It shows what his first impulses were. Some years after, the Welsh minister came to the Haymarket with a farce, that seemed coarse even to Mr. Bate, the fighting clergyman—and later this libeller of Garrick was taken into confidence and intimacy by Colman, the dear friend of Garrick. His became one of the figures well known and familiar in town, towards the beginning of the century: and the recipients of the Literary Fund have good reason to recal the memory of the Rev. David Williams.

This reckless advocacy of his unfortunate friend, Mossop—now ill and despairing—redeemed a good deal of his hostility. Williams tried to appeal to the public through the papers, but unsuccessfully, and "one Gibbs," publisher of "Owen's Chronicle and Westminster Journal," forwarded privately to Garrick a letter signed "Menander" which had been sent for insertion, and obsequiously "begs Mr. Garrick's orders" in this matter, which he hopes will be kept secret, as it would be a disadvantage to him to have it known. He was most likely afraid of the bold and fearless author "whom," he writes to Mr. Garrick, "you may guess." Menander's letter is in the same bitter key as the pamphlet, and has some dismal hints of the condition of the proud but degraded actor. Dr. Fothergill, he wrote, had ordered Mr. Mossop abroad, but he was still quite at the service of the public if called upon. "Mr. Garrick, being broker in this transaction, and Mr. Mossop's talents being commodities of a sort

which *he does not choose to deal in*, the public may be disappointed and insulted one winter more with bad acting, farces, shows, and Mr. Garrick now and then, by way of a bad draw." Here was the prompting of the poor, broken tragedian, whose morbid dream was that the public was hungering and thirsting for the "great Mossop," his declamation and his "military plan," now old and exploded, and not worth satire. "You may be assured," goes on his friend, "if Mr. M. does not appear, it is owing to the great Roscius, who not only hates a rival, but must have no one near him. . . . In short, it is as false that Mr. Mossop is unfit for the stage, as it would be to say that Mr. Garrick does *not* speak through his nose, and has not lost the power of pronouncing many English words, and in all young characters does not look like an old doating, shrivelled beau."* These personalities were not likely to profit Mossop, who still stood aloof and disdained to make any offer. Still decaying, morally and physically, he offered himself to the Covent Garden managers, who were inclined to accept his services; but Mrs. Barry, perhaps recollecting their old battles in Dublin, positively refused to appear in any part with him. The rest of his story is piteous indeed. He sank lower and lower, until about Christmas time, two years later, he was dying of a fatal illness, and almost of want. Williams, his advocate, attended him as a clergyman. Even then the solemn pomposity, ridiculed so long before, were strong on him. There was something almost grotesque in his devotional declamation: and in his last agony he

* Nothing could be more untrue than this personal insinuation. Garrick's face as it aged, grew plump—there were no lines, and he retained his spring and activity to the end.

seemed actually to speak of the attributes of the Great Being to whom he was hurrying, as if they were those of *Bajazet* or *Zanga*.

A change had come upon him. By-and-by his mind wandered away to Garrick, and his last moments were embittered by remorse for all the cruel motives he had so unjustly imputed to him. He lamented again and again that he had so deceived himself. He acknowledged that it was all his own wretched pride, and he enjoined Williams to bear this reparation to the offended manager. "Great God, forgive," he said. "Witness not only that I die in charity with him, but that I leave him as a great and virtuous man. God Almighty bless and prosper him for ever!" As a matter of course, he owed a large sum of money to the man he had slandered, and this weighed on his mind. Soon after he died, and only a few pence were found in his pocket. This was the end of the luckless tragedian, who had had a university education, and associated with fine gentlemen, and whom Dublin countesses had welcomed to their soirées, and privileged at their gaming-tables.

Williams wrote to Garrick, with the dying actor's message, and seems to have been struck with remorse, by the *amende* made on that death-bed. It is highly characteristic to see how he tries to make Mossop excuse *his* part in the slander. He makes Mossop say, "O my dear friend, how mean and little does Mr. Garrick's behaviour make me appear in *your* eyes, to *whom I have given so different an idea of him.*". Williams added that his friend lamented the injustice he had done Mr. Garrick, not only in some pecuniary matter, "*but in giving ill impressions of*

your character to his acquaintance." This is highly curious; and it is plain that the Dissenting clergyman had some twinges of conscience for his past behaviour, or perhaps wished to use the opportunity to make an *amende* to the injured Garrick.

The latter lost not a moment in acknowledging what he called this "affecting letter." All his resentment, both to the dead actor and to the calumnious writer, seemed to have utterly passed away. The whole account had distressed him exceedingly. He had always been at a loss to know what behaviour could have given Mossop that unkind, "and I hope, unmerited, turn of mind, against me. I have been often told that his friends never spoke kindly of me." I suppose he could not forbear this little hint to his correspondent. "Had I known his distress," he went on, "I should certainly have relieved it. He was too great a credit to our profession, not to have done all in my power to have made him easy, if not happy. Let me once again thank you for your very polite and agreeable manner, in giving me this intelligence of our departed friend, for he was truly *mine*, in those moments when the heart of man has no disguise." Excellent, unrivalled Garrick! His placid dignity of heart was never to desert him; superior to every pettiness, his life gives to all in authority, precious lessons of a charming sweetness and temper, and a wholesome restraint upon the passions, that would have done honour to an ascetic.

But now comes what seems another grotesque side to the affair. From his death-bed the unhappy actor had sent him a play, that he had written, imploring of him to ease his mind, by taking it for the benefit of his

creditors. He had indeed left no money behind, beyond the few halfpence found in his pocket; and there was even a difficulty as to avoiding a pauper's funeral. Garrick was about to defray the charges of a decent interment, (we do not hear that Williams, the actor's champion, moved in the matter), but a relation came forward at the last moment. Garrick then became seriously concerned about carrying out the poor actor's wishes. The worst was he could do nothing. The play was like "The Patron," without the humour. "A most disagreeable affair has happened," he wrote. "What a scrape!" It is plain, from this tone, that he would have stretched a point to carry out poor Mossop's incoherent wish. The whole gives us a glimpse of one of the almost piteous scenes which take place in the tinsel world that lies beyond the green curtain.

The most ingenious, as well as the most ungracious, mode of getting rid of the burden of pecuniary obligation was reserved for Charles Dibdin. Others were eager, either to deny that such existed, or to make them out smaller than they felt them to be. This player took the original course of boldly making the obligation itself an offence. The following is, I suspect, unrivalled in the bulky records of ingratitude and effrontery:—"I retort your charge of falsehood, and tell you that you shall not dare, when you know it is as false as ungentlemanlike, to accuse me of it: and as to ingratitude, no man can be ungrateful to you; he can have no obligation to you, but on the score of money, and that you ever take sufficient care to cancel by upbraiding him of it. The world, for my comfort, is kind and candid, and it shall be acquainted with every circumstance of your *kindness*, from the *hamper of*

wine to the present transaction.—C. DIBDIN."* After this, Balzac might indeed have written a "Physiology" of the playwrights and the actors.

But now one of the great comedies of the century had been brought out, reluctantly by Colman, at Covent Garden—Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." While Garrick could thus accept pieces from Murphys, clergymen, and Indian colonels, "stay-makers," and "rope-makers," it is to be lamented that he should have done nothing for a real genius of his time, a single scene of whose plays was worth whole trunkfuls of such work. The names of Garrick and Goldsmith should have been associated in the history of the stage, and those two admirable comedies have belonged to Drury Lane. Here again we come on ground that has been travelled over in the most captivating of modern biographies, but something may be added as to Garrick's share in the matter.

It must be remembered that Goldsmith had already publicly assailed the manager, on this very score of his treatment of dramatic authors. Garrick was deeply hurt, and had declined on this account to assist the poet, when the latter waited on him in person, to solicit his interest for a vacant office; and finally, when a reconciliation was sought, it seemed apparently to be sought for the purpose of introducing a new comedy. In a negotiation so commenced, the author could expect nothing from favour. It should be observed, too, that this was his first attempt, and he brought no reputation with him in *that* department.

The piece was written in what might be called a

* Sept. 1775. *Bullock MSS.* It was rightly indorsed by Garrick, "Dibdin's Consummate Impudence, Folly, and Ingratitude."

new style, treated with a bold and unconventional humour, which quite alarmed Garrick. He required alterations—a privilege, it must be remembered, he always insisted on unsparingly. Goldsmith proved impracticable, altercation followed, and finally Garrick, following what had been his favourite precedent in such disputes, offered to refer the matter to arbitration. The arbitrator he proposed was Whitehead, an independent critic, who, it is evidence of Garrick's sincerity, had decided *against* him on many occasions. This was ungraciously declined, and a fresh quarrel was the result. The truth was, the manager, feeling that he had made an advance, was not inclined to forego the not unreasonable homage which he exacted from others who came to ask his patronage—the deference, the alteration, and even the trifling "courting," as it were. Goldsmith was too proud to pay such tribute. At their last meeting he went so far as to charge Garrick with a vindictive recollection of a former quarrel. We may believe Garrick, when he assured the author that he had forgotten that attack: of which indeed the author had evidence in a small loan which the manager had advanced to him. Yet Garrick's judgment was not, after all, far astray. He was not so Quixotic as to affront the taste of an audience, however he might disapprove of that taste. On the first night the play had nearly been shipwrecked, and the broader portions had to be cut out in future representations.*

* Victor, who takes his cue from Garrick, may represent the judgment of the profession. "The *low* scenes in this comedy, though naturally (perhaps too naturally) written, were disliked by the audience the first night. . . . . With all its errors, it appeared to be written by a man of genius, not sufficiently practised in dramatic writing." Whenever the writer of this memoir

In 1773, when the new piece was ready—the fresh and admirable "She Stoops to Conquer"—and when with infinite pains and piteous entreaties, he could not get the *other* manager to bring it out, he withdrew it hastily, and sent it to Garrick. Almost at once, he recalled it, on the ground that he was entitled to rely on Colman's positive promise. "Though I confess your house, in every respect, is more to my wish." By pressure of friends, Colman was almost forced to keep to his engagement. It will thus be seen, that in the present temper of the town, managers were not a little afraid of the Doctor's piece, which was in advance of the time. He owns himself, in his preface, that it was "dangerous." A kindly prologue was supplied by Garrick. Such was poor Goldsmith's condition at this stage, his miserable state of mind and circumstances, that we may be convinced had he appealed to Garrick, in the same imploring strain that he had appealed to Colman, the comedy would have appeared at Drury Lane. In every life there is always sure to be this story of the genius and the temper, which is not properly understood, until it has left the world—sensitive, superior, brilliant, pressed by a thousand secret trials. Its little history reads sadly long after. But due allowance should be made for the business heads, and practical minds, with which such a nature comes in contact, and who, with every

has seen these two comedies, it was invariably the case that the "low scenes" produced little effect. For this reason: that *Mr. Twitcher* and *Diggory* were always so outrageously *overdone*, as to become vulgar, and offensive to a degree. This may have been the case in Goldsmith's day. There are some strange dramatic improbabilities in both his plays. *Leontes* bringing home a girl whom he passes off as his sister; *Sir William Honeywood*, a man of mark in diplomacy, yet passing undiscovered, and proving he was *Sir William* by merely "showing his star."

wish to be just, have neither time nor inclination to be soothing or reasoning, meet with a jealous resistance, and having done what they think is fair, go on their way.

To this little *aigre* tone we owe the famous "Retaliation;" and the portrait of Garrick, which has been justly called "quite perfect writing." It is no less perfect for its nice outline, and delicate indication of character. That meeting in 1773 at St. James's Coffee House, where Goldsmith, with his last sickness almost upon him, challenged his friend to write an epigram against him if he could, has been often described. Garrick, who told the story afterwards,* describes himself as immediately saying "that his epitaph was finished," and then at once saluted the confounded poet with—

> "Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

It is probable that the "point" of this epitaph was in Garrick's head before, and that he merely dashed it into rhyme when the occasion offered. Among his papers I find this little couplet carefully put by, and introduced with a little preface, an expanded shape of which was afterwards prefixed to "Retaliation." He evidently thought lightly of his own little production. "The following," runs the introduction, "was written by Mr. Garrick, upon a challenge by Dr. Goldsmith, which *could write the other's epitaph the soonest.*" † This—a little different from the version given by Mr.

* In a little preface meant to have been prefixed to the collection of replies to "Retaliation," and given in Mr. Cunningham's Works of Goldsmith.

† Hill MSS.

Cunningham—makes the situation more characteristic still; and explains the sudden discomfiture of the poet, transfixed by these two smart lines. "N.B." goes on the little scrap, "Goldsmith could not, or would not write upon Mr. Garrick's extempore, but produced some time after his epistle now printed, called 'Retaliation;' and in which occurs the famous character of Garrick, with the compliment: "An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man." Mr. Forster has convincingly shown, that Garrick's statement in the preface, that Cumberland's and the other verses were written to provoke the Doctor to a reply, is a mistake. And this view seems to be supported by the various scraps and notes to be found among Garrick's papers — mostly rude draughts and experiments at a retort, in which the "dishes" and cookery metaphors are worked very diligently, the hint of which he must have got from "Retaliation." It shows, too, how he chafed under the smart stroke of Goldsmith's reply.

> "Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us,
> Is this the great poet whose works so content us," &c. *

Or again, "On Dr. Goldsmith's Cookery"—

> "This is Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books:
> Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks."

Or "another"—

> "Reader, here lies a favourite son of fame,
> By a few outlines you will guess his name.
> Full of ideas was his head—so full,
> Had it not strength they must have cracked his skull.
> When his mouth opened all were in a pother,
> Rushed to the door and tumbled o'er each other.
> But rallying soon with all their force again,
> In bright array they issued from his pen." †

* Hill MSS.

† Hill MSS. Garrick, as Reynolds proves, was often thus challenged; and he had seen him, when a subject was suddenly given, produce a neat and plea-

This was but a paraphrase of the distich, "who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll." Finally came his official reply. Not one of these attempts, even approaches the unsurpassed touch of "Retaliation," which Goldsmith had indeed "wrote like an angel."

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

A FABLE.

"Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay; I will make an odd fellow.
Right and wrong shall be jumbled—some gold and some dross,
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross.
Be sure as I work, to throw in contradictions;
A great love of truth—yet a mind turned to fictions.
Now mix these ingredients, which warmed in its baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion, and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Dip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste.
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail.
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it.
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet,
Tho' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals, be GOLDSMITH his name!
When on earth this strange mixture no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here!"

Again we may heartily wish that the two had known each other better. A man of the world like Garrick could not help feeling a little of the good-natured contempt, or patronage rather, which so many of the poet's friends had for him. Yet from Goldsmith was to come the actor's finest panegyric. Presently, when we are summing up the character of the great actor, that exquisitely finished miniature in "Retaliation," familiar as it is, shall be before us.

It must have been the morbid fretfulness, the "something on his mind," of Goldsmith's last days, so

sant epigram within a minute or two. A prologue he could "knock off" in a couple of hours. This delightful man, and "abridgment of all that was pleasant," was furnished with all sorts of charming arts.

pathetically described by Mr. Forster, that made him speak unkindly of Garrick in company—saying that some little compliment of the manager to royalty was "mean and gross flattery." He thought, too, he was hardly treated by the world, and by that friend. Yet we have that pleasant little scene at Beauclerck's House, a few doors from Garrick's, where, before Lord Edgcumbe, and Walpole, and some more, the table-cloth was put over Garrick, and Goldsmith's hands held out, and whilst Garrick declaimed in his finest style *Hamlet's* speech to the *Ghost*, Goldsmith made grotesque gestures at the wrong moment. No wonder the audience shrieked with laughter. Garrick had gone away, to his theatre, for a new play, and Walpole, who could not join in the laugh, reports that he never saw any one come back "so vain or so fidgety." Poor Garrick! the play was by a friend who had hosts of enemies, and whose name was concealed on purpose. No wonder he was fidgety.

If we strike the balance, Goldsmith's conduct was certainly the most petulant: that imitating Foote in trying to injure a new play, by making the pit laugh, would have deeply offended a gentler temper than Garrick's; and the making it a ground of quarrel that a manager should object to portions of a play, and require them to be altered before he would accept it, seems ludicrous. Still, here was Garrick ready to reproduce the "Goodnatured Man" at his own house, and almost willing to break through his stern rule, and undertake a new character which Goldsmith was to write for him, instead of *Lofty*. Goldsmith owed him 40*l*., and on the poet's piteous request, added 60*l*. more. He talked cheerily of a new comedy from

Goldy's bright pen. "May God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart," wrote the poor poet in a tumult of gratitude.*

This same year, 1773, found the old irrepressible Macklin, who has turned up so often during this narrative, turning up for the last time at Covent Garden. This veteran had a new idea, and a very correct one, in his head; and it shows what force of character he possessed, when so *passé* a player could persuade the managers to adopt it. Long, long before, he had anticipated his enemy, the young and sprightly Garrick, in the true principle of giving a character naturally and easily; and had played his *Shylock* before Mr. Pope, in a red hat and gaberdine. That was in the old pleasant Bedford days, when Woffington, and they, were keeping house together, when the world was young. That was nearly forty years ago. Now he was about to give *Macbeth* on the same rational principle, as to costume; and thus at the end, was to anticipate Garrick in another reform. It does seem strange how Garrick could, to the last, have adhered to the general officer's scarlet coat, and cocked hat. Macklin changed it for tartans and kilts: and though some irreverent ones among the audience fancied they saw "an old piper stumping down" the stage, the good sense of others acknowledged his taste and judgment.† Garrick must have smiled a little ruefully, as he received this last check.

* Garrick could not resist endorsing on the letter "*Goldsmith's parlaver.*" There is a remarkable passage in a letter of Hoadly's, which seems to show that he was willing to favour Goldsmith. "*You now seem to give in to Dr. Goldsmith's ridiculosity*—in opposition to all sentimentality."

† Yet it is said that the kilt and tartan is as much an anachronism for *Macbeth*, as the scarlet of George the Second.

A good actor and a great actress, who came out just as he was retiring, have been put forward as special instances of his jealousy, and seemed to have favoured the unworthy impression that he wished to keep back their talents. The actor was Henderson, the actress Mrs. Siddons. A very simple statement will show the untruth of this charge.

At the Bath Theatre was this rising young player, whom he had much encouraged. He gave him introductions to some of the most influential people of the place. The young man became the leading actor there, was taken up by friends and flatterers, who gave him the name of "the Bath Roscius." In voice and manner, people fancied he was like the greater Roscius—so like, that he used to give imitations of Mr. Garrick everywhere. He was soon set up, according to the usual tactics, *as a rival to Garrick*, equal if not superior, and he presently went up to London, in the hope of being engaged. Giffard—the old Giffard of Goodman's Fields—here suddenly flashes up into life, sees him rehearse, and makes an old man's prophecy of future fame. It was he who at first discerned the genius of the great Roscius, and this fresh praise quite upset the youth. Garrick was kind and indulgent, made him give his imitations, as he had made Wilkinson do, in the old, old days. He was greatly entertained at the likeness of Barry and Woodward, and then, in his good humour, insisted that he should give *him*. The young man objected, but was persuaded by friends to give Mr. Garrick in *Benedick*. They were delighted. There followed a little scene, out of the pleasant comedy of human nature. Mr. Garrick sat in silence for a few moments, then

walked across, saying that: "Egad! if *that* was his voice, he had never known it himself; for upon his soul, it was entirely dissimilar to anything he conceived his to be—totally unlike any sound that had ever struck his ear till that moment." The foolish actor went about London, and found plenty to laugh at this grotesque portrait of the real Roscius. Still the latter, say Henderson's friends, "treated him *with apparent good nature.*" He even took pains in instructing him, and went over scenes with him. But it was given out that Garrick was deeply wounded, and Mr. Henderson's Bath friends insisted that he was besides, consumed with a mortal jealousy.

The jealous man, however, was quite willing to engage him. The tone taken by the "friends" was most offensive. They tried to force him on Garrick on their own terms.* The haughtiness and imperious tone in which the negotiation was conducted; the all but open insinuation that Garrick had mean motives in all he did, whatever that was, reads amusingly. Garrick's terms seemed liberal. It was not very clear, or the actor did not wish it to be clear, whether Henderson was free to engage or not. Garrick did not wish to have the air of being too eager, and required at least the trifling homage of an application. With an absurd coquetry the other plotted with his friends. "Garrick's scheme appears to me thus: Let Henderson be tempted by his friends, and his own ambition to come to London, he will *then apply to me*, and I can make my own conditions. He will then

* Ireland, Henderson's friend and biographer, wrote without having seen the latter's grateful letter to Garrick, thanking him for interfering in his favour in a quarrel with the local manager at Bath.

be considered as one whom I patronise, and protect; whereas if I apply to him, he will make conditions with *me*, and from my acknowledging the *want* of him, I cannot have him at my *beck*." Surely no class of "poor humanity" shows us such strange things as the fretful, sensitive world of players. No wonder Garrick was wearied; for here, nearly at the end, was the old Mossop and Sheridan story repeating itself.

At last a proposal was made, but guarded by the most haughty tone. His engagement must be for three years certain. He wished to have the choice of his own plays, and parts; as Garrick said, "without regard to public approbation, justice to other performers, or the rights of a manager." Garrick was willing, indeed, to let him have a choice for the first appearance.* Naturally such a negotiation was broken off.† But in due time Garrick forgot all these passages, and warmly recommended him to Sheridan and the new management.

Now for the other "stock charge" of his being jealous of the gifts of his fine actress, Mrs. Siddons, and of his keeping her back. It must be recollected that he was in no want of great actresses, when she was

* Garrick's proposal seems very fair. Henderson was to begin with two parts of his own choice, and then to follow with others, that they should select. After ten or twelve nights, his salary should be fixed by arbitration, at any sum between five and ten pounds a week. "After his salary is fixed, he must become *like the other performers subject to my management wholly*." Here was the true secret of the success of Drury Lane,—*the subordination of the players* to the theatre, not that of the theatre to the players. The latter was the first fatal symptom of the decay of the stage.

† It shows us the usual treachery of Garrick's friends. Cumberland, under deep obligation to him, told Henderson he was ashamed of the part Mr. Garrick had acted, "and that *he would undertake to get me whatever terms I pleased at Covent Garden*, which was the house I most thought of when I came to London."

engaged. She had a mere provincial reputation, and made no success in London. She appeared in *Portia*, but was merely tolerated. Not until seven years had passed away, did she show herself the *great* Mrs. Siddons. She herself speaks of him in a sore tone, and certainly affects to be aggrieved by his jealousy. She was dissatisfied at his low terms, five pounds a week. She believed that he engaged her merely to mortify Miss Younge and Mrs. Yates, yet inconsistently owns, she was kept out of the great parts, in deference to those ladies. "The fulsome adulation," she said, "that courted Garrick behind the scenes cannot be imagined. His smiles were the object of all." And yet the way his smiles were lavished on her, by her own account, was remarkable. She was a young girl—a stranger—yet before the haughty and hostile ladies of the green-room, he would lead her over to a seat, next himself. He sent a friend to watch her *Portia* carefully and report, and this friend "could vouch to Mr. Boaden that Garrick was willing to bring her forward." But there were great difficulties. She had made no *succès* to warrant any exceptional promotion, and as he told her fairly, if she was put into the leading business, Yates and Younge "would poison her." He chose her as his Venus in the Jubilee, and when the malicious queens of the stage artfully got before her in the procession, he purposely brought her down, to the very front. She was, indeed, nicknamed "Garrick's Venus." So too, in this, his last season, the established ladies might fairly claim the honour of acting with him, in all his "capital" parts, of which they had lawful possession. Yet how did he behave to her? He gave her the best part in

Mrs. Cowley's pleasant comedy, "The Runaway," while Miss Younge had the inferior one of *Bella.* When "The Suspicious Husband" was revived, to be played by him for his last appearances, she was his heroine, and her name was printed in "enlarged type," one of the joys of the histrionic heart: and out of the last few nights, when all England was rushing to see, and hear the last of Garrick, she was privileged to play with him in three characters: though the "London Magazine" pronounced her "a lamentable *Lady Anne.*" She was in fact more favoured than was her due. When he retired, he promised to get her a good engagement, with the new management. In this he failed. Sheridan, with characteristic faithlessness, told her that Garrick "rather depreciated her to them." But Sheridan's loose way of talking was proverbial. He may have not warmly praised talents, which she had not as yet shown, but he was incapable of secretly depreciating her. They did not find it convenient to engage her. I have no doubt from what we know of the "pleasant Brinsley," that this was one of his many harmless exaggerations, devised on the moment to justify himself with the great actress.

It was indeed time to retire. The business and vivacity seemed to be passing over to Covent Garden, where there was a more spirited management, a fine company, and witty writers. For the management was in the hands of Colman, who had learned to be abstinent in the matter of his own writings; the company included Woodward, Bensley, Lee Lewes, Shuter, Quick, Lewis, the two Barrys, Mrs. Lessingham, the handsome Hartley, and Miss Macklin: and as for

dramatists, there was the witty Sheridan, now fast mounting to eminence, with the admirable "Rivals" and his "Duenna." Such a competition would soon have become dangerous. Already the warning, *lusisti satis*, was in Garrick's ears.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST SEASON.

1775—1776.

We are now arrived at the commencement of the last season during which this incomparable actor played. It was to be the most remarkable in the annals of Drury Lane. Great as had been the enthusiasm of the old Goodman's Fields era, it was to be as nothing, compared with the approaching excitement. In comparison with it, the unmeaning *fureur*, which it has been the fashion to expend on the retirement of later actors, or actresses, seems feeble indeed, or prompted by good-nature.

It is not too much to say, that the whole kingdom prepared to take part in this ceremonial; not only the whole kingdom, but strangers from foreign countries—at a period, too, when the inconvenience and tediousness of travel quadrupled the importance of the compliment—began to make their plans for attending. People in remote corners of the country, who had been hearing of Garrick all their lives, now determined to go up to town, and not let this last and great chance go by. The old interest seemed to revive. It was discovered, once more, that he was the finest, the most incomparable of actors. No one had ever approached him—his like would never be seen. The welcome name of

Roscius was again heard; the public indeed had, at least with but one interval of inconsistency, been faithful to him; he had no cause to complain of that true and fast mistress, though familiarity had weakened her raptures. Now the papers took up the old strain, and nothing was heard of but the approaching departure of Roscius.

Perhaps to do honour to the festival that was approaching, before the new season began he made some very important alterations in the theatre. These were so extensive and serious, that the outlay must have been considerable, and it was a spirited proceeding on Garrick's part, considering that he had made up his mind to retire.

The Brothers Adam, now architects of reputation, furnished the designs. The façade was fitted with pilasters, pediment, balcony, and colonnade, and crowned at the top with the singular device of a military trophy—a helmet and coat of mail. At one corner was a lion, at the other a unicorn. Great improvements were made in the approaches to the boxes, and part of the "Rose Tavern," in Bridge Street, was taken to give more room.* The in-

* At the north end of Cross Court, when Charles Lamb was taken to the play, there was "a portal of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing office. This old doorway, if you are young, reader, you may know, was the identical entrance to old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left." This was written about 1820. He was taken to the play in 1781—only five years after Garrick had gone—and heard the women in the pit crying—"'Chase some oranges—'chase some numparels—'chase a bill of the play!'" Among Garrick's papers, was put away the following compliment :—

"On the New Front of Drury Lane.

"Garrick, ashamed to poke his nose
So sheepishly beneath the rose,
Resolves this year to put a front,
And set a better face upon 't.

side, too, was all remodelled. "It was noble," he said. The interior had a grand and spacious air. The decorations were in the Italian style, then in fashion, overlaid with the garlands and vases which spread over the Adelphi houses, and even over the chimney-pieces we see in old mansions of this era. The theatre seems to have been wider than it is now, and more in the shape of a square, and the seats were disposed in galleries, rather than boxes. Every one could see and hear to the best advantage.

He might, now, begin to feel a little nervous as to the profits from the theatre, which, most likely from the increased expenses of management, and not from decay of attraction, were falling steadily year by year. I find from a paper in the possession of Mr. Forster, that in the season 1769-70, the balance available, after all deductions, amounted to the handsome sum of 9,463*l.* This left the partners nearly five thousand pounds each. But from that year of prosperity it began to grow less, and sank steadily, in the year 1776-7, to 4500*l.** By a little account, too, for the season 1775-6,† we can see what a handsome share Garrick had—800*l.* a year for acting, and 500*l.* for management. Lacy besides owed him a large sum, for which Garrick held a mortgage on his share of the patent. Thus heavily engaged, he knew well how precarious was theatrical property, and rightly sus-

> This face will never make amends
> For turning tail upon his friends,
> Who own, by general consent,
> His face the best stage ornament."
>
> —*Lloyd's Evening Post.*

* The renters' renewal fines seemed to be equal to about 200*l.* a-year additional.

† Given in the Gar. Cor., vol. ii., p. 178.

pecting that the establishment would presently grow beyond the control of his sagacity, which was his real security, he chose, with wonderful tact, the right moment to withdraw. He showed his wisdom. Within an incredibly short time after his departure all was decay and ruin. He longed for an interval before the great curtain fell, which he might devote to "living as a gentleman." Sixty seemed a little premature, when we think of the many artists, singers as well as players, who have been so lost to their own dignity and self-respect as to linger ingloriously on the stage, which they totter across, mere wrecks and shadows, and whom audiences pity or tolerate with good-natured contempt. We may at least admire the wise self-restraint of Garrick, who determined to abstain in time, and carry away with him respect and admiration. It is the unworthy greed of money that tempts such unworthy exhibition; which indeed brings its own heavy penalty; for such lingerers do not consider that this holding up the spectacle of their own decay, obscures their old and genuine glory, and that these feeble and exhausted efforts, are taken as the standard of what had been their best exertions.

With the usual eagerness to have a precise cause for everything, the gossiping world settled that he had been driven from the stage by the persecution of three of his actresses. This notion was ill-naturedly relished, and epigrams were duly made and repeated. One was entitled :—

"ORPHEUS AND GARRICK.

"Three thousand wives kill'd Orpheus in a rage;
Three actresses drove Garrick from the stage."

Another ran :—

"'I have no nerves,' says Y——g: 'I cannot act.'
'I've lost my limbs.' cries A——n: ''tis fact.'
'Y——s screams, 'I've lost my voice, my throat's so sore'—
Garrick declares he'll play the fool no more."

The ladies alluded to were the vivacious Abington, Miss Younge and Mrs. Yates—admirable actresses, and a trio whom it would be vain to think of matching at any theatre. Almost in the year of his departure from the stage, he had disputes with these petulant ladies, who were as froward as spoilt children; but more than two years before, he had formed his resolution, and was setting things in order for his retreat. It was not a sudden resolve, and many things combined to make it a natural one. In fact, the notion, as we have seen, had occurred to him often during his career. There was the weary burden of the theatre, with its discussions and responsibility, and his querulous partner. Its success as a speculative undertaking was precarious, and in a great measure depended on his own attraction; and when he lectured his contumacious actresses he was quite warranted in reminding them that, with all their gifts, they were not sufficient lodestars to attract the town, but when the house grew thin, his appearance was necessary to fill the theatre. This was the simple truth, and a most surprising one. Management, therefore, and acting, formed a double burden, and one too much for him.

There were many symptoms of this want of discipline and growing decay; as when Weston would come drunk to rehearsal some morning, and be scarcely able to utter a word. Garrick was justly displeased; and still more so, when an officious amateur—

Cradock—had the bad taste to interfere in favour of the actor. It was worse when the eye of the manager was turned away, and he himself was absent on some of his many visits. A friend looked in at the theatre to see the old and once popular "Zara," and told him very plainly what he thought of the way the play was brought forward. It was cast with inferior players, like Aicken, Brereton, Reddish, and the like. He could not find words for "the incomparable badness of the performance," nor could he decide which of the party were the most contemptible. "Such a miserable pack of strollers," he never saw. The worst was, the piece was cut down—a ballet thrust in "head and shoulders." This sketch shows how weary, and even indifferent, he was growing.

Abington, too, harassing him with attorney's letters, and altercations about her benefit night, after securing his promise to play for her, finally announced that she would retire from the stage. It was the last thing in the world she meant to do. Her waywardness and impracticability were such, that they had to take counsel's opinion as to how they were to deal with her. The spite in this intention was apparent, which was to distract the attention of the town from the greater retirement now at hand. How bitterly he felt her behaviour may be conceived from his marginal remark: "The above is a true copy of the letter of that worst of bad women, Mrs. Abington, about her leaving the stage." There must have been something malignant in this strange creature's nature, for she seems to have been one of the very few to whom Garrick appears to have felt a settled resentment. Her persistently tedious behaviour seems to have sunk

into his mind. "What you mean," he said to a friend, "by 'that black, but fair, defect,' except *that most worthless creature, Abington*, I do not know. She is below the thought of any honest man or woman: she is as silly as she is false and treacherous."* This was severe. Yet for the airs and caprices of these women, there was some extenuation. They had true genius; "they knew their business;" they had fought and won their way up the ranks. There was one more serious reason also, which admonished him to withdraw.

It may be justly said that the rough, outspoken address of Williams, which uttered such cruel home truths, had come on him with a shock. Old as an artist is, failing as his strength and powers may be, he still clings fondly to the idea that there is a charm, a secret genius that redeems all, and hides them. It must have been a blow to be told suddenly, and for the first time, "You are getting old and getting stiff. It is a ludicrous exhibition to see you in young lovers' parts, like *Ranger* and *Archer*, where the spectacle of your trying to climb into balconies by rope ladders, and mimicking the agility of youth, is comic and humiliating. Rouge and powder cannot give back the bloom of youth. An old man, let him move ever so briskly, moves in straight lines and turns almost at right angles." There was no softness in his eyes; they had grown hard, and "wanted the fine bewitching liquid which passion sends to the eye of the young." "Your voice is

* I find among his papers a little scrap of rhyme:—

"Tell me, Dame Abington, how much you gave
To that same dirty, dedicating knave?
Alas! that you should think to gather fame,
From one that's only Gentleman by name!"—*Hill MSS.*

growing hollow and hoarse; your dimples are furrows," &c. This was heartless, and we may be confident sank deeply into Garrick's mind, and came back on him very often. When a wager, not in the very best taste, was made about his age by Governor Penn and another gentleman, and the point discussed in the papers, and all over the town, Garrick wrote to answer the appeal which was made to him, in rather a wounded tone. The Governor had wagered he was sixty, and begged he would decide the point. But it is evident that Garrick, showing that he was four years younger, was thinking ruefully of the plain speaking in the pamphlet. "His Excellency must know," he said, "that persons on the stage, like ladies upon the town, must endeavour, by paint, dress, and candlelight, to set themselves off for what they are not. My age, thanks to your Excellency's proclamation of it, has been published with a proper certificate in all the papers, so that I am obliged to resign all the love-making and ravishing heroes. The ladies, who are very quick in these matters, sit now very quietly in the boxes, and think that *Mrs. Sullen* and *Mrs. Strictland* are in no great danger from *Archer* and *Ranger*, and that *Jane Shore* may easily escape from a *Lord Hastings* of FIFTY-SIX." This was all the more trying, as such a wager could not have been laid unless it had been seen by his looks and conversation "that he was quite grown an old man." However, it was a warning, "and as you have so kindly pulled off my mask, *it is time for me to make my exit.*" This had an air of banter, but there was a mortification under the banter. It was a second hint, as rude and plain as the first.

So far back as October, 1773, he had given a formal announcement to Lady Hertford of his intention. Always a little sensitive, but wearing this sensitiveness on his sleeve, he was a little "sore" at having been neglected by Lord Hertford, the chamberlain, and told her that he supposed his "retreat was too insignificant to announce to his lordship;" he hoped she would mention "this very trifling circumstance to my Lord Chamberlain." This was a little of that social coquetting to which he was so partial, and which bore fruit in a charming answer from the lady, to the effect that "she desired to share with Mr. Garrick in his retirement when their Lord Chamberlain was deposed. But, till then, she thinks she can answer for it, that Lord Hertford will take every opportunity in his power to give Mr. Garrick pleasure, and never agree to anything that can give him pain."

Then, early in January, 1774, had come the death of his old friend and patron, Lacy; the sharer in his prosperity, and who hunted with his Grace of Grafton to win his patent, so many years before. This was a fresh reason, and was doubling the burden that was cast on him; and young Willoughby Lacy, who was his father's heir, seemed to inherit his father's quarrelsomeness. Almost at once, he raised the old point about jurisdiction, and after discussing his claim with Garrick in a friendly way, went and took counsel's opinion, which was in his favour, then wrote exultingly to Garrick to say that "Mr. Mansfield is of opinion that I have an equal right with you, in the management of every branch of the business relative to the theatre." A short reply of Garrick showed his admirable knowledge of nature, and at once lowered

the tone of the young man. He was surprised, he said, at receiving the news that he had consulted counsel, "in a less amicable way than I proposed." "You do me justice in supposing that I have no wish to deprive you of any benefit that you are entitled to. I commend your prudence, and before I give you a final answer, I shall follow your example, *and be properly advised.*" The young man at once changed his tone, begged pardon humbly, and promised to make some proposals which would be accepted. All was then arranged smoothly. But Garrick was sagacious enough to see that this trouble would break out again. His health was bad. His painful malady was growing worse, and distressing him a good deal. Indeed, it was now his constant trouble, and gave him much distress and anxiety.* It, besides, interfered with his acting; any violent exertion, such as falling on the stage, causing him great anguish. All these were reasons enough, without having to place it to the account of the rebellious behaviour of three lively actresses.

Yet he hailed the approaching emancipation with delight. Of course there would always be regret, and perhaps a fancy that he was happier when in harness. "I shall shake off my chains," he wrote, "and no culprit in a jail delivery will be happier. I really feel the joy I used to do when I was a boy, at a breaking-up."†

A little before Christmas he had thought of Colman as a likely purchaser, and privately proposed to him that he should take his share at 35,000*l.* But

* In the very year of his retirement, he was under the hands of Pott, the surgeon.

† Hill MSS.

Colman declined on the ground that he would not be free, and would be trammelled by a partner. He had had already bitter experience of the ill fortune resulting from such interference. He was, besides, thinking of the little theatre in the Hay, which was doing well. "Believe me, my dear Garrick," he wrote, declining the proposal, "I love and honour you, and have never, in my most petulant moments, gone beyond the *amantium iræ*. Take care of yourself; your dear woman will, I know, take care of you." As Lacy declined to dispose of his share, it was impossible to gratify Colman, and the negotiation came to an end. Sheridan then appeared, and, with two partners, began a treaty. The whole property was valued at 70,000*l*. By twenty-eight years' good management, its value had thus been nearly quadrupled. Where Sheridan found the 15,000*l*. he was to furnish, as well as other sums he found later, has never been shown. Linley and Ford, his partners, found 10,000*l*. each, and thus the matter was finally concluded, at the beginning of the new year, 1776.

His friends were not sorry to think of this approaching release. Letters of congratulation poured in upon him, the most characteristic of which was one that came to him from the spirited lady he called "my Pivy." This lively creature was immensely amused at the jumble of purchasers she read of in the papers. "I thought I should have died laughing, when I saw a man-midwife among them." Still she had her doubts about his being able to shake himself wholly free; and if he should not long to be dipping his fingers "in their theatrical pudding (*now without plums*) you will

be no Garrick for your Pivy." Her sagacity was proved to be right. From her, too, he received a testimonial so genuine and hearty, that it must have rejoiced him. Its coming from one who was always at war with him, made it of double value, and gives a picture of the true state of things behind the curtain. "In the height of the public admiration for you," said Clive, "when you were never mentioned but as the Garrick, the charming man, the fine fellow, the delightful creature, both by men and ladies; when they were admiring everything you did, and everything you scribbled, at this very time, I, *the Pivy*, was a living witness that they did not know, nor could they be sensible, of half your perfections. I have seen you with your magic hammer in your hand, endeavouring to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures, who had none of their own. I have seen you, with lamblike patience, endeavouring to make them comprehend you; and I have seen you, when that could not be done, I have seen your lamb turned into a lion; by this your great labour and pains, the public was entertained; *they* thought they all acted very fine; they did not see you pull the wires." To me, this seems fine and exquisite praise, and a noble testimony. It tells us of a world of hitherto unknown trouble, unwearied care and labour in the service of the public. But she goes on, with a warmth and generosity that does her infinite credit. She really sums up his stage life:

"There are people now on the stage to whom you gave their consequence; they thought themselves very great; now let them go on in their new parts, without your leading-strings, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is. I have always said this

to everybody, even when your horses and mine were in their highest prancing. *While* I was under your control, I did not say half the fine things I thought of you, because it looked like flattery; and you know your Pivy was always proud; besides I thought you did not like me then; but now I am sure you do, which makes me send you this letter." People little thought that the patient manager, petted and talked of everywhere, was all the while labouring so conscientiously with his corps. "By this your great labour and pains the public were entertained; *they* thought they all acted very fine, they did not see you pull the wires." No wonder Garrick marked this kind and spirited letter, "My Pivy—excellent."* It is really almost his finest testimonial—so genuine, so acute, and nice in its discrimination. The clever and generous creature spoke from her heart. She was indeed one of the pearls of the stage; and it may be worth noting how favourably a long life of honourable discipline acted then on the characters of the players.

Yet he was not to abdicate without knowing one more of his old theatrical riots; and it was certainly a

* Garrick, like his friend Johnson, was fond of coining these pet names. "Clivy-Pivy," "Haly-Paly," "Davy-Pavy." The airs of Clive were most amusing. When Garrick heard of her proposed retirement, he sent his prompter to ask if she was in earnest. To such a messenger she disdained to give any answer. The manager then sent his brother; and him she received with scant civility, saying, if his brother wished to know her mind, he might come himself. The good-humoured manager came at once, paid her many compliments, and asked her to remain. She answered with a look of contempt. The rest of the scene Davies reports. "He asked how much she was worth. She replied, briskly, 'As much as yourself!' Upon his smiling, she explained herself, by saying that she knew when she had enough, though *he* never did. Upon repeating his regret at her leaving, she told him she hated hypocrisy, for she was sure he would light up candles for joy, but that it would be attended with some expense." The reader, who has seen what *really* passed between the two great artists, will reject the latter portion of this amusing scene, as the vulgar tattle of *Davis's Shop*.

little perverse, that after a long period of repose, and the perfect harmony that had reigned at Drury for so many years, a most disagreeable *emeute* should have signalized the last few months of his reign. It was a curious and dramatic episode. A tall, gigantic, "bruising" clergyman, who could fight his way through a "row" at Ranelagh Gardens, as desperately as he could through the columns of his own newspaper, and who, if either sinews or journal failed him, was ready to "go out," and get satisfaction with the pistol, had written his play, like so many other clergymen. So powerful and dangerous a character was, of course, likely to have some influence with Garrick; and his "Morning Post" was too formidable an engine not to be respected. A more singular character than its reverend editor could not be conceived. As one wrote of him, tenderly, "he was constituted, both in mind and body, for the army or navy, rather than for the Church." And the same "hand" also said, there was "a sportive severity" in his writing, which did not spare sex or condition, and brought him into unpleasant conflicts with the persons thus satirised. "But," added his friend, "he always manfully supported his character, and was wholly incapable of degrading concessions." And in this spirit, with Mr. Dennis O'Brien for his second, he went "out" with "Joey Richardson" in the Park, put a ball through that gentleman's arm, and distinguished himself in other encounters. Lord Lyttleton gave him a fine living, a good deal owing to Garrick's friendly instances, who stood to his friends loyally, through thick and thin, as the phrase is: and there was no

such scrupulosity then, in the distribution of Church patronage, to make Garrick squeamish.*

His rude personalities in his paper had made him hosts of enemies, and he was now venturing on the incautious step of bringing out a play at Drury Lane. A man of the world must have seen, that this was but an invitation to all his enemies to come and revenge themselves. But vanity, and above all, vanity born of the stage, will overpower shrewdness and sense. His play was called "The Blackamoor," and caused dreadful scenes of confusion, which continued for nights. One man got behind the scenes, with an open knife in his hand, pursuing one of the people of the house, and threatening to "cut his liver out!" Dreadful battles took place, and Woodfall, another editor, was nearly murdered.

This distressed the manager not a little. But the end of his troubles was fast approaching, and he was looking forward eagerly to the day that was to bring him release. He was full of hope and spirits, as mercurial as ever. "What say you," he wrote to his friend Colman, "if I should once more emerge from stone and gravel, and many other human infirmities and curses, and spring out again an active being, and exercise with the best of you. Since you left me, I have been upon the rack, and almost despaired of fighting a battle or committing a murder again." The reason of this rebound was a lucky visit to the Duke of Newcastle,

* "Did you read my foolish *religious* ode," writes Mr. Bate, on a Christmas festival, "on this day, to take the unwary in? Who cannot fail after this to set me down among the long list of the truly pious professors of the Gospel? When you sit in judgment on it, remember that I wrote it yesterday, while my hair was dressing." This obstreperous profanity was quite in keeping.

where he fell in with an old Italian friend, who recommended a *nostrum*. Garrick could not resist these quack medicines, and was thought by his physician to do himself much harm by such experiments. This one he thought worked wonders. "It has taken away half the evil of my life, and at this moment—but Lord help us! we little men think nothing of swelling ourselves to a Hercules." Such was his pleasant temper always.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST ACT.

1776.

EARLY in the year began that wonderful series of performances, in which he gave a round of all his best characters, each for the last time. The rush and excitement for places, during this wonderful season, has never been equalled, not even during the early Goodman's Fields era. The highest persons in the land were begging for boxes and places, and were disappointed.

A host of fine people came, and were crushed, and went away enchanted. Lady Colebrooke offered an extra sum for places; for she was desirous that her young children should see Mr. Garrick, and be able to talk of that night fifty years after. Wilkes, a faithful admirer and actor, was coming a long journey from Dublin, to see his idol; and a greater compliment still, the charming Madame Necker—the heroine of Gibbon's early love—was to journey over from Paris. The whole kingdom was in a ferment. There was besides the additional attraction of seeing him in a round of his great plays, long since laid aside. He could not oblige half his friends, and Doctor Percy,* of

* It was Garrick's rule to allow no letters to be brought to him behind the scenes, so that his mind should not be distracted. Percy had come to the stage-door, and had sent in for a place, on one of these last nights, an application of which no notice could be taken. He never forgave Garrick

whose temper Boswell has given us a specimen, chose this inappropriate moment for an irreconcileable quarrel with his old friend. Another intimate friend, Sir Grey Cooper, was actually offended because he could not get into the theatre so often as he wished. He said, he had moved the Theatrical Fund Bill in the House, and thought Mr. Garrick should remember that obligation. Yet he hears that a certain "Mons. Necker and a Dean of Derry have boxes every night." Very wittily he added, there was "a sort of *ministerial promise*" given, accompanied by a "gentle squeeze of the hand and a *measured smile of consent*" —a very happy description of the ambiguity of such engagements.

But Garrick never forgot what was owing to his dignity. He showed he was somewhat hurt at this charge. "When have I been inattentive to your and Lady Cooper's commands? The last box I procured for you, has caused much mischief to your humble servant. My likings and attachments to my friends will, I hope, be remembered when my fool's-cap and bells will be forgotten"—a remarkable and sincere declaration. The other was truly penitent, and wrote to him to say that if, in the eagerness to enjoy the pleasure of seeing Garrick, anything petulant had escaped him, he begged his pardon most sincerely. This shows how excited the world had grown about this festival, as it might fairly be called. There was this remarkable feature also. Other actors retire and make their bow in one night: Garrick's retirement filled nearly a whole season, and morally culminated on the last night. In every point of view he is thus quite apart.

"Richard" was kept for the end. "I gained my

fame in *Richard*," he said, "and I mean to close with it." It was a pity he did not adhere to that resolution. He accordingly ordered a superb new dress. When this came home, he, with a little want of judgment, said he would play *Lear* in his 'new *Richard*' dress." His friends remonstrated, but he persisted. And yet from *Richard* he almost shrank. "I dread the fight," he said to his friend Cradock, "and the fall. I am afterwards in agonies." He was, indeed, now suffering acutely from a complication of maladies.

One of the earliest of these farewell performances was on the eleventh of April, when the world saw the *Abel Drugger* for the last time. With what effect he gave it, and what feeling, may be conceived from a hurried note written the next day. "Last night I played *Abel Drugger* for the last time. I thought the audience were cracked, and they almost turned my brain."* During the next two months the others followed rapidly. Yet at such a time Colman would worry him with quibbles. He wanted payment for some alterations, and chose the week before Garrick's final appearance to urge his claims. Garrick said he really thought it was a present. Colman rather ungraciously said he could not have pretended to make a gift of it, for he did not think they were then on sufficiently good terms to think of his making a present, though he was much pleased and flattered, &c. Yet Garrick was then bringing out his plays, which had failed, and had written affectionately to offer him the refusal of the theatre. "Pray let me know what I

* Forster MSS.

must do," wrote the sweet-tempered Garrick, "for I cannot have such a burden upon my mind at this very distressing time, when my theatrical life is so near its end. If I am confused or unintelligible, impute it to 'RICHARD.' What an operation!"

On June the 5th, "Richard" was given, in presence of the king and queen. The end was fast drawing on, and only a few nights more were left. On that night it was seen, with astonishment, that he was as active, as graceful, as in the old Goodman's Fields days, now, alas! so far, far off,—when he was the gay, sprightly, "neatly-made" young fellow, in the flush of youth and triumph. With him played on that great occasion, Mrs. Siddons, who was scarcely equal to the part.*

What a procession of characters—his best and finest—made yet finer by the special character of the occasion, and his natural determination to excel himself. *Hamlet, Lear, Richard, Lusignan,* and *Kitely* were the graver characters he chose. *Archer, Abel Drugger, Sir John Brute, Benedick, Leon,* and *Don Felix* made up the more varied round selected for comedy. It is, indeed, wonderful to see from this list how his real strength had gradually developed. Most of these characters were played from two to three times each—*Archer* but once, on May 7th, *Sir John Brute* four times. The lively actresses all played

* Woodfall, of the "Chronicle," perhaps the best theatrical critic of the day, said she did it "sensibly," but that her powers were not equal to a London Theatre. When she played Mrs. Strictland with Garrick, some friends in the pit got up applause for her, which Miss Younge took to herself. Davies, inaccurate to the last, says that, "Richard" was acted but once. It was played three times. The king was surprised to see the nimbleness with which Garrick performed the fighting portions, and ran about the field.

with him, and played their best. It needed all this excitement to carry him through; for he was suffering acutely. "Gout, stone, sore throat," he wrote, "yet I am in spirits." The excitement of these nights was long remembered. Curwen, the American loyalist clergyman, then in England, came often to Drury Lane door, but could not get in. Northcote, long after, used to tell of the crushing and the crowds. Hannah More, up from Bristol, could hardly trust herself to speak of the effect produced on her. "I pity those who have not seen him. Posterity will never be able to form the slightest idea of his perfections. The more I see him, the more I admire. I have seen him within these three weeks *take leave* of *Benedick*, *Sir John Brute*, *Kitely*, *Abel Drugger*, *Archer*, and *Leon*. It seems to me as if I was assisting at the obsequies of the different poets. I feel almost as much pain as pleasure."

There was, indeed, a pathos about the whole. He seemed to be in a sort of whirl. He spoke sadly of "the present situation of my affairs, of the last hours of my theatrical life, and my preparing for another." He then added, "Just going to perform *Benedick for the last time*," which was on May the ninth.

Was it at all surprising that he should feel quite unnerved on these trying occasions? Friends did not help him much. Steevens pressed him hard to give the genuine text of "Lear" as a novelty; but at such a crisis, he dare not trust himself to unlearn. Even in the morning, when going over some slight alteration, he became quite distressed and confused. After the play was over, a little scene took place in the green-room. Miss Younge, whose frowardness had

given him much trouble, was the *Cordelia*, and he there took leave of her, calling her "his daughter," —with a hearty wish that all blessings he had invoked on her on the stage, would be fulfilled in reality. The actress, affected by this kindness, said to him, "Sir, if you would indeed give me your blessing," which Garrick did in a very solemn way.

Old and dear friends were crowding up and rallying about him. Sir George Young came away from that night—praying, "that the evening of your day may be sweet and composed, is the sincere wish of your old and affectionate friend." For Beard, the actor chose at this favourable moment to make a request to Sir George Hay. "You are grown formal in your old age, my dear friend," replied Sir George. "Kiss the blooming wrinkles of my ancient love for my sake, and believe me always yours and hers." On the 8th, "King Lear" was given once more; and then came round the fatal closing 10th of June, which was to be the last night for Roscius.*

Don Felix was the gay character selected; certainly not his best. The tremendous crowd that

* The following passages from the Diary of Curwen, the American clergyman, help to show us how great the excitement was:—

"*Nov. 29th*, 1775. Saw Mr. Garrick in 'Hamlet' at Drury Lane; in my eye more perfect in the expression of his face than in the accent and pronunciation of his voice, which, however, was much beyond the standard of his fellow actors.

"*May 7th*, 1776.—Attempted to get into Drury Lane Theatre, to see Mr. Garrick in the character of *Archer*, but the crowd so great, that after suffering thumps, squeezes, and almost suffocation for two hours, I was obliged to retire without effecting it. Went to Mr. Silsbee's lodgings to tea.

"*June 5th*, 1776.—Walked to Mr. Green's; Major Brattle entered, and we three took coach to Drury Lane, to see for the last time Garrick in 'Richard III.,' by command of their Majesties, but were too late—house filled."

The fac-simile of "the last order" written by Garrick has almost a touching interest.

filled the theatre from floor to ceiling, were to be recreated with one last glimpse of true comedy, the like of which it may be suspected no one has seen since. From this choice, it may be concluded that the image of himself, he wished to linger on a playgoer's mind, was of that tempered gaiety and airy sprightliness, where so much of his strength lay.

What a night for Drury Lane! And what a night for the great actor—now at the end of his nearly forty years' service. There was not here any of the affectation and sham sentiment, that sometimes obtains at such leave-takings—too long delayed, perhaps, and too often to prove a mere rehearsal. As his grand eyes wandered round the house,—and that house must have seemed to him a sea of friends' faces, and of friends' eyes,—there were to be seen strangers and even foreigners who had travelled from afar from distant countries;* there was presented that dim, but grand, indistinctness of the crowded house, which to the actor can never lose its spell. But on such a night, it represented a boundless amphitheatre of the most friendly, genial, and affectionate sympathies, and exalted admiration.

Frenchmen present were struck by the almost mournful character of the scene. It must have brought to the actor's mind the early days—the old triumph of the little theatre, at Goodman's Fields.† He himself thought that he played with even more spirit than he had ever done before. When Mrs. Centlivre's wit was done, and the curtain had shut

* Taylor.

† As I have given his *first* Goodman's Fields Bill, the reader will be glad to see the last at Drury Lane :—

out *that Don Felix* for ever, there came a moment of suspense, and even awe. The great stage was now quite empty, and then the departing actor was seen to come forward, very slowly. Behind, the stage filled with groups of the players, eager not to lose a point of this almost solemn situation. The sides became crowded with other spectators. Not a sound was heard. There was a solemn pause. No wonder, he said afterwards, that it was an *awful* moment, and that he seemed to have lost not merely his voice, but the use of his limbs, and that he thought his heart would have cracked. His face was seen to work, as he tried to speak, and with an

The last time of the Company's performing this Season.
At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane,
This day (June 10th, 1776), will be presented

THE WONDER.

DON FELIX, MR. GARRICK.
Colonel Briton, Mr. Smith. Don Lopez, Mr. Baddeley.
Don Pedro, Mr. Parsons. Liffardo, Mr. King.
Frederick, Mr. Packer.
Gibby, Mr. Moody.
Isabella, Miss Hopkins. Inis, Mrs. Bradshaw.
Flora, Mrs. Wrighten.
Violante, Mrs. Yates.
End of Act 1.—The grand Garland Dance
By Sig. Giorgi, Mrs. Sutton, and Mr. Slingsby.
To which will be added a Musical Entertainment, called

THE WATERMAN.

The principal characters by
Mr. Bannister,
Mr. Davies, Mr. Codd, Mrs. Wrighten,
and Mrs. Jewell.

To conclude with the scene of the Regatta.

The profits of this night being appropriated to the Benefit of the Theatrical Fund, the usual address upon the occasion will be spoken by MR. GARRICK before the Play.

Ladies are desired to send their servants a *little* after 5 to keep places, to prevent confusion.

No admittance behind the scenes, nor any money returned after the curtain is drawn up.

The doors will be opened at half after 5.

To begin *exactly* at half-past 6.

D.G.

Admit two at Gallery

The Last Night

Wonderful

David Garrick

This Order I keep
as a Curiosity being
the last My Hus
band as he quitted
the Stage

effort he said,—it had been the custom on such occasions to address friends in a farewell epilogue—he had intended following the practice, but when he came to attempt it, found himself quite as unequal to the writing of it, as he now would be to its delivery. The jingle of rhyme—the language of fiction—would but ill suit his present feelings. The moment was a terrible one for *him*, now parting for ever from those who had lavished on him *such* favours, and *such* kindness; and upon the very spot where all these favours were received, he was now—here he was utterly overcome, and could not go on, from his tears. Recovering himself, he merely added, that he should *never* forget their goodness, and though his successors might have more ability, they could not surpass the pains he had taken to win support, nor the *deep* gratitude he felt. On this he retired slowly—up—up the stage, his eyes fixed on them with a lingering longing. Then stopped. The shouts of applause from that brilliant amphitheatre were broken by sobs and tears. To his ears were borne from many quarters the word "Farewell! Farewell!" Mrs. Garrick was in her box, in an agony of hysterical tears. The wonderful eyes, still brilliant, were turned wistfully again and again, to that sea of sympathetic faces, one of the most brilliant audiences perhaps that ever sat in Drury Lane: and at last, with an effort, he tore himself from their view.

Though an afterpiece was to follow, it was not suffered to be played; nor could the actors find spirit to perform it, after the affecting bit of tragedy that they had witnessed. When the curtain descended on that fatal tenth of June, it indeed shut out *the greatest* of English actors, whose like has never been seen since.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GARRICK CIRCLE.—CHARACTER.

1776.

Now was to commence for him, a new shape of existence. With all that most reasonable excuse of weariness and ill health, he must have been looking back wistfully to the old profession: after all, to the actor *en retraite*, with opulence and ease and retirement from toil, *nothing* can have the old exquisite charm of the "House," no company can equal the brilliant company, the rows above rows of faces in the boxes. Nothing can sparkle like the footlights, and no scent surpass the old familiar playhouse perfume.

Now we, also, may take the opportunity of glancing at that domestic circle who were about him, and of whom he was to see much more—those relatives who were so dependant on him, and for whom he and Mrs. Garrick had done so much.

It always seemed a pity that such a pair—so affectionate to all the world—had no children of their own, no objects for that affection. It would have been the fitting complement for their happy existence, and would have smoothed down many of those peculiarities, for which an empty household is often responsible. Instead, he expended that affection on nieces and nephews, the children of George.

Peter Garrick's soul never travelled above the Lichfield business, the wine trade, and perhaps fishing. "Garrick and Bailey" was a well known firm in Lichfield. Still he was always glad that his London brother should try and get him something. That good brother tried again and again: but it was very hard to find what would suit Peter. When the Duke of Devonshire became a Lord of the Treasury, in 1756, he invited Garrick to breakfast with him, and the actor took advantage of that friendly intimacy to plead for his brother Peter. He promised to do something "to draw you," writes David to Peter, "out of your melancholy, disagreeable situation. Indeed it is unworthy of you."* His old townsfolk from the country he did not forget, and was glad to see and entertain them, when they came to London. "Last night I had some old Lichfielders to sup—Levett, the two Robinsons, and two Garricks, Dick Bailye."† Peter never married, but lived on in the old house, and survived his great brother some fifteen years. Their sister Merriall—the only one that survived—had married Mr. Thomas Docksey, a Lichfield gentleman of fortune; and that family might reasonably look to the bachelor relative, who was said to have accumulated 30,000*l.*, for a provision. But as he grew old he became childish, and would give away large sums of money to any one he met, and at last fell under the influence of a designing apothecary, named Panting. This person, with the assistance of a brother, who was an attorney, concocted a will, which they produced as his. It was contested by Mrs. Docksey, who had been named

* Forster MSS. † Ibid.

Peter's heir in a previous will. The case was conducted by Erskine, who, in one of his finest efforts, exposed the scheme of the apothecary and the lawyer, with masterly effect and success.* The will was set aside.

George Garrick, secretary, deputy, unofficial agent, and "factotum," at Drury Lane, was as familiar to the profession as the manager himself. By himself he never could have been heard of. His was a "fussing," meddling, whispering nature, a little mysterious, because known to have the ear of the greater David, between whom and troublesome persons he interposed usefully. In many instances George complicated things, and often brought trouble to the manager. There was another brother, "Billy," a Captain in the army, who was never known outside his profession, and died obscurely at Minorca. Two sisters, Magdalen and Jane, "Lenny and Jenny," were long since dead; a third, as mentioned, had married Mr. Docksey, or Doxey, a man of good fortune in Lichfield.

George Garrick first married a daughter of Mr. Carrington, a king's messenger, and lived with him in Somerset House. He had a large family, for all of whom the generous actor provided, though it was expected that Mr. Carrington, who was well off, would contribute. To the end he was extravagant, and sometimes dissipated.† When Garrick was abroad, an anonymous letter reached him, warning him of the

* The trial took place in St. Mary's Church! The speech is in Coleridge's *Watchman*.

† It was often asked in the green-room, what name should be given to the salary he received for his nondescript services. Bannister said, "hush money;" for when David was playing, George was always keeping silence at the wings—stepping on tiptoe, and calling "hush!" Whenever he joined the company, he was always asking, "Had David wanted him?" and it was a green-room jest, that he died so soon after his brother, "because David wanted him."

lavish way in which his brother was "keeping women about him," a costly table, &c. But it had no effect on David. George was solicitor to the house—prepared all the actors' agreements, and managed the legal matters. For these services he had £150 a year from the theatre. Garrick himself added another hundred a year, and he had besides a fortune with his wife. On such an income, he very improvidently sent his two sons to Eton, at a cost of £170 a year, which left a very small balance. He often asked for loans—even for two hundred pounds, which was sent at once.* Money seemed to be the test of affection invariably required from David Garrick. It was George's duty to have settled matters relating to the Fermignac affairs, but he had neglected them for years, and let them get into confusion. The only way his good-tempered brother showed how he felt such treatment, was by "a coldness;" and nothing more delicate, more significant of wounded affection, more humble and sincere interest, can be imagined than an appeal of David's, written after an inseparable intimacy of some thirty years. George Garrick had of a sudden set up horses, carriages, and a country house, without

* Garrick Cor., vol. ii. p. 198. "Dear Brother," runs his grateful answer, "the great agitation of mind I have been in will, I hope, plead my excuse for not returning you sooner my most affectionate thanks for your very kind and brotherly answer to my letter. Indeed, my dear brother, you have affected me much with your great kindness, and I could now dash out my brains that I should have either neglected or offended you; and I can assure you that the pangs I have felt from your withdrawing your love and affection from me, had at times deprived me not only of my senses, but almost of my life. For indeed it has been the cause of many and very long, as well as very expensive illnesses. . . . . This, I hope," (his expenses for education, &c.,) "will in some measure account for my application to you; but you will wrong me much, should you in the least think that I have not the warmest sense of gratitude and affection to my sister and you, for your unbounded goodness to my children. Give me leave to assure you both that I shall ever feel it, and that I shall never forget it."

telling his brother, fearful, perhaps, of his just reproof. The latter had remarked an uneasiness, and an anxiety to make excuses of business, to get away whenever they met. All this hurt him much. "I have suffered much of late," he wrote, "and have hid my uneasiness as well as I could. . . . Did I ever keep any concern of any kind from you? Have I not always opened my heart and designs to you? Have you not had permission to open my letters, and know everything about me and my affairs? What is this mystery? If I was not *kindly* admitted into that secret, surely I had a right to be a partaker of it; but let that be passed." All this, it will be seen, was not in the spirit of reproach; for George had done a hundred such things before; but his wish was to remind George—"I have likewise no right—perhaps I have not—to ask how your circumstances can bear this load of expense, and whether it is not strange with your family, and complaints of hard times, hard relations, and that you have voluntarily taken a load upon you, which I fear you are not able to bear." He then protested, but gently, against some loose business doings of George's, as regards his affairs, such as sending to tenants for their rent, and giving Garrick's receipt—of keeping over "legacy money," with which David had intended paying all the debts of the Stratford Jubilee, "and rendering no account." Confidence he had in him, but how little he met with in return. One would indeed think it was the expostulation of the dependant brother, and not of the rich and influential manager, without whose protection the London attorney or Lichfield wine merchant, would have been helpless indeed. There was a reconciliation almost at once. George seems

to have been a foolish fellow, and an absurd attempt at a duel with Baddeley the actor, in an effort to champion the actor's own wife, must have been a fresh annoyance to his brother.* Yet he had a faithful dog-like attachment to David, and his own death followed David's, almost within a few days.

Thus, though the Garrick family had looked on the fatal day that brought news to Lichfield of David's going on the stage, as the anniversary of degradation and ruin, they soon found that the successful actor and manager, whose reputation had spread over Europe, was to be their chief credit and support. George's two sons were taken care of by their uncle; Carrington was sent by him to St. John's College, Cambridge, and introduced by Mr. Cradock. He was intended for the Church, and his uncle's interest made promotion certain. When only eighteen he was about the tallest youth ever seen there, and people in the town came out of their houses, or ran to their windows, to see him go by in his pensioner's gown. He was much liked at the university, probably from an interest in his famous relative. He did not, however, turn out well, though every advantage was given him. A living was purchased for him—six thousand pounds, and a library was left to him. In lieu of the library he accepted a money composition from Mrs. Garrick. He married a Miss Battiscombe, out of his own parish, and died only thirty-four years old, in May, 1787, "a martyr," says his friend, Mr. Cradock, very indulgently, "to a too free use of the bottle."†

* He was married twice—a second time to the sister of a Colonel of the Indian service.

† He left a son, Christopher Philip, three years old at the date of his father's death.

Another nephew, David Garrick, was put into the army. He was wonderfully like his great uncle. He once appeared at some private theatricals, "got-up" at Mrs. Hanbury's, down at Kelmarsh, in Northamptonshire, and played *Priuli*, in "Venice Preserved." A fine company was assembled—the Duke of Dorset, the Lord Chancellor, and many more, who were all struck by the wonderful likeness of the nephew to the greater uncle. But he soon gave signs of unsteadiness. Garrick was to have provided for him also, but his grandfather took that task on himself. One of the uncle's pleasantest letters is written to him, when on garrison duty, on a march through the rain:—"I thank you," it ran, "for your very dear and agreeable letter. Your laurels should have sheltered you from the inclemency of the weather, and the acclamations of the people should have been the cordials to keep the cold from your stomach. As you have so nobly defended the maids, wives, and widows, I hope when you are well you may take your choice, and return to your quarters, with a well jointured widow or some rich maid." He was then happy to tell him how well he stood with the grandfather:—"Your letter to me is a very good one, and I hope *he* got the fellow to it. If not, write directly to him, and never let yourself be out of his sight, by letter or otherwise, for you know the old proverb, &c."—A postscript shows his thought for his nephew's credit and his actors' interest. "Pray take all your corps to Moody's benefit, I will treat 'em if they are willing to accept tickets, and honour me by going."*

* Protheroe MSS.

But in a short time, either to avoid being ordered abroad, or from fancied delicacy, he left his regiment —the Royals, then coolly wrote to his uncle for six thousand guineas, to be laid out on a purchase for him. His grandfather seemed to support him in this foolish step. Garrick wrote back very indignantly, that he had not such a sum; indeed, it was madness to ask it. His grandfather, who countenanced the step, should provide it. "It has given me much uneasiness to see a young man, who might have figured in his profession, lounging about the town doing nothing, and not thinking of anything: and to see two brothers strutting about the circle of non-existence may be very convenient, but not very spirited. I have it not in my power or inclination, to serve you in this strange business."* He himself had never strutted about the circle of non-existence, and was entitled to give this sharp rebuke.

He was justly displeased at these freaks. The young man presently repented, and wished to get back again to his regiment, and his uncle wearied out noble friends of influence with applications. It could not be done; but when young David married Miss Hart, "a young lady, extremely agreeable, and with a temper as sweet as her voice; and she sings like an angel," the kind uncle forgave all, and made a very handsome settlement. On this occasion the vivacious Clive starts up at Twickenham, and gives generous testimony to her old friend once more. "There is no such being in the world now as the *Pivy;* she has been killed by the cruelty of the *Garrick;* but the *Clive*, thank God, is

* Protheroe MSS.

still alive, and alive like to be . . . I must now mention the noblest action of your life, your generosity to nephew David; all the world is repeating your praises; those people who always envied you, and wished to detract from you, declaring you loved money too much ever to part from it, now they will feel foolish and look contemptible: all that I can say is, I wish that Heaven *had made me such* an uncle." How insufferably stupid read the stories of petty creatures like Davies, beside these records of a generosity they could not understand, and a no less generous appreciation, like this of the warm-hearted Clive!

He had also taken the charge of two of the improvident George's daughters, Arabella and Catherine, and sent them to Paris to a Madame Descombe's school. This adoption, it will be seen, brought trouble and responsibility. There are some charming letters of Mrs. Garrick to her "dear Kitty," written at this time,—full of grace, and of good sense too. Her little advice about dress is admirable, and perhaps a little new:—"Remember," she says, "that the dearest silks are not always the prettiest, and never think they will wear the longer for being richer. I compare them to an old woman who, when she has lost her beauty, will not be admired *because she was once handsome.* . . . . Remember, likewise, that two coats are better than one; and that paying for the turning of an old sack, costs twice for the making one new." * Rather different advice from what a thrifty English housewife would give, who would get everything to "last for ever." Nothing indeed is

* Hill MSS.

prettier, or more affectionate, than the letters both of uncle and aunt, often written on the one page. Sometimes he wrote: and she puts in a postscript—she will tell them that he hopes "they will furnish their *petite cervelle*, and read some history. Here ends my first sermon."* "My dear sweet girls," he would write to them, "I am *charmed* with your last agreeable, sensible, well-written letter, and for the account of Henri IV.,"—which they had sent to show they were studying history. He could thank them for it with a thousand kisses. "Always write thus with simplicity; whoever aims at more becomes foppish and ridiculous. I must now finish, and give way to my betters. God bless you. D. G." Then came in "sweet" Mrs. Garrick with advice:—"Take care you make yourselves warm when you go out of public places; never go without your *clocks*"—cloaks—"and your pattens. My dear girls, a happy new year to you, and that you may be always as agreeable, as you are now charming, is the sincere wish of your loving aunt. I owe you many letters, but must,—as long as your uncle has no better pens than those with which I scrawl this letter." They should look about for a clever little French maid, to dress hair, and do a thousand things, "as you might at present *apprivoiser* her, and prepare her for England. If she should prove to be a Catholic,

* She once attempted a little rhyme:—

"This essence of roses,
The sweetest of posies,
Was given by dear Hannah More;
Near my heart I will wear it,
No movement shall tear it
From thence with the weight of proud ore.

An infant muse.
MARIA GARRICK."—Hill MSS.

you may assure her she has nothing to fear about her religion, so she will not meddle with yours. . . . . Your brother, the clergyman, is as *potelé* as ever . . . He has not been at our house these twelve months; there is no reason for his staying away. The captain has served us in the same manner; for a month we have not seen his sweet face. *Are they not pretty youths?* Send if you are ill for Doctor Gem." Pretty youths, indeed; who hardly thought it worth while to pay the ordinary decent civilities, to the uncle on whom so much depended.

Yet Miss Bell Garrick was, all this while, carrying on a little adventure. A penniless French officer, named Molière, had met the young English girl, and had fallen in love, or had affected to fall in love, with her. With the usual audacity of Frenchmen in such affairs, he had actually taken a garret in M. Descombe's house, and from this ambuscade carried out his plans. He met her on the stairs, wrote letters about his *grande passion*, and obtained some in reply, from the foolish girl, which, with the true chivalry of Frenchmen whose profession is following *bonnes fortunes*, he exhibited to all his friends. The matter soon transpired, and the young ladies were sent home.

Garrick was justly displeased. It seemed to be his lot to be disappointed in nearly every one on whom he had placed his affections. He could make allowance for a foolish schoolgirl's weakness, but he felt it would be for her good to keep up a show of severity and sternness. Nothing can be more admirable than his letters—judicious, severe, and yet not unkind—skilfully addressed to her pride—without anything artificial; contemptuously exposing the true character

of the admirer, and stripping the whole of its romance. He was for some time cold and stern; but on her justifying herself in some very "proper" letters, he looked over the past, and wrote to her again warmly and affectionately, forgave all, and she was his "dear Bell again." *

But whatever may have been their behaviour, all the nieces and nephews found themselves handsomely and affectionately remembered in their uncle's will, who lived to see "the Captain" contracted to the Middlesex heiress. On this occasion, as we have seen, he did his part magnificently, and made a handsome settlement on the young pair. Charming uncle, indeed! gracious, chivalrous, firm to men, gentle to women, ever doing "the right thing" in whatever he undertook—yet it almost seems to me, now drawing to the close of his history, that no sufficient idea has been given of this unselfish man, and true nature's gentleman.†

Indeed this may be the fitting place to make that estimate of his character, and that weighing in the balance, which becomes almost an official duty. The story of the life we have been following draws to a close. It is an infinite homage to Goldsmith's exquisite observation and powers of discriminating character, which have indeed helped to place him in the

* Forster MSS.

† The reader will see by the Pedigree, that the present representatives of the family descend from George Garrick and his two wives, and from Merriall Garrick, Mrs. Docksey. From Carrington, George's son by the first wife, descend his present living grandchildren, Christopher, Albinia, Elizabeth; and by the second wife, George, Sarah, and Elizabeth. I am not certain whether any of this branch is alive. Miss Bell Garrick, the heroine of the French adventure, was married to Captain Frederick Schaw, and died in March, 1819. Young David, the nephew of Roscius, died in 1795, and his widow married Mr. Evan Protheroe, of Wales, and their child, Emma, married Garrick Bridges Schaw—I suppose her cousin,—who assumed the name of Protheroe. Catherine, the other sister, married Mr. Payne.

first rank of dramatists, that the known course of Garrick's character, such as we have been reading it, proves to be merely a commentary on the famous portrait in "Retaliation:"

"Here lies David Garrick; describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
This man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick,
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame.
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, ye Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were bepraised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies.
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above."

Every line almost of this character might be illustrated. The charm found in Garrick's company could be described by no other term so happily, as by "pleasant;" familiar experience whispering to us, how much more welcome is the society of the "pleasant," than of the wits professional. "Sir," we hear Johnson saying again and again, "Garrick is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation." Sheridan in

his monody spoke of his "cheerful wit." "Pleasant" was indeed the just epithet for his gifts. Behind the scenes, in the green-room, says one of his own actors, he would, "during the intervals of business, enliven the whole theatre by his sallies of gaiety and mirth, which showed themselves in a thousand shapes; in the jests, *bons mots*, apt stories, and vivacities thrown out, in a *manner so pleasing, so frolicksome and original, that all were made happy by his cheerfulness and good humour.*" This is a pretty sketch of what pleasantness should be, and of its results on others.

This, too, was the sense in which Goldsmith must have spoken of him, as "a wit—if not first, yet in the first line." If he had gifts which made every one happy, and delighted those who were in his society, they might be very fairly taken for "wit." But a wit strictly he was not—nor in the first line. His verses are agreeable, but nearer to cleverness, than to wit; and, indeed, nothing would show better the difference between wit and "cleverness" than the little skirmish of "Retaliation." Goldsmith is witty, Garrick smart, and scarcely up to his own level of smartness. What "an excellent heart" his was may have been gathered from the story of his life just told. In a moment we shall see instances in detail of his kindness and generosity. Then comes the praise of his playing—"natural, simple, affecting"—three of the most judiciously chosen words that could be conceived. The first to be nicely distinguished from the second, though they seem alike. For his representation of complicated passion, which though in nature might seem to want simplicity, he made simple, and at the same time, steered clear of insipidity, touched the heart, and was "affecting."

This exhausted Goldsmith's praise; and out of thirty-two lines, twenty-two are given to minute analysis of petty defects lying on the surface. After all, in a nature that was confessed to have excellent heart, and all that was pleasant in man—with wit and genius, any faults or defects must have been only "failings." We may accept the beplastering with rouge "his own natural red;" and that acting only off the stage, and grant that, "with no reason on earth to go out of his way, he turned and he varied full ten times a day." Nothing was more true—that curious as well as common, system of "finessing and trick," but whose innocence lay in its perfect openness, and being apparent to every one. His little devices were seen by all his friends, and indeed did not affect the matter, for he was "*secure of our hearts.*" Nothing was more true. He had vanity, but it was vanity in his profession. He believed, too, he had infinite powers of diplomacy—knew human nature; hence his pleasure in writing "clever" letters, and carrying on those protracted arguments on paper with Murphy and others—a weakness, certainly. It was finessing and trick, that never getting into company without "laying a plot to get out of it," as Colman said; with laborious histrionic attempts at being called out at a judicious moment, or getting away, like Tom Moore, at an effective moment after the good story, or of his taking sly and furtive glances down the room, at "a duke's table," to see how his joke told on the butler or footmen. Foolish, purposeless finessing, certainly, but how different from the "trick" that has no good heart behind, and "finessing" for personal advantage to level others, and raise oneself. As for that "casting off his friends" as a huntsman would do

his pack, it was true in the sense of the "pack," being too often ready to cast itself off from him; he would let it go without resentment; and, when it was weary and distressed, and glad to find help and comfort, his cheerful "whistle" was ready. A long list of the "hounds" who returned, thus cringing, to the feet of the man they had snarled at, and even bitten, whether players, authors, or friends, could be made out. But this was coldness, it will be said, and a selfishness, a view to his own interest. Let us hear Davies a moment on this point, a writer who has otherwise dealt hardly with him:—"Mr. Garrick, as manager of a theatre, who had a variety of commerce with authors, actors, painters, scenemen, &c., thought himself obliged often to be on his guard against innumerable requests, questions, claims, and petitions of a thousand people. The quickness of his conception, and the precipitance of his temper, *obliged him to make use of that caution, which some persons think degenerated into art.* . . . . Had he embraced a more decided conduct, he would in all probability have had fewer hours of vexation." The same "friend" very happily explains another motive for this "acting." "He was apt to be too soon struck with anything that offered to his mind; and he would in the ardour of a moment promise, what his cooler reflection told him he ought not to perform. This failing accompanied him through life, and brought along with it much vexation." It brought along with it the embarrassment he had with Murphy, and a hundred others, and those attempts to extricate himself from good-natured promises, which could not be carried out, without giving offence. These blemishes are what are in most minds; but firmness,

and perhaps a little hypocrisy, hide them. We may be excused for dwelling at length on his character; for the whole may be even found interesting, as a picture of human nature in the general. He could "whistle his friends back." Yes: "to his honour it must be owned," again says Davies, "he was free from implacability, as several could testify who gave him great and unmerited provocation." We can go further: there is not a single instance where he refused to be reconciled, nay, was even ready to make the first advance. Of his "gluttony" of praise I have spoken before, and shown, I think, how eager was he for it, as evidence that he had still his hold on the town.* So too with that relish of the "puffs" of dunces. Only Goldsmith made a little mistake in the motive. He did not care so much for their "pepper;" but in those Grub-street days, when the horizon was darkened with "hacks," even the praise of dunces was almost as profitable as that of the discriminating. The true explanation is, that he did not court their approbation, but dreaded their savage attacks. And this sensitiveness friends did not care to distinguish from "gluttony." Well might Goldsmith appeal to the crew of Kenricks and Kellys and Woodfalls, the former of whom was a mere bravo, the second a person who had written bitter rhymes on the stage, could write more, and the last of whom was an agent of the dreadful Junius. Handsomely, too, were their services rewarded, either by loans of money, or the acceptance of poor plays.

* Reynolds gave an explanation of all Garrick's fatigues and troubles even after his fortune was made; that he wished to preserve his popularity and influence with the great, who forget those who cease to be the town talk.

As for the "stinginess," the common form of slander against Garrick, we see Goldsmith made no allusion to that. Garrick's endorsement was still on his note, and the poet must have known many a story of this kindly assistance; and I think a short catalogue of his benefits will settle for ever these charges of meanness and saving.

The charge of avariciousness had become a "stock" one long before he died; actors and authors went away from Drury Lane, swelling the cry that "Garrick was so stingy, and Garrick was so mean." No wonder he was rich, they said, as no one was in such agonies when it came to parting with his money. The jesters joined in the cry, and innumerable were the pleasant stories they told to illustrate "Garrick's stinginess." With all this, echoed again and again until the character of "stinginess" became accepted, there was an impression abroad that Mr. Garrick *could* at times be a little liberal. There were a few instances of this liberality pretty well known during his lifetime, which seemed inconsistent with the "stingy" character. They were accounted for by other motives about as mean as the stinginess. "Little Davy" was so cunning and clever in all things, that he was merely consulting his interest. We have seen how the valet mind of Tate Wilkinson accounted for his bounty to him. Hard measure has, indeed, been dealt out to him in this regard, and it is surprising with what sweetness and patience he should have complacently accepted such a reputation. It will hardly be credited that this great man—for such we may call him—was about the most benevolent and charitable of his time; not in that pompous shape of charity which sets its name

down ostentatiously, for great sums to hospitals and institutions, but in that more generous and laborious charity which helps the weak, rescues the struggling friend at the critical moment, and saves credit and name by secret, timely, and judicious aid. In this rare exercise of Christian virtue, the great actor was conspicuous. Never was a man so maligned, and, worse than all, maligned by those who experienced his bounty. He was the most generous, kindly, and humane of men. And now we know that all his thrift, his little carefulness about saving, which the mean, dissipated wasteful creatures about him could not understand, and made merry with, was all to the one end—of laying up a store which he could dispense magnificently; or, at the worst, was a "peculiarity," which had been found in many generous men both before and since.

It is much to 'Tom Davies' credit, who had his own grudges against the great actor, and who fancied himself aggrieved, that when he comes to deal with this matter—as it were, over the grave of his friend—he should have forgotten all, even his own rather unfair insinuations in other portions of the "Life," and given way to a warm and generous burst of admiration. The catalogue of Garrick's good deeds would be a long one, indeed as long as his own life. It began even with his days of early success. "His mind," says Davies, "was so bountiful, that he scarcely knew what it was to deny. No man seemed more anxious to get money, none more willing to bestow it generously. To those who knew the sums he constantly gave away, it would appear that his sole end of acquiring wealth was for the benefit of others. I

shall not talk of his public charities. I mean such actions only as were less known to the world." Here is a fine panegyric. It is easy to give, in a theatrical burst of compassion. But Garrick gave on principle, and seemed to illustrate Bishop Butler's fine distinction between the merit of active and of passive charity. "His bounty was uniform," goes on Davies, "not a sudden burst of humour." The explanation of his apparent penuriousness, was the natural one of recollection of the early miserable struggles at Lichfield. It was noticed, too, that even when he had begun to be a little prosperous, his generosity then began also. We run hastily over the instances of this liberality, to which the allusions in his correspondence help us.

His offer to Clairon has been mentioned. Now Burke comes to him to beg a loan of a thousand pounds, which is cheerfully given, though it may perhaps have been more a matter of convenience to the great orator, than one of necessity. Now Baretti asks for fifty guineas, which he had been made to promise he would ask for if in want. Now an obscure player begs five guineas; now a poor fiddler is assisted with twenty-seven guineas, is given a place in the Drury Lane orchestra, and then writes impudent and ungrateful letters, because his salary is not raised. Now Bickerstaff writes in verse:

"Fifty *times, as I suppose,*
I *have troubled you in prose.*"
"Well," cry you, with peevish brow,
"What the plague 's the matter now?"
Teazed and worried at this rate,
. . . Ay, this ever is his way
Every now and then to send me.
To these Irishmen commend me:
And expect me at his need—
Fifty pounds!—not I, indeed.

"Sent directly" is Garrick's prompt endorsement on this appeal. Capell, the Shakspearean, was also lent money; so was Dibdin; so was Wilkinson; so was Victor 50*l.*, generously made a present of to the debtor. How Foote, Murphy, Barry, and Mossop were assisted we have seen in the course of this narrative.

Did his friends want subscriptions for their books, he was unwearied in soliciting his noble friends, and thus obtained large sums for Lloyd, Johnson, Victor, and many more. A lady, who had no claim on him, but having known him and his connections at Lichfield, applied to him, and received a present of a hundred pounds. He actually kept several almoners to whom he gave sums to be distributed at their discretion. For the wretched hack-poet, "Kit Smart," he left a sum of money in Mr. Smith's hands. Sterne was helped. For one of his own players, Hardham, he went security for a hundred pounds, and by a kindly extempore puff introduced into one of the plays, sent all the town to look for Hardham's snuff mixture. When he was on his travels he met Brompton, the painter, who was in distress, and wanted to go to Rome to study. Garrick gave him the best advice, and the handsome assistance of 150*l.**

To Simpson, the schoolfellow in difficulties, he gave 100*l.* There was even a grace in the way in which he performed these good actions. When Mr. Berenger, Deputy-Master of the Horse to the king, fell into difficulties, and was obliged to confine himself in sanctuary, as it were, at the royal stables, his friends, who

* Forster MSS. Davies says only 50*l.* The fellow's head was soon turned, and he became insolent. Garrick wrote to him. "You'll teach me! I am too old to learn, and you are too young to teach me."

loved him, took up the matter and raised money to defray his debts. Garrick sent him back his bond for 250*l.* 10*s.*, with this letter—

"DEAR BERENGER,—I did not hear till last night, and I heard it with the greatest pleasure, that your friends have generously contributed to your and their own happiness. No one can more rejoice in this circumstance than I do; and as I hope we shall have a bonfire upon the occasion, I beg that you will light it with the enclosed." *

"Innumerable instances of humanity," says Davies, "could be told of him, enough to fill a volume." Here again was the fashion after which Mr. Garrick helped his friends. There was a surgeon of reputation, who often came and dined and supped with them. One night this gentleman declared that his affairs were in such a situation, that without a friend who would lend him a thousand pounds, he must be ruined. Garrick asked what security he had. "None but my own," said the surgeon. "Here's a pretty fellow," said Garrick, turning to Mrs. Garrick, "who wants a thousand pounds on his own security." He drew a cheque for that sum, never asked for it, and never was repaid. Once a friend asked him for a trifle, for a poor widow —say two guineas. "I can't give that," he replied. "Well, what you please." He put thirty pounds into his friend's hand. As Davies says, "of this I should despise the mention, if it were a matter of rarity and wonder;" but pages could be filled with these little "unofficial" acts of true kindness. It was discovered after his death, that he had a host of small annuitants

* Taylor gives a very amusing distortion of this story. He represents Garrick as giving a dinner, and after dinner producing all the bonds, notes, &c., which had been bought up by Berenger's friends, and which he then threw into the fire. This rather theatrical scene is clearly based on the word "bonfire" in Garrick's letter. Both Taylor and Davies make the sum 500*l.*; but this was the penalty, which in a bond is made double the principal.

depending on him. At Hampton every inhabitant of the place could tell the same tale; the poor of that place lost in him almost an affectionate father. And it was remarked that every year, his benefactions and charities were steadily increasing. Very kindly and pretty also in the idea, was his little festival for the first of May, when all the Hampton poor children were invited to his garden and amused; presented with huge cakes by his own hand, and a small present of money. And I have not the slightest doubt that this was a little *galanterie* in honour of his charming and much loved wife, whose name, "Maria," belonged to the month of May. When Mr. Christie, head of the well-known auction firm, was involved in a difficulty by the failure of Mr. Chase Price, one of his patrons, and suffered a loss of some 5000*l*., it was Mr. Garrick who privately offered to help him through, with assistance to that amount. To a descendant of Grotius he paid a small annuity. Thus delicate, gracious, kindly, generous, as great in goodness as he was in intellectual gifts, he remained from the beginning of his life to the end.

But the reader would be wearied before we had exhausted the long list of his charities. He had high friends and connections, and these he made use of to help friends in a less eleemosynary way. For a naval officer named Thompson he obtained repeated promotion. This gentleman had written a piece for the stage, which was brought out, not very long before Garrick's death. With a disloyalty not usually found in his profession, and smarting under the sense of failure, he published in the "London Packet" a most unmanly attack upon Garrick, under the title of "The

Elephant of Drury Lane," in which he charged the actor with conspiring to destroy his play. Mr. Bate was so indignant at this ingratitude that he published a reply, in which he told the town very plainly the navy captain's obligations to Mr. Garrick. This letter Thompson chose to fasten on Mr. Garrick, and came to the Adelphi, with his friend Mr. Crawford, to charge him with the authorship. Garrick was so hurt, that he made Bate the editor swear an affidavit acknowledging the entire authorship, and affirming that Garrick had never seen, or inspired, a single word of it, and that the obligations he had learned from Thompson's own friends! The officer apologised abjectly. "To the last period in my life I will own my gratitude to you." But in a case like this, when he had been cruelly "hurt," Garrick never gave way, and, deeply wounded, replied in these words: "*As I never satirised my friends*, so I never can forget any unprovoked satire from one I once called my friend. It is impossible that Captain Thompson and I can ever look upon each other but with pain, though for different reasons. Therefore, the less we see each other, the better." The officer had said, that what raised his suspicions was the similarity of expressions to a passage in an old letter of his to Garrick. "Can Mr. Thompson imagine," said the other, "that the man he has known and tried so long, could be guilty of so much baseness as to give up a private letter for ridicule? Be assured, sir, that I have as totally forgotten what you may have written to me from every part of the world, as I will endeavour to forget that such a person as the writer, and his unkindness, ever existed." A most dignified, just, and manly reproof.

He had a good-natured way of performing kind offices. Young Jephson, one of his clients, was always behind the scenes, cheerful and jovial, but was without any provision. One night the manager meets a nobleman at his *coulisses*, who is going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, and on the spot, gets him to take his young friend in his retinue. Jephson afterwards became Irish Master of the Horse, sent plays over to Garrick, one of which, "Braganza," had success, and was in due time assisted with a loan of no small amount. Now Richard Burke wishes a year's longer leave of absence from the colonies, and Garrick obtains it. Now Edmund Burke is in some difficulty with the Commissioners of Customs: *he* sets it right. Now an unfortunate wretch, lying ordered for execution, writes in his condemned cell the most piteous appeal to him from "your dying and ever obliged humble servant," and Garrick flies to fulfil the office, works night and day, and, late as it is, procures a respite. Johnson, too, had benefited by a loan of a hundred pounds. But we could go on for pages, swelling this list. His life was one round of kindly duties and offices, and much as we may admire the generosity of this wonderful man, we can no less admire the cheerfulness and dignity with which he bore slanders of those who actually made a reputation for him of being "mean and stingy."

He had all the little arts of kindness, not to be represented by the vulgar measure of money, yet no less useful to friends. There was a graciousness about him, all his own. He goes to Cumberland on the morning after the latter's new piece had been produced, with a newspaper, and a very doleful air of

comfort: "If your hide be as thick as that of a rhinoceros, this will cut you to the bone"—Then he would read a sentence, that seemed a little cold—then would read on to himself, and stop to moan over the scurrility of the papers: "I daresay this is Bickerstaff again, but you don't mind *him*. No, no. I see—a little galled, but not much hurt. You must stop his mouth with a golden egg. But let us see how he goes on." Then came the warmest, most liberal panegyric, all written by Garrick himself, actually with a view of frustrating the attacks of the press. And he only wished by this little bit of comedy to add to his friend's enjoyment.

But the little Reynolds' dialogue I have before spoken of is his best testimonial. The first, where Johnson is made to attack Garrick, reads artificially and like Johnson; but in the second, it would seem that the image of his departed friend rose up before the kindly artist, and hurried his pen beyond the lightness of a mere *jeu d'esprit*, into what is as noble a panegyric, as it is an acute outline of character. No one had heard so much of the common stock-charges against his friend; no one so effectually not merely refuted, but explained *why* they had been made. His description of Garrick's social position is an epitaph. Not a man, he says, the highest in rank or literature, but was proud to know Garrick, and glad to have him at his table. Foote, indeed, was also received, but it was merely as "a jester or buffoon;" Garrick was invariably received as *a gentleman*. The reasons for this treatment should be recorded. It was simply *self-respect*. Foote was familiar and vulgar, and heard calling peers by the surname; but Garrick always showed due respect for rank. His reception was on firm ground.

"*What he gave was returned, and what was returned he kept for ever. He continued advancing till the last,* and acquired every advantage of high birth, except precedence of going into a room; *but once there, was treated* the same as a man of the first distinction. This he *never claimed*, but was voluntarily allowed to him." As was stated in the preface to this memoir, the history of Garrick furnishes golden rules, and teaches how nearly associated with the virtues and morality of life, is the cultivation of the little decorous arts, which seem to some conventional. The same delicate touching shows how unsubstantial was Johnson's charge of Garrick's having no friend, but friends; and of being "too diffused." "Consider," says Reynolds, "a man *whom every one desired to know!*"—such a one could not receive, or cultivate every one according to his deserts. He had to practise a sort of husbandry. He had to divide his attention among many. Others thought him false, because he was fond of qualifying refusals with excuses, and because he often held out hopes. The truth was, he did not like to say no, and wished to oblige where he could. The wonder is, how he contrived to oblige so many, and, as I have said, his life seems quite a round of little offices for the service of his neighbours. The same friend bears testimony to the charm of his company at the great tables, his gaiety, subdued vivacity, his wit on light subjects, and his acuteness and information in graver matters. Charmingly and appropriately did one of his friends write under his portrait, the melodious lines of Shakspeare:—

"A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (Conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Measured even by this compliment of portrait painting, no man ever received such homage. Part of this was no doubt owing to his wonderful features, and expression; but even with such gifts, no man has ever been "asked to sit," to so extraordinary a degree. Reynolds begins the list, having painted him four times over—as *Kitely*—as the charming Garrick himself, with his thumbs joined, and a bright intelligence of expectancy, quite delightful; also as the famous figure, drawn to this side and that, by the rival charms of the comic and the tragic Muse. The amused indecision, and good-natured perplexity in the face, is admirable. To Gainsborough he sat at least five times; and one of Gainsborough's was what Mrs. Garrick considered the best likeness of her husband ever made. To Wilson he sat twice; to Pine—for perhaps the most striking of all the portraits—once.* By the firm and brilliant Zoffany, we have at least six pictures, theatrical, and in private life; by Pond, two. Hogarth, Angelica Kauffman, Dance, Worlidge, Hudson, Cotes, Hone, Mortimer—all good artists—attempted him; also Carmontelle, Hayman, Dawes, De Wilde, Loughterburg, Roberts, Houston, Parkinson, Gucht. We might certainly wish that Reynolds had carried out a plan, which he had often discussed with his friend—

* It is engraved for the frontispiece to the first volume. Reynolds also did a sketch of him, in the green-room.

namely, a large picture, with the actor in the middle, in his natural air and dress, but surrounded by all his great characters. Pine's certainly claims to have been done under the best conditions, at a time when he was not too far advanced in life, as were many of the others, but when he was in the prime of all his powers—his charming eyes in all their brightness, his features in all their force. The list of these flattering compliments—of the small sketches and etchings,* would be endless. In one, he is drawn on his sofa, in a flowered dressing-gown, with the Muse of Shakspeare addressing him—

"Take, O take me to your arms!"

In others he is crowned. Well, indeed, might his walls have been crowded with these offerings; but the truth was, comparatively few were in his possession, he having given most of them away.

No face could be more striking, or tempting to the painter. Coming on his portrait in a portfolio of prints, we should say, "Here is a Frenchman's." The brilliant eyes, darting fire, rolling from side to side—the rapid change of expression—the marked features—nay, the face itself, were entirely French. So was the vivacity, and the two sides to his genius. Indeed, most of Garrick's gifts may be traced to the French blood in his veins.

* Some of them, done not long before his death, show a greater decay and alteration than we might have suspected.

CHAPTER XIV.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

1778—1779.

After this glimpse at a family circle, we return to the centre figure, now *en retraite*, and fairly entered on his retirement. The attentions and kindness of his friends now redoubled. Now that he was free, they competed with each other for his society. He was overwhelmed with invitations. Sir Watkyn Wynne now claimed him for a long-promised visit to Wynnestay. Irish friends—the Caldwells of Castle Caldwell, whom he had met abroad at Florence, pressed him to visit them in Ireland, a country which he had not seen for some thirty years, but to which his heart had often turned. His kind, gracious, and most grateful letter is almost extravagant in its acknowledgments. He most sincerely wished that it was in his power, as it was in his heart, to show his gratitude. It had long been his wish to visit a kingdom, where he had been honoured with every mark of regard and kindness. He did not quite give up the hope of getting over there, but Mrs. Garrick was so distressed by sea voyages; and then he makes the remarkable declaration that he had not *been away a single day from* Mrs. Garrick during the twenty-eight years of their marriage, and, therefore, could not now begin to think of

going alone. Lord Pembroke, too, was eager to secure him for Wilton.

His holiday had fairly begun. He kept Hampton open, and got the hearty Rigby to come for a pleasant day.* Mistley, the cheerful house of the jovial Rigby, was ever open to him. For the guest could write a pleasant ballad or two of himself and Mrs. Garrick :—

"Invited to Mistley, to Squire Rigby's seat,
They could not be welcome unless they came neat,
The maid from the laundry, in haste she had gone,
And not a clean shirt or clean shift to put on.
Sing tantara-ra—all sing," &c.

He seems to have paid a visit to Sir Watkyn Wynne's in Wales; and though it may be doubted if he took part in their private theatricals, I find among his papers some notes of a prologue to be spoken on that occasion:—

"I who have strutted many an hour,
In Royal robes and royal power,
Now though I have left the stage,
And should be wiser for my age, &c.
* * * *
No wonder vanity takes wing,
That now I feel myself a king."†

What must have pleased him beyond all other

* His invitation to his friend "Haly Paly" is so characteristic and spirited, that we may give a portion of it here. "Most unfortunately, my dear Haly Paley, the Hamptonians are engaged. . . . But why may not that *other party* take place at our return? . . and if you can take any pleasure in a roasted doctor, and have no aversion to roasted venison, we will treat you with both. Open your mind to me, I beseech you, my dearest Haly, in all naked simplicity; hearken with joy and gladness to tidings I shall declare unto you. On or about the 7th or 8th of the next month, the Royalty of Mistley will honour Hampton with his presence; and as I would choose to have him in all his glory . . . let the *Halys*, the *Wrotsleys*, the *Mollys*, the *Dimples*, and the *Cupids* be kept for that high festival. To which let the *Reynolds*, the *Chamier*, and the *Adam*, the first of men, be called by the sound of trumpet; and let the Loves, the Graces, with the rest attend . . . Yours, my dearest Paley, in all truth, naked truth, and most affectionate warmth of mysterious conjunction, DAVY PAVY. Pray, if possible, an explicit answer by the bearer."

† Hill MSS. It is headed "On D. G.'s reception at Wynnstay."

compliments was the famous scene in the House of Commons, when, during some altercation between two members, a wealthy county member, Squire Baldwin, moved that the gallery be cleared. Garrick contrived to remain, no doubt through the contrivance of his many friends, at which the county member was very indignant, and on the following day addressed the House on the impropriety of having stage players listening to their debates. Nothing could have been happier: it seemed like what is known in Garrick's own profession as the *sifflet à succès*. Burke, in a splendid panegyric, extolled him as the man who had taught them all. Fox and Townshend followed in the same strain, and talked of him as their old preceptor, and the House unanimously agreed that so great an ornament to the age should not be disturbed. He might have been content with this handsome testimony; yet must enfeeble it, by some very poor verses, which he gave in return to Fox and Burke, and his other friends, and concluded by likening the county member to a donkey.*

He had found a new friend in Miss Hannah More, who had been one of the most enraptured listeners at his farewell performances, and he had good-naturedly helped forward her rather heavy play. "She was sure," says Clive, "everything you touched would turn into gold; and though she had great merit in the writing, still you dandled it, and fondled it, and then carried it in your arms to town to nurse." It was for this lady's play that he furnished a prologue, in

* "A brute there is whose voice confounds,
And frights all others with strange sounds.
Had you your matchless powers displaying,
Like him, Squire Baldwin, set a-braying," &c.

which he indiscreetly alluded to the doubtful Chevalier D'Eon. The tone of the lines was scarcely in good taste, especially as he had the lady down at Hampton, where, for her amusement, he had given an imitation of how a Frenchman and Englishman would behave in the same situation. With this the disguised French lady was offended, and Garrick may have been piqued, and thus may have felt himself discharged from any delicacy; he, however, made handsome apologies.

He still took a great interest in the theatre and its doings, and seems to have had some weight in the recommendation of plays, &c. And this voice he certainly was entitled to, as he had actually a heavier stake in the concern than any one of the partners. For he held a mortgage on Lacy's share, secured, however, on the whole four shares, for the large sum of twenty-two thousand pounds. This was a serious stake, and it very soon was to cause him much uneasiness. Retired, as he thought he was, he was still to have responsibility. The change had come, and presently he saw that Sheridan's carelessness and laziness were imperilling the security every hour. Even Mrs. Clive, down at Twickenham, found everybody raving at the supineness of Sheridan. "There never was in nature such a contrast as Garrick and Sheridan. What have you given him," she asked, "*that he creeps so?*" Yet Lacy, who seems to have inherited his father's petulance, could scarcely conduct himself with decent forbearance to a creditor, who had so much in his power. When the second season began, the profits were only just enough to discharge the interest money on the debts; and the first season only brought Lacy five hundred pounds. This did not look hopeful. Yet

in the face of such difficulties, he could write to Garrick in such a strain as this: "No unkind treatment shall ruffle my temper, or make me decide uncandidly on the proposals I now wait for. On the other hand, *no distress, no oppression shall force me to consent to what I could not otherwise acquiesce in.*" Garrick had not pressed him, but thought that he had proposed to pay off the mortgage. The good-natured creditor passed over this behaviour on a sort of excuse being made, and was forbearing. The only result of his indulgence was a notice from the proprietors within a few weeks, declaring their inability to pay any interest, until all the debts of the theatre had been cleared off. This was an alarming intimation. Two thousand two hundred a-year was scarcely a trifle. Garrick's answer was a prompt notice of foreclosure. The proceedings brought out a piece of duplicity on the part of Lacy; for he wrote to disclaim all share in the notice that had been sent, and to protest against the mortgage being paid off, declaring that the interest would be found, all in due course. Garrick, at once softened, sent him a message that he might depend he should not be distressed. Yet he presently discovered that, before this transaction, Lacy had bargained to transfer all his interest to Sheridan for a large price. This quite explained his disinclination to have the mortgage paid off.

Yet this was not all. Linley, another of the proprietors, assumed that some paragraph reflecting on the theatre, that appeared in the papers, was written by Garrick; and, acting on this presumption, chose to write an offensive one in reply, in which much ridicule was thrown upon the late manager. For this, he,

like Lacy, was compelled to apologise. Very soon Mr. Garrick had to address "the new patentees" collectively in plain terms. "Gentlemen," he wrote, "the rudeness of your letters, always the sign of a bad cause, I shall pass over with contempt." But as they proposed an arbitration, he agreed to refer the matter to their respective attorneys, and declined to have any further correspondence with them. After this we can appreciate Garrick's rare discretion as a manager, beside which we may put this exhibition of incompetence and stupidity. For so short a period as eighteen months they could not conduct their theatre.

The theatre was now to have other losses, and his departure seemed to be the forerunner of a general decay. For within six months, Weston and Shuter, a pair of infinite humour, Woodward the comedian, and Barry, the very essence of tenderness, and now literally worn out of existence by the never-ceasing rackings of gout, were all swept away. Almost as soon as he was gone, the decay set in. The well-known character of Sheridan was no guarantee for steadiness or efficiency. The manager would come into the green-room to hear Cumberland's new play read, yawn through a couple of acts, half asleep, and give as an excuse that he had been up for two nights before. It is very characteristic that he should have taken Garrick's performances very easily, partly from sheer laziness. He once lamented at a supper, that he had not seen the great actor as often as he might have done. The reason he gave is equally characteristic of Thomas Sheridan, his father; for this actor had always instilled into his son that he himself was

the *first* player in England; the son, therefore did not care to see an inferior player.

The sparkling "School for Scandal" was already in rehearsal. It had been read by Garrick, who was infinitely impressed with its wit and power. Never was a play so cast, and though it has been acted again and again since, with great players in this, and that character, every filling of the parts has been inferior. He had been, also, greatly pleased with "The Duenna." "Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old," says Elia, "it is something to have seen 'The School for Scandal' in its glory. It is impossible that it should be played now. No piece," he goes on, "was ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's* comedy." King was *Sir Peter;* Gentleman Smith, *Charles Surface;* "Jack" Palmer, *Joseph;* Yates, *Sir Oliver;* Parsons, *Crabtree;* and Dodd, *Sir Benjamin:* with Abington, and "charming, natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy." What a cast—what a comedy! Sir George Beaumont met Garrick in the lobby of Drury Lane on the first night,* just after the play was over, "and with darting eyes I remember he expressed his admiration of the play, and particularly praised the fourth act." † Such a list makes despair as we look back wistfully. The lucky Brinsley saw his

* May 8, 1777.

† Cradock. Garrick addressed some lines

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

"It is a shame, young Sheridan, and ne'er will be forgot—
With more of wit than falls to man—with character and plot—
That you should dare to mount the stage and fascinate the town,
A suckling poet of your age to seize the laurel crown."

Hill MSS.

own piece cast, as later generations may never hope to see it cast.* It is the great comedy of the century. Yet this was to be the last effort of Drury Lane. As Garrick had made his final appearance, so comedy and good acting were here to make their bow.†

Before four months had gone over, Lacy was busy with some underhand negotiations for disposing of his share to Captain Thomson and Mr. Langford: efforts which Sheridan, who designed eventually to have the whole control of the theatre himself, took the most extraordinary steps to counteract. The negotiation had been all but completed, when Sheridan suddenly absented himself, and sent word to Lacy to look after the management. To the two intending purchasers, he also sent notice that he would have nothing more to do with the management. Sheridan brought over all the performers to his side. His description of the

* Farren has been thought equal to King, as *Sir Peter*, but this may be doubted. In the general dramatic gloom, the recent revival of this comedy at the St. James's Theatre is some encouragement; and the spirited and vivacious playing of the new *Lady Teazle*, Miss Herbert, has been put by old playgoers beside that of Mrs. Jordan's.

† Sheridan is under some obligations to Murphy. The wit in some of the latter's pieces has very much the shape and tone of the wit in "The School for Scandal." In one of Murphy's pieces, there is a *Beverley* who is exactly *Falkland* in "The Rivals," harassing his *Clarissa* with doubts and jealousy—"I could learn since what spirits you were in, though I enjoyed nothing in your absence." The vivacity of his best character, *Dashwou'd*, is delightful; and the various strokes and similes, not a bit more artificial than those of "The School for Scandal." The description of the fussy member and his handkerchief is excellent. "*Manilla* ransom not paid; there must be a motion about that matter; he knots his handkerchief to remind him—scarcity of corn—another knot—triennial parliaments—another knot; and so on he goes, till his handkerchief is twisted into a quantity of matters, &c." The "Upholsterer" has been already noticed; and as we read it now, we can quite understand how a good and witty play then bore publishing, as well as acting, and thus had two distinct audiences. *Pamphlet* and his friend, in the hands of Garrick and Yates, the two politicians, disputing about "the balance of power," was a delightful exhibition of real and legitimate humour. The marvel is, how the man, who could be thus airy and even witty, in presence of the lamps, when he tried serious writing, could become so full of bombast, and talk of the "thunder and lightning of virtue."

whole is admirable; "indeed there never was known such an universally epidemic disorder as has raged among our unfortunate company; it differs from the plague by attacking the better sort first; the manner, too, in which they are seized, I am told, is very extraordinary; many who were in perfect health at one moment, on receiving a billet from the prompter to summon them to their banners, are seized with sudden qualms, and before they can get through their contents, are absolutely unfit to leave their room." This is pleasant, but we must think of the way the audience were treated—apologies, no plays to act, and no players. This was the first stage of demoralization. These unworthy tactics, so characteristic of Sheridan, prevailed, and the purchasers were frightened off.

He was indeed longing to have absolute control, and in 1778 contrived to buy Lacy's moiety for 45,000*l.*; but of this money the other partners found 10,000*l.*, and took Sheridan's original share as an equivalent. Instead therefore of having a fourth voice in the management, his single interest was now equal to that of the two other sharers. He afterwards purchased Dr. Ford's share for 17,000*l.*, and thus became almost uncontrolled master. Where all this money was found was a mystery to his friend and biographer, as indeed it must have been to all who knew him. It still continues so to the world. Whether Garrick was paid his debt, and thus became free from such a responsibility, I have not been able to discover.

He himself could not keep away from the old scene. It is not unlikely that the persuasive Sheridan had induced him to let some of the money lie out on

mortgage. This would account for his interest in the theatre. It was rumoured in the Dublin coffee-houses that Sheridan, the father, had met him in the green-room, and behaved rudely to him. That veteran was still in town, busy with his old-fashioned rotund school of declamation. Mr. Tighe and the Irish gentlemen called him "Old Bubble and Squeak." The son was indulgent; but the actor had not forgotten the old rivalry and the old quarrel, and seemed to resent Garrick's appearance behind the scenes of Drury Lane. It was natural that when young Bannister was rehearsing *Zaphna*, he should be anxious to have hints from Roscius, of whom it had been a great part. Old Sheridan thought this an interference with him, and actually sent Garrick a rude message to that effect by Bannister. "Pray assure your father," wrote Garrick, much hurt, to the manager, "that I meant not to interfere with his department. I imagined (foolishly indeed) my attending Bannister's rehearsal of the part I had once played, and which your father never saw, might have assisted the cause, without giving the least offence. I love my ease too well to be thought an interloper. However, upon no consideration will I ever interfere again in this business." This rebuff reads a little humiliating; but Garrick's experience should at least have taught that such unofficial relations, after retirement, or an interference which is tolerated, always brings an awkwardness.

Still friends induced him to return. When Sheridan's "Camp" was being got up, Garrick remained one night after the audience had gone, to see the effect of some scenery, and caught a severe cold, which it would seem he never was quite able to shake off.

Yet if he suffered, he must have found comfort. News of this attack reached Lord Camden, who wrote to learn the truth with an eagerness infinitely creditable to their long friendship. He had learned by inquiry that he was now recovered; but this did not quite satisfy him.* Garrick soon became well enough to go down to Lord Palmerston's, in Hampshire, and was at the review at Winchester, where it was remarked that he was looking quite well again. It was at Lord Palmerston's, in the month of September, that he signed his will, which is attested by that nobleman, and by a clergyman and his wife. It was on the Review ground, that the King heard him calling for "a horse! a horse!" noticed his burlesque attitude, and made the flattering remark that it could only be the great actor who could speak in that way.

During these last few months—for they were to be the last of his good and admirable life—all his friends seemed to feel a sort of instinct—to be nervously anxious—to show how much they regarded him, and were persevering in their affectionate wishes, attentions, and compliments. Hannah More told him how "a sweet girl," at that review, stood near, and forgot to look at the king or at his troops. She told him too, how the receipt of his letter, announcing that he was better, made her more joyful than ever she felt in her life. "Yet it was not a very mirthful kind of joy, for I shed tears at a part

* "For I cannot be easy till I receive this account confirmed by your own hand. *I have arrived at a time of life, when the loss of an old friend is irreparable:* and however it has happened that we have not lately met as often as formerly, my friendship is as warm as ever, and I am sure there is not one among your large catalogue of friends who is

"More affectionately yours, than

"CAMDEN."

of it, which is not to be answered, nor even thought of; and when I read it to the rest, we had a concert of crying." He was indeed not himself. He was, as he expressed it, wandering about for health,—now at this noble house, now at that, and flying from one medicine to the other. He was suffering acutely: yet he tried hard to keep up his spirits. The Spencers were in town, and he was to take them on a Saturday to see Fielding's posthumous play, for which he had written a prologue. That charming lady had insisted on the usual Christmas visit to Althorpe; and after many postponements he had fixed to be there by New Year's day, "well or ill dressed." This was to be his last visit to that delightful house, and to the people who were so dear to him. Yet he was not to take down with him a mind as free from anxieties as he hoped. For the state of Drury Lane was now growing serious indeed.

The decay had at last set in. The notion of managing by a junto is the most foolish of delusions. It was characteristic, that Sheridan, who had encouraged the players to strike, and neglect their duty, when it was his interest to do so, now found them turning the same arts against himself; and he thus was to learn that in "management," no less than in the world, the profit was to be found in self-restraint and decency. Had he cared to consult Garrick's life, or experience, he might have learned the lesson far more cheaply. When Garrick left town for his last holiday jaunt to the country, he had misgivings as to what would happen. Hopkins, the prompter, often wrote to him accounts of what they were doing, and how plays went off. What sort was the miserable management

may be conceived from a specimen during that Christmas. On one night "Much Ado about Nothing" was in the bills. At noon Henderson sent word to the theatre that he could not play. They hurried off to Covent Garden, and obtained "the loan" of Lewis to supply his place. Soon after arrived a message from Parsons, to the effect that *he* could not play. Moody was put into his part; and then, later, Vernon announced that *he* would not play. The prompter thought himself very lucky in being able to stop all these serious gaps so happily. But during the first act, he found that one La Mash—a small creature—who did *Borachio*, had neither come to his duty, nor sent any excuse. There was no one to take the part, and they had to cut out his scenes altogether. There was a wretched house. "The School for Scandal" was down for the next night, but Parsons could not play. No wonder the harassed prompter said they were in a dreadful situation. The worst symptom was the inferior player, La Mash, venturing to absent himself. What a change from the discipline of the late manager, under whose rule no one dared to have offered such disrespect to the public.

Their only hope was in the pantomime, got up with gorgeous scenery, and the famous Grimaldi as clown. He was the very life and soul of it; but though galleries and pit were full, the boxes were thin. Pantomimes were not the happy restoratives they have since proved.

Yet now, with his last sickness almost on him, was to come a blow—a shape—a something, which all through his life, had been what he most shrunk from, a plague that had cost him a fortune to avert, and

which now at his last hour, was to come actually to his sick bed, like a horrid spectre. A ruffian, who signed himself CURTIUS, and who had got a corner in some of the papers, thought that something was to be made out of the actor's old fear of attacks, and libels. He had the effrontery to write, threatening a sort of public exposure, and offering to send him "a fair copy of *three* letters which will in a short time appear."

"The public," he said, "have hitherto only seen you in the polished mirror of a parasite's adulation. . . . Garrick's nature must be humbled to the dust. . . . Roscius hates rags. . . . Would to God it was not necessary to enrol the downfall of Roscius on the list of *Curtius's* victories." But he would be generous, and "if, in the swelling heap of charges they contain, you can obviate some, they shall be expunged." Garrick had the inconceivable folly to answer these threats, and expostulate humbly with the writer. "Will Curtius take the word of the accused for his innocence? Does Curtius really think of me as he writes? I hope—I believe not; for if I am not mistaken, this terrible, most abominable culprit himself, has received some marks of good-will from his present accuser." "I honestly assure you," he adds, in conclusion, "that I had much rather have your praise than your blame; but I would as much scorn to obtain it meanly, as you would scorn to grant it." Surely this was treating such a bully with infinitely too much respect, and was actually an invitation for future attacks. We may be certain he took down with him to the Althorpe Christmas merriment, an anxious heart. While there, the fellow pursued him with another letter, telling him that there was inserted

"in the 'Ledger' of to-day a reason for the silence of Curtius." Politics had interfered. "But the hour of leisure is again returning, when he will re-devote himself to Roscius." This could not have cheered him. "In the midst of that social happiness, and rational pleasure," says Mr. Thomas Davies, in his best *valet* manner, "*which everybody enjoys with that noble family*," he was attacked by his old enemies, gout and stone; but this time an alarming eruption, known as herpes, came with it. He was imprudent, and thought by gaiety and motion, to forget his pains. His friend Becket wrote, with an instinctive misgiving, wished he was home again, and at rest in his arm-chair, for he was afraid they would make too much of him, and make him ill. Garrick rallied vigorously, but still was being pursued by plays which he was asked to read, and by copies of criticisms on Drury Lane, reviews, "two answers" to some of his little papers, to say nothing of his own critiques, which he was labouring at, and polishing. Those who sent him these little cares, cautioned him against a relapse. He was to take care, and not to come out too soon. "What a hard bout!" wrote Becket of the struggle his friend had made. The country doctor, however, thought lightly of the attack.

He was brought up to London by easy stages. He arrived at the Adelphi on the evening of the 15th of January. The next day he sent for his apothecary, Laurence, who found him up, and dressing, and apparently better. Young O'Keeffe, then newly come to London, a raw Irish lad, recollected seeing him walking briskly up and down, in front of his house on the Adelphi-terrace. Thus ill, it must have inflamed his

sufferings yet more, to receive a reminder from the ruffian who called himself "Curtius;" who, with affected compassion, promised to suspend his attacks until "Mr. Garrick was in a state of body, to *answer* any public charges. He hopes to be the explainer and corrector of his affectation and tyranny, and jealousy and partiality," a comforting prospect for the sick man. But the end was at hand. There were some alarming symptoms, which made the apothecary advise sending for Dr. Cadogan; who, when he came, pronounced the matter so uncertain and serious, that he recommended the sick man to settle his affairs at once. Garrick answered him calmly, that nothing of that kind remained to be done, and that as for himself, he was quite ready to die. From that hour his malady made steady way, bringing on a sort of dulness from want of circulation, which increased into stupor. During these sad days there was one picture which must have long haunted his wife. Weary with ceaseless watching and attendance, she made an agreeable friend stay and dine, expecting to find some distraction in his society. As they were talking, the door opened, and Garrick came in, in a sort of rich dressing-gown, but fearfully changed; his face yellow and shrunk, his eyes dim, and his gait slow and tottering. By a strange association he seemed to the guest like *Lusignan*, in the high-flown "Zara," one of his favourite characters, of the old, old years, when he wore just such a dress. He sat down on the sofa wearily, remained for more than an hour, but never spoke a word. He seemed to look at them with a morbid fretfulness. He then went back to his room, which he never left again.

Greater physicians were now called in—Warren, and Heberden, Johnson's friend. Many more came later—all friends—eager to give their aid and advice. When the sick man saw the face of Dr. Schomberg, he put out his hand, and with one of the old sweet smiles, said, "Though last, not least in love!" It was known indeed that there could be no hope. This last scene, in this last act, was to be as gracious and becoming, as every other scene in his life, he had played, and so finely played. Though the stupor was gaining on him, he could at times talk calmly and cheerfully. He told one of his friends that he did not regret his having no children, for had they turned out unkind or disobedient, he could not have supported such a trial. On the last day of his life, a letter was brought in—the last he ever received, and it ran to the old, old story—acknowledgment of his kindness. It was from the young Irish Miss Farren, thanking him for civilities, kind notice, and encouragement.

At times the film cleared away from his eyes, and he saw the room filled with figures. He asked who all those people were. When he was told they were physicians, the old pleasant sense of the grotesque came back on him, and he shook his head, muttering, from "The Fair Penitent":

> "Another and another still succeeds,
> And the last fool is welcome as the former."

His old friend Johnson found his way to his bedside: but, it was remarked, could not be persuaded that he was in the least danger. It would seem as though he would not let the thought move him. To one with so morbid a terror of death, it was too near a

reminder. For there was the "Davy" of the Lichfield days—the child when *he* had been a boy—passing away before him. All that day he was composed, and talked at intervals with exceeding tranquillity. Early the next morning, January the 20th, about eight o'clock, the scene at last shifted, and he passed gently from that human stage—where he had played with as much excellence and dignity, as he had ever done on his own—and the folds of that greater curtain came slowly down before the eyes of the dying actor.

The funeral was indeed imposing. The greatest of English players was to be laid in Westminster Abbey. That honour was then something cheaper than it has since become; but the ceremonial was one of extraordinary magnificence. It took place on the first of February. The line of carriages extended from the Strand to the Abbey. The streets were crowded. His pennon was carried in front. Covent Garden was represented by twelve players, and Drury Lane by the same number. The mourners were his two nephews; but the faithful brother and henchman, George, was lying in his last sickness, and died only two days later. Four mourning coaches were filled with the members of the Literary Club,—seven others with intimate friends. At three o'clock, the procession entered the great west door, where the Bishop of Rochester received it. Then began a yet more solemn part of the show. The train moved up the aisle to Purcell's fine old anthem —the great aisles were crowded, and on each side of this player's bier, holding the pall, walked the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Camden, the Earl of Ossory, Earl Spencer, Lord Palmerston, Sir Watkyn Wynne.

And round his grave, appropriately opened under Shakspeare's monument, crowded Johnson, Dunning, Edmund Burke, Charles Fox, Colonel Barrè, and a great number of gentlemen of distinction.

Sheridan mourned him in "a monody," full of rather theatrical grief, but which was much admired at the time:—

> "O loveliest mourner! gentle muse! be thine
> The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.
> * * * * *
> Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn;
> *And with soft sighs disperse the irreverent dust,*
> *Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.*"

This conceit is in the *affetuoso* key, and sounds poorly beside Goldsmith's good verse. It ran through many editions. A monument was soon talked of in the Abbey, and Mr. Wallis, his friend, took on himself the expense and duty of erecting it. Both monument and inscription are in questionable taste. We need hear no better opinion than that of Elia.*

A far finer tribute came from Johnson—some of that noble English which dropped from his pen, when he gave full liberty to his emotion. In one of his "Lives," he recalled his friend Gilbert Walmesley, and

* "Taking a turn the other day in the Abbey, I was struck with the affected attitude of a figure which I do not remember to have seen before, and which upon examination proved to be a whole length of the celebrated Mr. Garrick. Though I would not go so far with some good Catholics abroad, as to shut players altogether out of consecrated ground, yet I own I was not a little scandalized at the introduction of theatrical airs and gestures into a place set apart to remind us of the saddest realities. Going nearer, I found under this harlequin figure the following lines:—

> "To paint fair nature, by divine command,
> Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
> A Shakespeare rose; then, to expand his fame
> Wide o'er the "breathing world," a Garrick came.
> Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
> The actor's genius bade them breathe anew;
> Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
> Immortal Garrick call'd them back to-day," &c.

the old Lichfield days; with these came back the image of the cheerful "Davy," and he broke out: "I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." And though there were some to take a sort of special demurrer to this flight, as if there was only one nation who thus suffered, there is no extravagance in the eulogium. For the profession belongs to all countries, without distinction; and where one portion of the community suffers such a loss, the rest must be indirectly affected. No happier praise, for its length, could be conceived, even to the nice choice of words—"harmless pleasure"—in an age when there was so much pleasure that was not harmless; and, with infinite good taste, Mrs. Garrick had the words engraved on his monument at Lichfield.*

Johnson does not seem to have been as deeply affected as we might have supposed. "Futurity is uncertain," he wrote; "poor David had doubtless many futurities in his head, which death has intercepted: a death, I believe, totally unexpected. He did not in his last hour seem to think his life in danger." Thus, to the

* The Cathedral at Hereford had a fairer claim to such a memorial. Murphy repeats a stupid insinuation against Mrs. Garrick, as to the monument in Westminster. His friend "waited a long time, with an idea that, for the erection of a monument, orders would be given by Mrs. Garrick. Finding on application to that lady, that nothing of the sort was to be intended, Mr. Wallis, in the most liberal manner, resolved, &c." The sculptor whom he employed became bankrupt. "Mr. Wallis was not deterred *by that event:* he had recourse to that eminent statuary, Mr. Webber, who finished the business *in an elegant style* . . . . Mr. Wallis has lately *paid his debt to nature.*" Mrs. Garrick had her own plan of a monument at Lichfield. There were many who thus slandered her. Davies, after writing severely of her husband, sent her messages, to ask her to point out what she thought was disagreeable; and when no notice was taken, told the public how he had offended her, and what steps he had taken.

end (unconsciously, I believe), perverting every act of his friend. It was Johnson himself who would not believe in the danger. Garrick, as we have seen, knew it, and accepted it with resignation. But in matter of death, Johnson's morbid mind always clung to any straw that would give him superiority over another, and put those grim terrors farther away. In the carriage, as the funeral moved on to Westminster, he talked over their lost friend. A few days later, he called at the Adelphi, and wrote a kind message of inquiry after Mrs. Garrick.*

When the subject of collecting Garrick's verses was talked of, and suggested to him, he seemed to say, rather complacently, he would accept the duty, if he was commissioned officially by Mrs. Garrick. She, however, took no notice of the hint. The "Sage's" previous treatment of her husband in print did not encourage the selection of such an editor; and there was no knowing how far Johnson's critical severity might lead him, if so tempting an opportunity offered.†

No actor had ever died so rich. Roughly estimating the various bequests in his will, we might value his estate as close upon a hundred thousand pounds.‡

* This card is in existence :—"Dr. Johnson presents respectful condolence to Mrs. Garrick, and wishes that any endeavour of his could enable her to support a loss, which the world cannot repair."

† Years after, when the subject of the funeral was talked of at a party and in his presence, and was said to have been extravagantly expensive, Johnson contradicted this assertion. He did not relish that magnificence in the obsequies of one who, when alive, "might have been better attacked for living more splendidly than became a player." Mrs. Burney asked if there were not six horses to each coach. "Madam," was his reply, "there were no more six horses than six phœnixes." Yet the mourning coach in which Johnson sat had six horses.

‡ Garrick had lost money in a West India speculation. A hundred thousand pounds would seem over the mark, for he had lived almost beyond his means.

He provided handsomely for all his relations. To Mrs. Garrick was left Hampton, and the Adelphi house, with the plate, linen, wines, pictures, &c., six thousand pounds in money, and fifteen hundred a year.* George Garrick was bequeathed 10,000*l.*, Peter, 3,000*l.* His two nephews, 6,000*l.* and 5,000*l.*; his two nieces, 6,000*l.* each; his sister, Merrial Docksey, 3,000*l.*; and Mrs. Garrick's German niece, 1,000*l.* To these legacies, however, Mrs. Garrick's annuity was to be paramount, and they were to be abated if the personalty fell short during her lifetime. Strange to say, that to his many warm personal friends, for whom he must have cared more than for some of his relations, he left no memorials of any kind.

I have merely to close this memoir with a few words about the woman whom Garrick so loved and valued. She was to live on, to the surprising age of ninety-eight years. Her figure becomes quite familiar, as we look back to the pleasant groups and *coteries*, the households, the chatty dinners and social evenings, of which records are given by Boswell, Burney, Miss Berry, and many more. Round this good lady, keeping up her two houses, at the Adelphi, and at Hampton, cluster her numerous relations—"a hundred head of nieces," who are found there one day by Miss Berry. Her sister, Madame Fürst, who had come to England just before Garrick's death, had gone home again. There was that half sad, half pleasant party at the Adelphi. Hannah More, whom she called her chaplain, had come to live with her; and she was of the party, the first since David's death, two years before;

* It was subject only to the condition of her residing in England. If she went to Ireland, Scotland, or the Continent, it was to be reduced.

Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Carter, Colman, Johnson, Burney, and Boswell. They were elegantly entertained. Indeed, Boswell always thought and spoke gratefully of his departed friend, acknowledging much kindness. The hostess looked well, "talked of her husband with complacency, and while she cast her eyes on his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said 'that death was now the most agreeable object to her.'" This was but the *façon de parler* of a foreigner. The day lingered fondly in Boswell's recollection: the Lichfield ale, the splendid entertainment, the recollection of "many pleasing hours spent with him who gladdened life." In the evening there was a reception, where too there was an amusing scene; and on going away, Boswell and his friend Johnson lingered on the terrace, looking down on the Thames, and thought of the two friends who had lived there, and who were gone—Garrick and Beauclerk. "'Ay, sir," said Johnson, tenderly and softly, "and two such friends as cannot be supplied."

In 1807, many unfavourable remarks were made on some law proceedings in Chancery, which she was advised to institute, in reference to the distribution of her husband's estate. By a residuary clause in her husband's will, what remained over was to be divided among the next of kin, the same as if he had died intestate. It was thought a little "greedy" that she should claim to be included under the denomination, "next of kin." Her counsel, Romilly, urged that the words were used hastily, and were meant to include her; and, looking to the testator's intentions, should be liberally construed. The Chancellor, however, refused the application, acutely saying, that in such a construction,

the testator would have defeated his own intentions; as, in case of her forfeiting her rights (by living out of the country), that forfeiture would merely have gone to swell the residue, to a share in which she would have become entitled.

The "relations," indeed, could not have been very partial to her, especially when they heard, in the year 1815, she had distributed among her German relations all the money she had put by, during the thirty-six years that had elapsed since her husband's death. It amounted to some twelve thousand pounds. Her husband therefore knew where her inclination led her, when he inserted the condition of forfeiture, if she should go and reside out of England. She always maintained her connection with the theatre, and had her box at Drury Lane. Many a new theatrical candidate was brought to her for the sanction of her opinion. It is said that Kean was the only one that she could admit approached her David, and that was in *Richard.** Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, had a pleasant morning with her there, in the Print Room, turning over that wonderful collection of theatrical engravings made by Dr. Burney; and where her husband was to be seen in every character and attitude. She wrote her name without spectacles, though she had not had a pen, she said, in her hand for months; gossiped about her age† and her marriage. At Hampton, which she allowed to get into sad disrepair, she was often visited by

* Her happy criticism of him in another part is well known. "Dear Sir, you cannot act *Abel Drugger*.—Yours, M. GARRICK." The answer was, "Madam, I know it.—Yours, E. KEAN." There were many little stories about her odd foreign capriciousness; of her swearing at the mason who overcharged her: "Get out, you d—d fellow!"

† "My coachman," she said, "insists that I am above 100."

Queen Charlotte, who found her once peeling onions, and herself got a knife and began to peel onions also. George the Fourth, as well as his brothers, often called on her. She was always thought of with honour and esteem. The strange Monboddo persecuted her with proposals. At last it came to the 16th October, 1822, Elliston had been redecorating Drury Lane, and it had been arranged that the widow of its former great manager should come that night for a private view to see the effect. The old lady was looking forward to it. She had two or three dresses laid out on chairs, to see the effect, her two maids standing by. In the evening, when she was sitting in her chair, taking tea, one of the maids handed her over a cup, and Mrs. Garrick chid her a little testily: "Put it down, hussy; do you think I cannot help myself?" A strange ending for the Vienna dancer was drawing on. That little excitement seemed to have been fatal, for she took the cup herself, tasted the tea, and in a few seconds expired quietly in her chair. Round those declining days must have fluttered such strange old memories — Maria Teresa and the Emperor's attentions — the old old rebellion of '45, when she came to town—the heads on Temple Bar—David's great glories—recollections of nearly a hundred years!*

* As has been mentioned, Mr. Robert Cruikshank etched a picture of her in her old age, which has become so scarce that I have not been able to discover a copy: and Mr. Smith—"Rainy Day" Smith—made a drawing of her after death. The coffin was covered with the sheets which, he was told, were the wedding sheets, in which both husband and wife wished to die. Dean Stanley, in his "Westminster Memorials," quotes a little sketch of "a little bowed down old lady, leaning on a gold-headed stick, and always talking of her Davy."

EPILOGUE.

SUCH is the varied story of the great English actor, of his life on the stage, whose "reformer" and glory he is, and off the stage, where he is a no less admirable model. As we look back to his times, one reflection, I am sure, will occur to the reader who has attended me thus far to the end: what days they were for the stage—how glorious, how important, what figures players then were—how they filled the public mind—what prodigious entertainment, and significance, there were in a play. Above all, how strange the contrast with our own time; how small the show, how little the interest, how poor the entertainment. As this contrast has been present to the writer all through, and as the examination of many past theatrical matters has furnished him with a favourable opportunity of judging on this point, he may be pardoned here, for drawing some profit out of Garrick's life, and pointing a moral as it were from the memoir.

There is certainly an impression abroad, that there exists a "sound healthy taste" for the drama, and that these are the palmy days of the stage. The number of theatres, the state of the profession,—like every other, overcrowded,—the perfection to which scenery and machinery have been brought, the salaries, the

crowded houses, are thought substantial evidence of this prosperity. With pieces "running" one hundred, and two hundred nights, with such triumphs of "realism" as coal-mine shafts, water caves, set streets, and city offices; and, above all, conflagrations, house-burnings, that to the eye can hardly be distinguished from the originals, with water, fire, ice, grass, imitated perfectly,—with the easier resource, where it can be done, of bringing the real objects themselves on the stage,—things surely ought to look palmy. Yet it may be declared, that if we were to take the sense of the profession generally,—of authors, managers and actors,—it would be admitted that decay is setting in. The mechanists, scene-painters, actors, and writers,—named according to their proper precedence, —are at the end of their tether. They have exhausted their fertile fancy. The burlesque "arrangers," and actors have tried every conceivable physical extravagance within the compass of "break-downs," low dresses, goddesses looped up at the knee, parodies of songs, &c. The mythology is run out. The opera stories are done. So, too, with scenic effects. In real life, there are only half-a-dozen tremendous and dramatic physical catastrophes which can confound and surprise. When we have seen a fire, an earthquake, a breaking of the ice, and drowning, an accident, very few things remain either difficult to imitate, or likely to astonish. What will come next, must be something of this "school," new, but of lower interest, in which case our excitement will be languid. The man who has drunk brandy always, will find tea insipid. So with the break-downs, the dressing, the mythology, and the vulgar parodies of songs. They can only be re-

produced. By-and-by even the admirers of this class of entertainment will find that the stage has grown dull.

For others, who expect another sort of entertainment, it may be fairly asked, is not the stage dull now? How many are there who set out for the night's amusement, with a complacent alacrity of anticipation, as Johnson might say, and by eleven o'clock are suffering a strange agony, compounded of tediousness, fatigue, a sort of eternal weariness, and a sense that the whole will never end! We hear laughter and sounds of enjoyment, in the house; but it must be remembered that here are persons who have been working hard all the day, and all the year, and to whom, perhaps, the annual visit to the play-house, the sight of the company, the lights, and the gay scenery, is a treat itself. The cheap test of what is called a run, now-a days, is no evidence of a flourishing profession. A certain class of people must go to the theatre, to fill in their evenings; and, above all, it must be remembered that the London theatres are now theatres for the kingdom, and that the audiences are changing every night. The manager is catering for England, Ireland, and Scotland, and a sprinkling from the Continent. This is another result of a fatal centralisation, and, it may be added, of the "sensation" system now in fashion. These costly spectacles cannot pay, unless exhibited for so many hundred nights. Sight is a far more costly sense than hearing; the eye is more extravagant than the ear, as any manager knows; but no manager has discovered as yet,—none at least have had the courage to act on the discovery,—that the mind is the cheapest of all to entertain.

As to this decay, what is the situation of the profes-

sion? Actors will tell us that "it is going to the bad;" that the stage is going down, but that some actors are flourishing. Salaries are high, and well paid—to "stars." The profession, they will tell you, is in confusion. It is a scramble. Neither training nor genius tells. The fellow of yesterday,—raw, untutored,—has the same chance now, as the old hand of ten or fifteen years' service. Like the labourers in the vineyard, those who come last are paid as liberally as those who have worked all the day long. And it may be asked, why not, according to present principles. Good looks, a handsome face, and a pert voice, do not improve by service,—rather, are in better condition, on the first day. A tyro of a week's standing can wear a short dress about as well, if not more becomingly, than a lady who has served in the ranks. A few weeks' training will teach the steps of a break-down. In short, the physical gifts which sensation requires—are found by nature.

We can make no reasonable protest against Pantomimes. They are a genuine show; belong to their proper season; and come in well, as an alterative. They do not pretend to be more than they are. The great Garrick had his pantomime every Christmas. We have the associations of that cheerful season,—of the delighted row of children's faces, whose exquisite relish of the show should be a hint to the grown-up, as to the class of audience whom such things were meant to entertain. Just as the conductor of the Grand Opera lays down his bâton when the ballet begins, and disappears, and another gentleman of inferior degree takes his place, so may the Drama gracefully gather up her dress, and sweep away with dignity, during

that merry time, abdicating for a few weeks in favour of her Cinderella sister. But the truth is, the proper entertainment of the drama has passed away. The delightful amusement that used to be known as "the Stage" is not with us now. It is gone: and with it the associations, the tone of mind and training, which led audiences to enjoy it so exquisitely. Instead, the eye is feasted, and the ear. The vulgar enjoyments of the senses are gratified. Scenery and accompaniments, which in the old days were merely a set-off, an adornment, have usurped the chief place. We are in an utterly false groove. As was said at the beginning, we are no longer amused, simply because we have given up the true "stage," and have gone after a pure fiction and sham,—a series of costly shows. Sight-seeing in cities, as we all have found, is the most wearisome thing in the world, and will become so, on the stage.

What is the true foundation of theatrical enjoyment? It is found in the picture of human life,—the play of mind on mind, of passion on passion, of wit on wit, set off by shrewd observation, and elegant treatment. It is the spectacle of *mental action.* The old Greeks understood this perfectly, and had the finest principle in the world for their tragedy, based on their Pagan belief, that the soul was the creature of destiny, and at the same time possessed the exercise of its free will. Here were elements for a splendid dramatic struggle: the good man struggling to do what was right, exercising his will, sacrificing his inclination, and yet at the same time being forced on to destruction, by the secret, unseen power of destiny, acting on events and circumstances. Such a struggle would absorb an audience, whose faith was bound up in such a contrast. The whole city

looked on, in those vast amphitheatres, and from these masters we can learn the true subordinate position of scenery. They had one grand scene, which was invariably the outside of a temple, splendid and dignified, a sort of link between the dramatic and real life,—not wholly real, nor wholly scenic. They knew well that a surprising elaborateness, instead of satisfying, challenges, the doubts of the spectators. It is so well done, that it must be unreal. The true position of scenery, as associated with the drama, is indicative; it should travel no higher than a general effect; and I firmly believe, that a good play should not be set off by anything more ambitious than an interior of a drawing-room or a cottage, a forest, a street—all elegantly and perfectly done of their kind, but more or less conventional. Elaborate set pieces,—mimicries of waterfalls, fires, drownings, &c.—should be all relegated to scenic pieces meant to show off such *tours de force.* They should be subsidiary.*

The bearing of this fatal corruption on "the music-hall question," which is now attracting attention, is more direct than would be supposed. It is the very decay of the stage that has brought theatres to the degradation of being threatened by the competition of such places. The truth is, it is the theatres which have encroached on the music-hall business; and as

* This can be very well illustrated by an instance taken from the decoration of pottery, and the law which regulates that branch of art. We often see a whole dinner-service "illustrated," as it were, by painters of eminence; every plate set down before the guest, having a fine landscape in the centre. The result is not a decorated plate, but a landscape painted on a plate. The plate has sunk into a secondary object; it has been devoured by what was meant to adorn it. So with scenery and the drama. And instead of the former being used so as to set-off the latter, the dramatic artist is now set to work to put together a few characters and dialogues, to set-off the scenery and effects.

they have descended to the competition, they must bear the consequences of defeat. The music-hall is quite in its right. It provides a class of show which appeals to the eye and ear,—which requires no exertion of the mind, no attention even,—which is so bold in outline, as to allow of eating, and drinking, and conversation, going on at the same time. The real drama, true comedy, and tragedy,—observe, not the buffoonery of our existing comic dramas, which have no story and no dialogue,—require the most perfect silence and attention, to follow the plot and the delicate wit of the dialogue. Mind, as well as eye and ear, must be kept at work. Here is the distinction that should keep music-halls and theatres ever distinct. Both could flourish together. But on the present system,—a sensation piece running, with tremendous scenic effects, and a plot that appeals to the eye,—the pots and glasses and little tables might be present in the pit, and do very little harm. *Such theatres are half music-halls already.*

The palmy days of the drama were the days of the good old comedies, beginning perhaps about a hundred and twenty years ago with Garrick's management of Drury Lane. When we see that under his judicious reign of nearly thirty years, everything rose from the most utter chaos into order; that fine actors were trained, fine plays written for the fine actors to act, and fine and never-failing audiences came to see the fine plays which the fine actors acted; that the moment he retired, and the wayward Brinsley took up the reins, disorder and decay set in once more, it is impossible not to come to the conclusion, that judicious management has much to do with the control of the

public taste. Actors and actresses—with the exception of the few who have to struggle against the system,—where are they? Good acting lies buried under the heavy folds of cumbrous scenery. There is no school, no training, no serving in the ranks, as the old actors did. As I have shown, such is not required for the sensation pieces. There is no opportunity to train good actors, for when a piece "runs" three-quarters of a year, there can be no training. In the real palmy times of the drama a piece ran nine nights,—or at most, a month,—together; but it was judiciously put into the repertoire and played at intervals, during the season. In a theatre like Garrick's Drury Lane, with a staff of clever actors, and a large staff too, each one had his department and round of characters:—all would have ranked as "stars" now;—and each night of the week brought a different play, perhaps different actors, and an infinite variety. For this, too, is one of the features and healthy conditions of the drama,—*constant change*,—and thus it trains, while it amuses.

Absolutely in our time, has been lost, with the other good histrionic things, the art of filling the house with the voice, and of making the features play. Above all, too, has been lost or forgotten, the art of making words tell,—the weighty, yet natural way of delivery which comes of study, play, practice. We may see traces of this sort of delivery in the few old actors, who have been brought up in the traditions of the old school, and whose delivery of a single sentence seems to make it tell in quite a surprising way. The old school of humour seems quite gone. As I say, the new principles of humour are conventional, meagre and limited. It does not travel into the open illimitable country of the *mind:*

grins, twangs of voice, catch-words, oddities, are all exhaustible. Even the principle of *Burlesque*, which at least we think surely flourishes, is false. To discover this we may go to a great enemy of the stage—the absurd Sir John Hawkins :—"Gesticulation, mimicry, and buffoonery Johnson hated; but of the talent of humour he had an almost enviable quantity. To describe the nature of this faculty, as he was wont to display it, I must say *that it was ever of that arch and dry kind, which lies concealed under the appearance of gravity*, and which acquiesces in an error for the purpose of refuting it." This is the true secret of humour —unconsciousness. Even taking it at a low stage, nothing is so diverting as the ignorance and bearing of a person, who is in an absurd position, or even dress, and does not know it. This is what carries off some of the delightful extravagances of the French stage—that air of being in earnest; as, to take an instance, in that diverting absurdity, the *Chapeau de Paille*, where an absurd Frenchman is always in pursuit of a straw bonnet, always arriving a moment too late. The almost *passionate earnestness* of the admirable actor who plays the part—his *real* distress and disappointment when he fails, is what makes us laugh, and laugh indeed. Translate it into English, or rather produce it as an "original" farce on the English stage —as the fashion is—and we have a grotesque figure, striving every moment to make itself odd, strained attitudes, odd slang, every "gag," in short that will "get a laugh." This is English farce. So with burlesque. The true notion of mythological travestie would be, to fit these old notions to modern situations; to try and conceive their relation under

such new conditions; and thus showing how absurdly these old arrangements must have worked, in our own time. Those who have seen the French *La Belle Hélène*, looked at the subject, much as a cynical and satirical Greek of the day would have done at the foppery of Paris, and the ridiculous claims of Calchas.* The modern fashion is, like all the rest, addressed to the eye. A modern farce relies on a ridiculous merry-andrew dress, forced catch-words repeated again and again, a kind of rapid pattering from the throat, in a grotesque twang, a speaking out of the corner of the mouth, and abundant "gag." All is absurd, exaggerated buffooning, and out of nature. The French farce lies in comic but not far-fetched situations, on French soil, and among French gaillards, which is carried off by surprisingly natural acting, and an air of burlesque. We steal these things, vulgarise them into downright earnest, and force incidents which are natural to French life and manners into British dress and habits to which they are wholly foreign; turning the light French blagueur,—a Charles, or Jules,—into a vulgar Cockney in pink and blue trousers.

If we look at Zoffany's portraits, or at the pictures of scenes from plays which he painted, we can catch a faint notion of what was the principle of humour then. It was purely intellectual; it was all unconscious. The Garrick face in *Abel Drugger*,—all stupid delight, joy,

* The old generation, too, of our own stage, held by these honest principles. I have spoken of that model farce, "High Life below Stairs," as a piece where we shall find that bold, universal humour, which is independent of dress, grimace, or slang. A piece on the same subject was playing not long ago, and the difference of "school" was almost amazing. Every "servant" competed with his fellow—to be more extravagant than his fellow. Every one had a walk, a speech, a dress, a pantomimic bearing, which was diverting in its way, and made the groundlings laugh, but was an utter outrage on probability.

expectation, and vanity,—shows what a surprising power of expression he had, and how much could be done by the *mind* working through the face. There was an absurd or ludicrous situation, and the actor threw himself into it, and aimed at being perfectly and naturally in earnest, striving to exhibit a real terror and genuine alarm. Our present comic rule is to exhibit comic pantomime at any crisis,—something grotesque, but inappropriate.

There is a well-known essay of Lamb's on the artificial comedy of the last century, in which he deals with the delicacies of the older playing, in the "School for Scandal," and which shows fatally that we have not the drama now. It gives us a faint glimpse of what acting was, and it may be confessed that to see this critique in the hands of one of our existing performers, —to whom, no doubt, it is unfamiliar,—would be almost amusing. It certainly would not be his notion of acting. There were refinements then in playing, that we never dream of now. "When I remember," says the pleasant "Elia," speaking of Palmer—"Jack Palmer," —"the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice, ... I must needs conclude the present generation of play-goers more virtuous than myself, or more dense. . . . . The pleasant old *Teazle*, King, too, is gone in good time. His manner would not have passed current in our day. . . . . *Joseph Surface*, to go down now, must be a downright revolting villain. Oh, who that remembers Parsons and Dodd,—the wasp and butterfly of the 'School for Scandal,' — would forego the true scenic delight,—the escape from life, the oblivion of consequences, the holiday barring-out of the Pedant Reflec-

tion,—those Saturnalia of two or three brief hours,—to sit instead at one of our modern plays?" I repeat, is not all this,—and there are many pages of this exquisite analysis,—utterly unintelligible to our modern actor,—certainly unknown to the play-goer? "The escape from life," or "holiday barring-out," is not to be found at the play-house. This delicate refining on refining is a lost art.

Again. In those days London audiences were not literally shut out of their own theatres by one piece keeping possession of the house for months or years. We open one of Geneste's wonderful ten volumes,—a monument of laborious industry,—and choose a place at random. The following is not a month's bill of fare:—"The Beggar's Opera" (Miss Pope); "Macbeth" (Garrick and Mrs. Barry); "London Merchant;" "Clandestine Marriage" (King); "Mourning Bride;" "Rival Queens;" "Richard III." (Garrick); "Merchant of Venice;" "School for Lovers" (Mrs. Baddeley); "Padlock" (Dibdin and Banister); "All in the Wrong;" "Suspicious Husband" (Garrick); "Zara" (Garrick); "As You Like It;" "The Revenge" (Holland); "The Stratagem;" "Much Ado about Nothing;" "Cymbeline" (Miss Younge); "The Wonder" (Garrick); "Othello;" "Artaxerxes;" "Tamerlane;" and so on. These were the days of entertainment! No wonder the stage entered largely into social life; no wonder there were good houses, and that people could talk of "going to the theatre" with enjoyment. We meet elderly people now, who were what was called "play-goers," who would be there at least twice or three times a-week. The stage had then a sort of fascination—a variety, a shifting

stream—of many-coloured humours, oddities, exciting stories, fine passions—passing across it from Monday till Saturday. But managers will say, in the case of "a run," if the public wish to see this particular piece, it would be Quixotic to withdraw it. They would lose money. They would lose the money of those who come to *see;* but they would gain the money of a superior, and far more constant constituency. The groundlings who are delighted with "sensation," come but once or so; others who stay away now, would be regular visitors. They would be entertained too at a *far less cost.* Houses would be as good, without this show, whose extravagant cost requires a run of some hundred nights to recover the outlay. But in the end, a stop will have to be made, as a time will come when the eyes, of even the groundlings, dazzled as they are with the wildest phantasies of lime light, tinsel, gold, silver, or colours that the racked brain of scene-painters and artist can put together, will cease to be astonished. The costly outlay will have to be incurred, but there will be no return, and the records of the drama will have become a splendid inventory, a gorgeous series of pictures from the Arabian Nights, but strange to say with no plays, and no actors to act them.

Leaving actors, and looking to the plays that used to be written, a feeling almost of despair will come upon us. Going to the library shelf, and taking down even a few of these pieces, we shall be astounded at the store of wit, gaiety, and, above all, of humour. Putting what is now written beside them, the writing, as well as the acting, would seem to be a lost art. What brightness, what briskness and *gaiety*, even

where wit was wanting! The collection of characters, the tide of humour, all in the key of Fielding and Steele,—which turns on character writing, not on the poor quiddities of punning and catch-words,—is indeed surprising. The gallery of portraits is long, and painted in the freshest, clearest colours. Each character is round and distinct; or even where there is a failure or inferiority, there is the attempt at being round and distinct. There were characters for actors to play, and actors to play the characters. Even now, when the drama makes a faint attempt at a rally, it takes the shape of story, not of character,—an utter forgetfulness of what is the true function of a play, that oft-quoted holding a mirror up to nature, and not to the novel or story-book. For what does nature show us in common life? Not these extraordinary and exceptional adventures, but *character*, and its operation on other characters, which, artfully suspended or checked, constitutes the true secret of dramatic interest and amusement.

What a series, I say again! Colley Cibber,—so fresh, bold, and full of spirit, with his pleasant "Careless Husband," and whose admirable *Lord Foppington*, and fashionable people, seem to have furnished the tone, and treatment for the "School for Scandal." The gaiety and intellectual bustle,—for the plots are not always very strong,—are as natural as can possibly be conceived; and the whole always sparkles with good humour and good things, not ostentatiously introduced, but flowing naturally from the cheerfulness of the characters. Good spirits seems to be the undercurrent. As when *Lady Easy* says, that a lady's favours are not to be like places at court, "held for life,"

Lady Betty Modish replies "no, indeed, for that if they were, the poor fine women would be all used like wives, and no more minded than the business of the nation." So with other writers. So with "The Provoked Wife," written with the most extraordinary vigour and spirit,—in every line of the dialogue, character; and that wonderful play "The Suspicious Husband," the brightness and gaiety of which were admirable; and it is surprising no manager has thought of reviving it. Its pendant,—and quite as good,—"The Clandestine Marriage," this, also, would repay revival; it would be as fresh as the morning, inspiriting as mountain air; and two newer and more spirited characters than *Lord Ogleby* and *Mrs. Heidleberg* could not be conceived. Colman's own "Jealous Wife" is excellent. Macklin's "Man of the World," with *Sir Pertinax*, is familiar to our generation. What a store of characters and humour in all Foote's pieces, which run off as boisterously as the fun of a lively rattling Frenchman at a supper-party. What a variety—what "fun"—what pleasant reading even! We have Goldsmith's two unique comedies,—alas! only two; Sheridan's "School for Scandal" and his "Rivals:" Cumberland and Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Cowley and Mrs. Centlivre, General Burgoyne and Arthur Murphy, with his capital "Way to Keep Him," "All in the Wrong," "Know your Own Mind," and "The Upholsterer."

If these pieces are so good and substantial, and really fine works, it must be recollected that the writing of a play was then a different thing from what it is now. Any one who turns over Garrick's vast correspondence will see what a serious and important

business the writing of a play was. Author, manager, and actors had all to be considered and consulted. Whole acts were condemned and thrown out. Scenes were re-written, and new situations contrived. The preparation was often spread over years. And what is a most important proof of the character of the composition, its real value to the author was from the sale of the copyright,—the piece being written to be read, as well as to be seen. Goldsmith and other writers received large sums from this source. This feature, which seems extraordinary now, was then in the ordinary course. How few pieces would bear printing now! Even the smaller fry fell into the tone of the good models before them, and got up a showy dash and spirit and wit that was respectable. How few have heard of Mrs. Griffith, and yet she wrote a very spirited comedy. As I have said, these were the days when we could amuse ourselves at the play-house. There we were diverted with the strange side of human nature—those turns and crannies of the human heart, the oddities of our species, which it is not our luck to fall in with, or we have not time to look for or think about, which skilled men put before us. Mr. Thackeray has somewhere a pleasant burst of gratitude to Fielding and such writers, whose Amelia and Tom Jones, and Parson Adams and Uncle Toby, he says, are as real, or at least as well known to him, as Bayard or Richard I., or any other figure of history. They have been as much living characters;—they are as historical to us, as persons who have lived and died. But on the same principle, *Mr. Hardcastle* and *Lady Teazle*, *Sir John Falstaff* and the other figures of the stage, have a better vitality; for we can see them

in the flesh and blood, with their voice and bearing, with their humours and weaknesses,—their dress and gestures.

Now that we have finished with this rather dismal dramatic prospect, it may be asked, what is recommended? Is there no remedy—and can nothing be done? It is only to be answered that the reform must come, if it come at all, gradually. The fault is to be distributed among all—for all are more or less accountable. Every one sees now the helplessness of the public in the matter of criticism. The audience should exercise a little of its old independence,—learn to be pleased or displeased, without being told when or why. Advertisement now takes the place of dramatic merit, as it does in the case of merchandise; and a piece well advertised by criticism, and the like means, is now a true success. Managers should have the courage to go back by degrees, and bring out pieces of the good old sort, and actors should study such pieces. That such would soon "pay," there can be no doubt. There should be some classification of theatres, and burlesques and "sensation" things confined to proper houses of their own. And very soon we might look for the return of those "palmy days of the drama" which seem to belong to the mythology, and find ourselves enjoying as hearty a laugh, and rich entertainment at our theatres, as ever audience did in the days of old Drury Lane, under the management of the great actor, and no less incomparable manager, DAVID GARRICK.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

NUMBER OF NIGHTS THAT GARRICK ACTED.

Geneste, with unwearied diligence, seems to have searched all the collections of bills, as well as the notices in the papers, and noted the play and character for nearly every night. But there are many gaps. I have added up the various lists, and we may accept the following table as a fair average of his performances, allowing a small margin for inaccuracies. It will be remarked, how the number of performances gradually shorten :—

1741—1742.	Goodman's Fields . . .	138	times.*
1742—1743.	Drury Lane . (about)	69	„
1743—1744.	„ „ . (about)	70	„
1744—1745.	„ „ . (about)	72	„
1745—1746.	Covent Garden . .	6	„
1746—1747.	„ „ . .	72	„
1747—1748.	Drury Lane . .	106	„
1748—1749.	„ „ . . .	104	„
1749—1750.	„ „ . . .	85	„
1750—1751.	„ „ . . .	99	„
1751—1752.	„ „ . . .	83	„
1752—1753.	„ „ . . .	93	„
1753—1754.	„ „ . . .	97	„
1754—1755.	„ „ . . .	93	„
1755—1756.	„ „ . . .	105	„
1756—1757.	„ „ . . .	86	„
1757—1758.	„ „ . . .	113	„

* He acted on the evening of Christmas Day !

1758—1759.	Drury Lane . . .	102	times.
1759—1760.	„ „ . . .	96	„
1760—1761.	„ „ . . .	87	„
1761—1762.	„ „ . . .	104	„
1762—1763.	„ „ . . .	100	„
1763—1765.	Abroad.		
1765—1766.	Drury Lane . . .	10	„
1766—1767.	„ „ . . .	19	„
1767—1768.	„ „ . . .	31	„
1768—1769.	„ „ . . .	23	„
1769—1770.	„ „ . . .	20	„
1770—1771.	„ „ . . .	15	„
1771—1772.	„ „ . . .	28	„
1772—1773.	„ „ . . .	29	„
1773—1774.	„ „ . . .	33	„
1774—1775.	„ „ . . .	20	„
1775—1776.	„ „ . . .	43	„

THE following is a list of his characters, based on Davies's, which has been carefully collated with Geneste and others.

GOODMAN'S FIELDS, 1741-2.—Richard III.; Clodio, in Love Makes a Man; Chamont; *Jack Smatter, in Pamela; *Sharp, in Lying Valet; Lothario; Ghost, in Hamlet; Fondlewife; Costar Pearman, in Recruiting Officer; Aboan, in Oroonoko; Witwou'd; Bayes; Master Johnny, in Schoolboy; King Lear; Lord Foppington, in Careless Husband; Duretête, in Inconstant; Pierre; Capt. Brazen.

At DUBLIN, *in the summer of* 1742.—Hamlet; Captain Plume.

DRURY LANE, 1742-3.—Captain Plume; Hamlet; Archer; *Millamour, in Wedding Day; Hastings; Sir Harry Wildair; Abel Drugger.

1743-4.—Macbeth; *Regulus; Lord Townly; Biron, in Fatal Marriage; *Zaphna, in Mahomet.

1744-5.—Sir John Brute; Scrub; King John; Othello; *Tancred.

DUBLIN, 1745-6.—Faulconbridge; Orestes; Iago. (He never played Orestes in England.)

COVENT GARDEN, 1746-7.—Hotspur; *Fribble; *Ranger.

DRURY LANE, 1747-8.—Chorus, in Henry V.; Jaffier; *Young Belmont, in Foundling.

1748-9.—Benedick; Poet, Frenchman, and Drunken Man, in Lethe; *Demetrius, in Irene; Iago; *Dorilas, in Merope.

1749—50.—*Edward the Black Prince; *Horatius, in Roman Father.

1750-51.—Romeo; Osmyn, in Mourning Bride: *Gil Blas, in ditto; *Alfred, in ditto.

1751-2.—Kitely; *Mercour, in Eugenia.

1752-3.—Loveless, in Love's Last Shift; *Beverley, in Gamester; *Demetrius, in Brothers.

1753-4.—*Dumnoris, in Boadicea; Faulconbridge, in King John; *Virginius, in ditto; Lusignan, in Zara; *Aletes, in Creusa.

1754-5.—Don John, in Chances; *Achmet, in Barbarossa; Don Carlos, in Mistake.

1755-6.—*Leontes, in Winter's Tale altered; *Athelstan; Leon; *Lord Chalkstone, in Lethe.

1756-7.—Don Felix.

1757-8.—*Wilding, in Gamesters altered; *Lysander, in Agis; King, in Henry IV., Part II.; *Pamphlet, in Upholsterer.

1758-9.—Marplot; Antony, in Antony and Cleopatra; *Heartly, in Guardian; Periander, in Eurydice; *Zamti, in Orphan of China.

1759-60.—*Oroonoko, as altered; *Lovemore, in Way to Keep Him; *Emilius, in Siege of Aquileia; Sir Harry Gubbin, in Tender Husband.

1760-61.—*Oakly, in Jealous Wife; Mercutio.

1761-2.—Posthumus; *Sir John Dorilant, in School for Lovers; *Farmer, in Farmer's Return.

1762-3.—*Alonzo, in Elvira; *Sir Anthony Branville, in Discovery; Sciolto.

Originally.

APPENDIX B.

DRURY LANE CHRONICLE DURING GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT, 1747—1776.

FOR the convenience of readers, I have added here what might be called a theatrical chronicle of the chief incidents at Drury Lane during Garrick's twenty-nine seasons of management. It is chiefly compressed from Geneste's Play-bills; which, where neees-sary, are corrected. It will thus supply any details wanting in the narrative.

1747—1748. *Oct.* 3. Albumazar, never acted there; Dryden's Prologue, by Garrick.

Dec. 15. Henry V., never acted there: Prologue and Chorus, Garrick.—26. Tempest, not acted seven years.

Jan. 15. Othello, first time, Mrs. Pritchard in Emilia.—*Jan.* 18. She Would and She Would Not, not acted for seven years. Mrs. Woffington in Flora, first time.

Feb. 18. Foundling; never acted. Young Belmont, Garrick.

March 10. Distressed Mother, not acted for five years. Barry first time; Garrick as Fribble, in the Farce.

April 23. For the Benefit of the Sufferers in Cornhill Fire. Garrick paid into Bank 208*l.* 1*s.*—27. The part of George Barnwell by Mrs. Pritchard.—28. Lovers' Melancholy, not acted for one hundred years: and Farce of The Club of Fortune Hunters, never acted, and attributed to Macklin.

1748—1749. *Sept.* 10. First appearance of Woodward for seven years in Busy Body.—22. Sowdon's first appearance.

Oct. 1. Mrs. Clive's first appearance as Lady Wronghead, Provoked Husband.—19. A New Way to Pay Old Debts, never acted there. First appearance of King in any character.

Nov. 3. Merchant of Venice; Yates, first time, Shylock. Palmer's second appearance in any character.—14. Much Ado about Nothing, never acted there; Garrick first time as Benedick; Mrs. Pritchard as Beatrice—acted eight times successively.—29. Romeo and Juliet, never acted there. Romeo, Barry; Juliet, Mrs. Cibber.

Dec. 26. Bold Stroke for a Wife, not acted for ten years; and The Emperour of the Moon, not acted for twenty years.

Jan. 2. Lethe revived. Garrick acted the Poet, the Drunken Man, and the Frenchman.—13. Funeral, not acted for seven years.

Feb. 6. Mahomet and Irene, never acted; Demetrius, Garrick; Aspasia and Irene, Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard.

March 7. Mrs. Cibber's Benefit. Tancred and Sigismunda. Tancred, Garrick.

April 13. Provoked Husband, with Lethe. Frenchman, Garrick. After which, Signor Capitello Jumpedo will jump down his own throat.—15. Merope, never acted; Dorilas, Garrick; Merope, Mrs. Pritchard; acted eleven times.

1749—1750.—*Sept.* 28. Much Ado about Nothing, with Intriguing Chambermaid. First appearance of Garrick since his marriage.

Oct. 7. A Farce, called The Little French Lawyer, never performed. —13. King Lear. Garrick. Mrs. Ward's first appearance.

Dec. 2. Never acted, Chaplet, a musical trifle; Pastora, Mrs. Clive. Master Mattock's first appearance.

Jan. 6. Edward the Black Prince, never acted. Edward, Garrick; acted nine times.—22. Not acted for thirty years, Friendship in Fashion; acted only once. Mrs. Clive as Lady Squeamish.

Feb. 9. Merope, for the author, Aaron Hill's, Benefit, by command of the Prince of Wales.—22. Merchant of Venice. Last appearance of Mills as Gratiano. He died of dropsy, April 18.—24. Roman Father, never acted, Horatius, Garrick; Horatia, Mrs. Pritchard.

March 13. Mrs. Pritchard's Benefit. Fatal Marriage, not acted for seven years.—15. Mrs. Clive's Benefit. Hamlet, and (never before acted) Rehearsal, or Baye in Petticoats, written by Mrs. Clive.

April 5. Comus, with occasional Prologue spoken by Garrick; with Lethe. For the benefit of Mrs. Forster, granddaughter and only descendant of Milton. Dr. Johnson wrote the Prologue. Profits of the night, 130*l.*

May 7. Performance for the Marshalsea Prisoners. Garrick as Brute.

1750—1751. *Sept.* 8. Merchant of Venice, with occasional Prologue by Garrick.—27. Conscious Lovers; by particular desire, the occasional Prologue spoken by Garrick, positively the last time of speaking.—28. Romeo and Juliet; Romeo, first time of Garrick. Romeo and Juliet the same night at Covent Garden.

Oct. 19. Jane Shore. Alicia, Miss J. Cibber, her first appearance for six years; did not continue on the stage.—30. Pilgrim, not acted for thirty years, with the Secular Masque, by Dryden, produced March 25, 1700.

Nov. 3. Recruiting Officer. Kite, by Layfield, from Dublin.—15. Way of the World, not acted for ten years.

Dec. 3. Mourning Bride, not acted for ten years. Osmyn, Garrick, first time.—6. As You Like It, and Miss in Her Teens, for a distressed Citizen's Widow with Eight Children.—19. Stratagem. Archer, Garrick. Tickets delivered by a daughter of

Farquhar will be taken this night.—26. Beggar's Opera, with a new entertainment in Italian grotesque characters, called Queen Mab. Harlequin, Woodward, first time for three years. Shuter acted in it.

Feb. 2. Gil Blas. Gil Blas by Garrick. Acted nine times.—23. Alfred. Alfred, Garrick. Vocal parts by Mrs. Clive, Miss Norris, Beard, Reinhold, Wilder; Master Vernon. Alfred was originally written by Thomson and Mallet in 1740, and now revived at great expense, but only acted nine times. The song "Rule Britannia" in Alfred.

March 7. Othello, by ladies and gentlemen. Othello, Sir Francis Delaval.—12. Mrs. Clive's Benefit. Not acted for seven years, Inconstant: Duretête, Garrick; with Rehearsal. Mrs. Clive made additions to it.—21. Stratagem, advertised for Beard's Benefit, but deferred on account of Prince of Wales' death, March 20. No plays till *April* 8.—10. Beard's Benefit. The Stratagem, a Cantata, sung by Beard: and a Parody upon Shakspeare's Stages of Life, by Garrick.

May 3. London Merchant, commanded by the City of London for Barry, a jeweller, of Salisbury Street, in distress.—22. Conscious Lovers, for the Widow Reinhold and Four Children.

1751—1752.—*Sept.* 26. Richard III. First appearance of Mossop on the English stage—received with great applause.

Oct. 3. Conscious Lovers. First appearance of Ross on the English stage.—10. Revenge, not acted for twenty years.—17. Sir Courtly Nice, not acted for five years.—22. Oronooko, not acted for five years. Oronooko by Dexter, his first appearance.—29. Eastward, Ho! never acted there, with a new Prologue by Woodward. (Wilkinson says the play was driven off the stage.)

Nov. 8. Fair Penitent. Mossop first time as Horatio.—19. Revenge, with, never acted, Shepherd's Lottery, a Musical trifle.—28. Phædra and Hippolitus, not acted for twenty years.—29. Every Man in His Humour, never acted there, Kitely, Garrick; with a new occasional Prologue by Garrick.

Jan. 11. Revenge, with, never acted, Taste. The Comedy was acted only five times.—28. Macbeth. First time of Mossop.

Feb. 6. Not acted for seven years, Lady Jane Grey.—17. Eugenia, never acted. Mercour, Garrick.

March 9. Mrs. Clive's Benefit. Not acted for seven years. The Comical Lovers.—12. Mossop's Benefit. Othello; Iago, by Montgomery, from Dublin, his first appearance in England.—31. Ross's Benefit. Romeo and Juliet. Romeo, Ross, first time. After the play, an Eulogium, by Dryden, concluding with Milton's Epitaph to the Memory of Shakspeare, spoken by Ross, representing the Shade of Shakspeare as it is figured on his Monument in Westminster Abbey. Nothing under full-price will be taken during the time of performance.

April 3. Shuter's Benefit. Constant Couple, with Joe Heines' Epilogue, on an Ass, by Shuter.—10. Sowdon's Benefit. Henry VIII., not acted for eight years.—20. The Unhappy Favourite, for the Benefit of Mrs. Horton and the Sub-Treasurer. Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Horton, her first appearance for two years.

1752—1753. *Sept.* 23. First appearance of Mrs. Davies, from Dublin, in the Careless Husband.

Oct. 26. Epicœne, or the Silent Woman, not acted for fifteen years. Acted only five times.

Nov. 16. Mrs. Davies as Polly Peachum first time.

Dec. 7. Don Sebastian, not acted for twenty years.—18. Love's Last Shift. Loveless, Mr. Garrick; Amanda, Miss Hampton, her first appearance on this stage. She had been at Covent Garden.

Feb. 6. Benefit of Cibber, jun. At the particular desire of persons of quality, not acted for eight years, Nonjuror. 7. Never acted, Gamester. Beverley, Garrick.—23. Richard III., the first appearance of Brown on the English stage.

March 3. Never acted, Brothers. Demetrius, Garrick; Perseus, Mossop. Griscine, Miss Bellamy. Acted eight or nine times. Written by Dr. Young.

1753—1754. *Oct.* 2. Orphan. Chamont, Garrick. Mrs. Cibber's first appearance there for four years.—9. Mrs. Cowper's first appearance.—20. Provoked Husband, with Englishman in Paris. Buck, Foote, his first appearance there, engaged for a certain number of nights; he spoke a Prologue written by Garrick, which was encored every night. Miss Macklin's first appearance as Lucinda. Not acted for eight years, Old Batchelor.

Dec. 1. Boadicea, never acted. Written by Glover.—20. Macklin's Benefit. The Refusal; a Farewell Prologue by Macklin.

Jan. 23. King John, not acted for ten years. Characters new dressed. King John, Mossop, first time; Bastard, Garrick, first time. Constance, Mrs. Cibber.

Feb. 5. Miss Macklin and Foote's first appearance together in the Recruiting Officer.—9. Beggar's Opera, with a new Farce called The Knights.—22. For the Benefit of the Author of the Farces, Old Bachelor, and Knights.—25. Never acted, Virginius. First appearance of Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates, as Marcia.

March 25. Zara, not acted for seventeen years.

April 17. Merope, for the Benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Cross.—20. Creusa, never acted. Acted nine times; written by Whitehead.—29. Mrs. Graham acted Jane Shore first time.—30. A new Farce called The Grumbler: an alteration of Sir Charles Sedley's Grumbler.

1754—1755. *Oct.* 14. Beggar's Opera. Polly, first time, by Miss Macklin.

Oct. 25. Drummer, not acted for ten years.

Nov. 7. Chances, revived to please the king.—11. Coriolanus, never acted there; Coriolanus, Mossop, acted nine times.

Dec. 17. Barbarossa, never acted. Achmet, Garrick. Prologue spoken by Garrick. Epilogue by Woodward.

Jan. 4. Drummer; with a new entertainment, Proteus, or Harlequin in China.

Feb. 3. A new English Opera called The Fairies, compiled from the Midsummer Night's Dream. Garrick added twenty-seven songs.—22. Measure for Measure, not acted for five years. Mossop as Duke, first time.

March 13. Mrs. Pritchard's benefit. Not acted for thirty years, The Mistake.—20. Woodward's benefit. Hamlet, with, never acted, Marplot in Lisbon. Alterations by Woodward.

April 15. Schemers, or the City Match; never acted there. This play acted for the benefit of the Lock Hospital. Alterations attributed to Bromfield.—25. Man of the Mode, with, not for ten years, Tom Thumb.—29. Miss in her Teens, by children.

May 9. Zara, with (never acted) Britannia, a masque, by Mallet. Garrick spoke the Prologue as a drunken sailor.

1755—1756. *Oct.* 7. Fair Quaker of Deal. Not acted for thirty years.

Nov. 8. By his Majesty's command, Fair Quaker, with (never performed) The Chinese Festival. A riot.—18. Earl of Essex, with Chinese Festival. Great riot.

Jan. 2. Oronooko, with (never acted) Apprentice. Dick, by Woodward. Bannister, and Lewis, afterwards very successful in this part. Prologue written by Garrick and spoken by Woodward. —21. A comedy altered from Shakspeare, called The Winter's Tale, or Florizel and Perdita, with a Farce called Catherine and Petruchio, altered from The Taming of a Shrew.

Feb. 11. A new Opera called The Tempest, altered from Shakspeare. Attributed to Garrick.—24. All's Well that Ends Well, not acted for eighteen years.—27. Athelstan, never acted. Athelstan, Duke of Mercia, Garrick. By Dr. Brown.

March 25. Woodward's benefit. Not acted for fifteen years, Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. Leon, Garrick.—27. Mrs. Clive's benefit. Not acted for ten years, Lady's Last Stake.

April 3. Murphy's benefit, Fair Penitent; with a new farce, The Englishman from Paris, by Murphy.—24. Drummer, with (never acted) Maiden Whim.

1756—1757. *Sept.* 21. Richard the Third. Mossop's first appearance for two years.

Oct. 9. Romeo and Juliet. Romeo, Garrick. Miss Pritchard's first appearance as Juliet. Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Capulet.—13. Gamester, not acted for twelve years.—21. Mrs. Glen made her first appearance as Lady Townly.—28. King Lear, with restorations from Shakspeare.—29. Not acted for six years,

Double Dealer. First appearance of Miss Barton (Mrs. Abington).

Nov. 6. Wonder, not acted for fourteen years. Don Felix, Garrick.

Dec. 3. Merope, with (never acted) Lilliput; a trifle written by Garrick; excellently performed by children.—11. Cato, not acted for twelve years.—15. Amphitryon, not acted for twenty years; slight alterations by Dr. Hawkesworth.

Jan. 20. Eliza, an Opera in three acts.—22. Merope, with (never acted) Reprisal, or the Tars of Old England, by Smollett.

Feb. 15. Cato, with (never acted) The Author. Cadwallader, Foote. A great run, but suppressed.—9. Miss Roscoe's first appearance. —23. Spanish Fryar, not acted for twelve years.

March 24. Winter's Tale. Leontes, Garrick. With (never acted) The Modern Fine Gentleman.

April 2. Provoked Husband. Lord Townly, Garrick; first time for ten years; with original Prologue.—14. Provoked Husband. Mrs. Yates, first time, as Lady Townly.—30. Tamer Tamed, a Comedy, taken from one written by Fletcher, without the assistance of Beaumont; originally called Woman's Prize.

May 9. Not acted for sixteen years, The Toyshop.

1757—1758. *Oct.* 20. Not acted for fourteen years, The Tempest, by Shakspeare.

Dec. 2. The Fatal Marriage. Biron, Garrick.—22. Never acted there, Gamesters, altered from Shirley's Gamester, by Garrick. —29. Playhouses shut up on account of the death of Princess Caroline.

Feb. 21. Agis, never acted, by Home.

March 11. Frenchified Lady Never in Paris, never acted.—13. Henry the Fourth, not acted for twenty years. Prologue by Garrick. —30. Mossop's benefit, Hamlet; Mossop first time; with (never acted) the Upholsterer. Prologue spoken by Mossop.

April 25. A new Farce, No Matter What.

May 2. Squire of Alsatia, not acted for ten years.—10. For Widow Simpson and children. The Careless Husband.

June 1. The last appearance of Woodward (except in 1768) in Lethe.

1758—1759. *Sept.* 30. Romeo and Juliet. Romeo by Fleetwood, his first appearance on the stage.

Oct. 3. First appearance of O'Brien—in Recruiting Officer.—17. Measure for Measure, with The Diversions of the Morning, with Foote and Wilkinson.—18. Firm Rivals, not acted for twelve years.

Nov. 18. Siege of Damascus, not acted for twelve years.

Dec. 2. Garrick, first time, as Marplot in Busy Body.—20. Zara, with (never acted) The Rout, Dr. Hill.—28. Æsop.

Jan. 3. Antony and Cleopatra, never acted there.

Feb. 1. Ambitious Step-mother, not acted for thirty years.—3. The Guardian, never acted. Adapted from the French by Garrick.

March 3. Eurydice, not acted for thirty years.—15. Berry's last appearance on the stage.—24. Venice Preserved. Garrick as Jaffier, first time for four years.

April 21. Orphan of China, never acted.

May 4. Busy Body. An Epilogue to the Town by Garrick.—21. Tancred, with (never acted) The Heiress; or Anti-Gallican, by Mozeen.—29. Seemingly the last appearance of Mossop at Drury Lane in Osmyn.

June 19. Beggar's Opera, for the benefit of some distressed actors.

July 19. Arden of Feversham, for one night only, by Lillo.

Mrs. Macklin died in the course of this season.

1759—1760. *Sept.* 25. Mrs. Abington (late Miss Barton) as Dorcas in Mercutio.

Oct. 2. King engaged as substitute for Woodward.—11. Double Gallant, not acted for nine years.—22. Henry the Eighth. Moody.—27. Confederacy, not acted for eight years. Miss Pope's first appearance as a regular performer.—31. High Life Below Stairs, never before acted. Lady Bab, Mrs. Abington.

Nov. 9. Woman's a Riddle, not acted for twenty-five years, never at Drury Lane.

Dec. 1. Oronooko, with alterations.—12. Macklin as Shylock, with Love à la Mode. Sir Archy Macsarcasm, Macklin.—14. Zara, with a new Burletta in three acts, taken from the Italian, and called The Tutor.—19. The Refusal, not acted for six years.—31. Harlequin's Mansion; a Christmas Gambol.

Jan. 11. Douglas, never acted there.—16. For the sufferers in the late fire in King Street.—24. Desert Island, never acted, and The Way to Keep Him, never acted, both written by Murphy.

Feb. 8. Funeral, not acted for ten years.—20. Cross, the prompter, died.—21. Siege of Aquileia, never acted. Emilius, Garrick.

March 20. Every Woman in her Humour, never acted, supposed to be by Mrs. Clive.—24. Marriage à la Mode, never acted.

April 14. Garrick as Chamont, first time for four years. Mrs. Yates as Monimia and Galigantus, an entertainment taken from Jack the Giant Killer.

June 19. Miss Ross's first appearance.

1760—1761. *Sept.* 23. Beggar's Opera. Lowe's first appearance for twelve years, and Mrs. Vincent's first appearance on any stage.

Oct. 9. Sheridan's first appearance for sixteen years in Richard the Third.—10. Mrs. Kennedy's first appearance.

Nov. 22. Minor, never acted there.

Dec. 5. Polly Honeycombe, never acted there, by Colman.—13. Confederacy, and (never acted) Enchanter, or Love and Magic.—17. King John, not acted for six years.—29. Committee, not acted for ten years.

Jan. 3. Earl of Essex, by Brooke, never acted in England.—31. Edgar and Emmeline, never acted.

Feb. 12. Jealous Wife, acted twenty times.

March 26. Inconstant, Garrick, first time for eight years; and a new piece, called The Island of Slaves.

April 1. New Hippocrates, never acted.—6. Romeo and Juliet, Garrick first time as Mercutio; and a new act, called Modern Tragedy, by Foote.—17. Bold Stroke for a Wife, not acted for six years.—20. Second time for sixteen years, Contrivances.—25. Register Office, never acted.

June 15. All in the Wrong, never acted.

July 2. Citizen, never acted there.—27. Wishes, or Harlequin's Mouth Opened. Never acted there.

1761—1762. *Sept.* 30. Henry the Eighth, with Coronation and real Bonfire.

Oct. 17. First appearance of Bridges on this stage.—26. Arcadia; or the Shepherd's Wedding, never acted, a trifle attributed to Lloyd. A Dramatic Pastoral.

Nov. 28. Cymbeline, with alterations. Garrick as Posthumus.

Dec. 11. Hecuba, never acted.

Jan. 27. Florizel and Perdita, not acted for five years.—29. The Drummer, revived on account of the Cock Lane Ghost.

Feb. 10. School for Lovers, never acted.—22. Lee's first appearance for ten years in Venice Preserved.

March 1. Mourning Bride, with (never acted) Musical Lady.—20. Farmer's Return from London, never acted; a trifle by Garrick, with Old Maid.

April 1. The Constant Couple, not acted for ten years.—30. Henry the Fourth. Yates first time as Falstaff.

May 7. Love Makes a Man, not acted for seven years.—30. For the benefit of Palmer, pit door-keeper, and three others. The Confederacy; first appearance of T. Palmer on any stage.

1762—1763. *Sept.* 25. Henry IV., Part 1st; Love's first appearance at Drury Lane.

Oct. 15. Lady Jane Grey, not acted ten years; with a Pastoral, called The Spring, attributed to Harris.

Dec. 2. Pantomime, The Witches; or, Harlequin Cherokee.—19. Never acted, Elvira.—22. Never acted there, Two Gentlemen of Verona, altered by Victor.

Jan. 25.—Two Gentlemen of Verona. Serious riot.

Feb. 3. Never acted, The Discovery.—24. Jealous Wife, with Old Maid by Mrs. Daly, her first appearance.

April 6. Cymbeline, with, never acted, Elopement.

1763—1764. *Oct.* 8. Philaster revived for Powell.—19. Not acted five years, Twelfth Night.

Nov. 4. Never acted, The Deuce is in Him.

Dec. 10. Never acted, The Dupe.

Jan. 18. Henry IV., Second Part; Powell first time.—27. Much Ado about Nothing; Benedick, O'Brien, first time.

Feb. 24. Never acted, Royal Shepherd.

March 20. Not acted twenty years, Rival Queens. Roxana, Mrs. Palmer; Statira, Mrs. Pritchard.

1764—1765. *Oct.* 22. Not acted ten years, She Would and She Would Not.

Nov. 2. Never performed, Alcmena, an opera.—28. Never acted, Capricious Lovers.

Jan. 1. Public Advertiser; playbills only to be inserted in this paper (Garrick's).—24. Never acted, Mrs. Griffith's Platonic Wife.

Feb. 4. System, acted twice, and damned.

April 27. Hamlet; Mrs. Baddeley's third appearance on any stage.

1765—1766. *Jan.* 8. Venice Preserved, with, never acted, Daphne and Amintor.—18. Fair Penitent; Mrs. FitzHenry's first appearance there.

Nov. 1. Plays stopped ten days on account of the death of the Duke of Cumberland.—14. By command, Much Ado About Nothing, Benedick, Garrick; Garrick's re-appearance after his return from abroad.—25. Not acted twenty years, Mahomet.

Dec. 5. By command, Provoked Wife; Brute, Garrick.—7. Not acted twenty years, Plain Dealer.

Jan. 23. By command, Zara; Lusignan, Garrick.

Feb. 20. Never acted, Clandestine Marriage.

April 12. Love's benefit; never acted, Kenrick's Falstaff's Wedding.—16. Never acted, The Hobby Horse.

May 3. Acted but once these twenty years, Committee.—22. Towards a fund for reduced actors, Every Man in His Humour; Kitely, Garrick.—30. Mrs. Cibber died.

1766—1767. *Oct.* 25. Never acted, Country Girl.

Nov. 6. Not acted seven years, Siege of Damascus, with (never acted), Neck or Nothing.—21. Orphan, with (never acted) The Cunning Man.

Dec. 7. Fair Penitent, Lothario (by desire), Garrick.—13. Never acted, Earl of Warwick.

Jan. 2. Never acted, Cymon.

Feb. 12. By command, Jealous Wife; Oakley, Garrick.—21. Never acted, English Merchant.—28. Holland's benefit. Never acted, Dido.

April 22. Never acted there; Marriage à la Mode.

1767—1768. *Sept.* 18. Provoked Husband; Reddish's first appearance. No plays from Sept. 28 to Oct. 5, on account of Duke of York's death.

Oct. 21. King Lear; Barry, his first appearance for ten years.—23. Never acted, A Peep Behind the Curtain; or, The New Rehearsal.

Dec. 1. Stratagem; Archer, Garrick, first appearance for five years.—5. Never acted, Widow'd Wife.

Jan. 23. Never acted, False Delicacy.—27. Never acted, Zenobia.—29. By command, Hamlet; Garrick.

Feb. 21. Never acted, Absent Man.—24. Not acted eight years, Merchant of Venice.

April 12. Never acted there, Like Master like Man.—24. Mrs. Pritchard's last appearance on the stage.—27. Not acted ten years, Theodosius.

No plays from May 13 to May 23, on account of Princess Louisa's death.—*May* 26. By particular desire, Ranger; Garrick.

Sept. 8. By particular desire, Provoked Wife; Brute, Garrick.

1768—1769. *Oct.* 3. Never acted, Padlock.

Nov. 17. Never acted, Hypocrite.

Dec. 17. Never acted, Zingis.

Feb. 4. Never acted, School for Rakes.—23. Never acted there, Fatal Discovery.

March. 28. Never acted, No Wit like a Woman's.—31. Never performed there, Maid of the Mill.

April 3. Never acted there, Love in a Village.

1769—1770. *Sep.* 30. Ode on the Jubilee at Stratford.

Oct. 14. School for Rakes, with, never acted, Jubilee.

Nov. 23. Not acted nine years, Amphitryon.—27. Holland's last time of acting.

Dec. 23. Not acted five years, Love for Love.

Jan. 6. Fair Penitent, with, never acted, Trip to Scotland.

Feb. 8. Never acted there, Lionel and Clarissa.

March 3. Never acted, Word to the Wise, by Kelly; disputes and riots.—31. Not acted forty years, Double Falsehood.

May 14. Never performed there, a farce, called The Brave Irishman.—24. Theatrical Fund: Every Man in his Humour.

June 5. Jubilee, 91st time.

1770—1771. *Oct.* 29. Romeo and Juliet; Cautherly, and a young lady, her first appearance.

Nov. 24. Never acted, 'Tis Well it's no Worse.

Dec. 13. King Arthur revived, with slight alterations by Garrick; acted twenty-one times. Charles Holland died Dec. 7.

Jan. 12. Never acted, Armida.—19. Never acted, West Indian.

March 14. Not acted fourteen years, Author.—16. Not acted fifteen years, Gamester.—18. High Life Below Stairs, Mrs. Abington, first time on that stage.

April 12. Never acted, He Would if he Could; or, an Old Fool Worse than Any.

1771—1772. *Oct.* 21. Mrs. W. Barry died.—28. Never acted, Institution of the Garter.

Nov. 1. Every Man in His Humour; Garrick was taken suddenly ill, and the play changed to The West Indian.—6. Not acted eight years, Drummer.—8. Every Man in his Humour; Kitely, Garrick; Master Stephen, Weston, first time.—11. Not acted

seven years, Miser.—12. Fair Penitent; Horatio, Barry's first appearance this season.

Dec. 4. Timon of Athens, revived, with alterations by Cumberland. —10. Twelfth Night.

Jan. 20. Never acted, Fashionable Lovers.

Feb. 8 *to* 17. Theatre shut on account of Princess of Wales' death. —26. Never acted, Grecian Daughter.

March 20. Not acted twenty, probably not forty, years, Zimoleon.

April 25. Humours of the Jury.

1772—1773. *Oct.* 1. Romeo and Juliet; Romeo, Dimond, his first appearance on any stage.—16. Alexander the Great; Clinch's first appearance there.—23. Never acted, Irish Widow.

Dec. 2. Gamesters, with (never acted) Rose.—8. Never acted, The Duel.—17. Not acted thirty-five years, All for Love.—18. Hamlet, with alterations; Garrick

Feb. 1. Never acted, Wedding Ring.—27. Never acted, Alonzo.

May 17. Never acted, Maid of Kent.

1773—1774. *Oct.* 19. Not acted twenty-six years, Albumazer.

Nov. 2. Never acted, The Deserter.—11. Never acted, School for Wives.—27. Never acted, Christmas Tale.

Feb. 2. Not acted seven years, King John.—9. Never acted, Note of Hand.—16. Never acted, Lethoria.

Mar. 19. Never acted, Heroine of the Cave.—22. Never acted there, Brothers.—25. Never acted, Swindlers.

May 17. Theatrical Fund; King Lear, Garrick; pit and boxes laid together; James Love died.

1774—1775. *Sept.* 17.—New Prelude, called The Meeting of the Company; or, Bayes' Art of Acting.—22. Richard III.; Smith's first appearance there.

Oct. 15. Never acted there, Electra.—29. Richard III. at both houses.

Nov. 5. Never acted, Maid of the Oaks.—25. Acted not once there fourteen years, Isabella.

Dec. 9. Never acted, The Cobbler.—19. Never acted, The Choleric Man.

Jan. 21. Never acted, Matilda.

Feb. 1. Never acted, Rival Candidates.—17. Never acted, Braganza.

March 18. Never acted, Bon Ton, by Garrick.—21. Never acted there, Timanthus.

April 20. Second time these sixteen years, Measure for Measure.

May 3. A new comic opera, called The Quaker.—25. Theatrical Fund: Wonder, Don Felix, Garrick; a new occasional Prologue by Palmer, and an occasional Epilogue by Garrick.

1775—1776.—Theatre opened with a Prelude, attributed to Garrick, and called The Theatrical Candidates.

Sept. 28. Venice Preserved; Pierre, Bensley, his first appearance there these eight years.

Oct. 13. As You Like It; Rosalind, Mrs. King, her first appearance there.—28. Never acted, May Day; or, The Little Gipsy.

Nov. 9. Never acted, Old City Manners.

Dec. 11. Not acted three years, Plain Dealer.—12. Never acted, Sultan; or, a Peep into the Seraglio; Roxalana, an English slave, Mrs. Abington.—18. Every Man in His Humour; first time this season; Kitely, Garrick.—29. Merchant of Venice; Portia, a young lady; the young lady, Mrs. Siddons.

Jan. 13. Not acted twenty years, Epicœne; or, the Silent Woman; Epicœne, Mrs. Siddons.

Jan. 20. Not acted twelve years, Discovery; Sir Anthony Branville, Garrick.—22 and 24. Sir Anthony Branville (with an address to the ladies), Garrick.

Feb. 1. Never acted, Blackamoor Washed White.—3. Garrick acted Lusignan, with Blackamoor, third time.—5. Garrick acted Brute, with Blackamoor, fourth time; a riot that evening.—7. Garrick acted Sir Anthony Branville.—8. Garrick acted Kitely.—12. Much Ado About Nothing; Benedick, Garrick; Dogberry, Parsons.—14. Garrick acted Leon.—15. Never acted, Runaway.

March 7. Zara; Lusignan, Garrick, last time; with (never acted) Spleen; or, Islington Spa.—12. Not acted ten years, Woman's a Riddle.—13. Never acted there, Cyrus.—23. Never acted, Valentine's Day.

April 11. Garrick acted Abel Drugger, last time.—15. Never acted, Love's Metamorphoses.—19. Not acted nine years, Mahomet.—25. Garrick acted Kitely, last time.—26. Not acted six years, School for Rakes.—27. Garrick acted Hamlet.—30. Garrick acted Sir John Brute, last time.

May 2. Garrick acted Leon, last time.—8. Not acted three years, Constant Couple.—9. Garrick acted Benedick, last time.—13. King Lear; Lear, Garrick.—16. Wonder; Don Felix, Garrick.—21. Garrick acted Lear.—22. Not acted four years, Romeo and Juliet.—23. Suspicious Husband; Ranger, Garrick.—27. Richard III.; Richard, Garrick, first time for four years; Lady Anne, Mrs. Siddons, first time.—30. For the benefit of Theatrical Fund: Hamlet, Garrick, last time.

June 1. Garrick acted Ranger, last time.—3. Garrick announced in the bills as Richard for the last time, but he acted the part again.—5. By command, Richard III., Garrick, last time; Lady Anne, Mrs. Siddons; this was her last appearance for this season.—8. Garrick acted King Lear, last time.—10. Wonder; Don Felix, Garrick, being his last appearance on the stage. The profits of the night were appropriated to the Theatrical Fund. The address was spoken by Garrick.

APPENDIX C.

GARRICK'S PLAYS AND PROLOGUES.

In every department of his life, Garrick was industrious. He was thus diligent in cultivating every accomplishment, for the one great aim of advancing himself and his profession. Management, acting, travelling, and social life, might seem enough to absorb all his time; yet he found opportunity to be not only an agreeable and sprightly, but a very diligent writer. His letters alone are often a whole essay and argument. His plays are of a superior order, easy, natural, vivacious, and their author deserves a good place among the dramatists of his day. The list of his dramas is long, and includes:—The Lying Valet (1740); Miss in her Teens (1747), founded on La Parisienne, of D'Ancourt; Lethe (1745); Lilliput (1757); The Male Coquet (1757); The Guardian, founded on the Pupille, of Fagan (1759); The Clandestine Marriage (1766); Cymon (1767); A Peep Behind the Curtain (1767); The Jubilee (1769); The Irish Widow (1772); A Christmas Tale (1774); A Prelude (1774); May Day (1775); Theatrical Candidates (1775); and High Life Below Stairs. There were besides many alterations of plays; the most important of which were Romeo and Juliet, Every Man in his Humour, Catherine and Petruchio, and Hamlet. He wrote nearly one hundred prologues; and though it was absurd to name them with those of Dryden, they have infinite merit of their own, both for variety, as well as for ease and spirit. This is one incident of the old dramatic days which has now grown obsolete. No new play was then complete without this introduction, or conclusion; and very often, when in the hands of a skilful or lively actor, prologue or epilogue became even a greater feature of the night than the play itself. Thus Johnson's well-known Drury Lane Prologue had "a run" to itself, and had to be repeated night after night. The custom shows us that the audience came to enjoy their full night's pleasure, from the very rising of the curtain; and the present languid, fitful way of taking our dramatic pleasure, may be one of the reasons why the practice has passed away. They were very familiar and "free and easy" in their tone.

Yet such familiarity had its benefit, and an effect on the decency and order of the stage. For the prologue and epilogue, allowing a certain licence, became a sort of guarantee that the regular busi-

ness of the stage should be kept sacred from all such freedoms. Thus the audience could enjoy a kind of privileged intercourse with their favourite, which their own respect refused to tolerate in the play. Now, as this safety-valve is gone, the "gagging" has forced its way into the regular business of the play itself. It has been mentioned that Garrick was collecting for publication all his fugitive pieces, but his death put a stop to this plan. Two little volumes of his prologues and verses were later sent out; but the collection is not by any means complete. His plays and adaptations have been also published in four volumes. Those who would wish to see yet more of what this agreeable writer has left, may consult the third volume of "Dodsley's Collection," "The New Foundling Hospital for Wit," "Notes and Queries," *passim*; and some dramatic criticisms in the St. James's Chronicle, after his retirement from Drury Lane. Garrick had a very choice collection of Italian and French works purchased abroad, and some of these have kept together. Book-buyers will sometimes have come on a stray volume at a sale — his book-plate at the beginning with Shakspeare's bust, and a shield and motto from Ménage, a little French hint as to the two duties of the book-borrower, his first being, to read it with all diligence, and then return it as speedily as possible.

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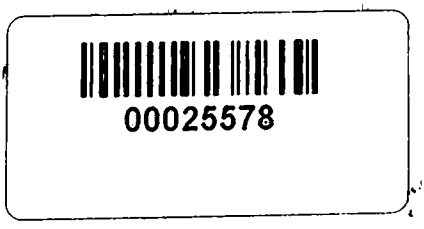
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